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MARCH

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New Novel
BEGINS
In This Issue

Henry Ford
Discusses
Marriage Morals
and Money

This Issue 1,700,000 Copies

On the floor is shown Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 386. In the 6 x 9 foot size the price is only $8.10.

"Dem chilluns sho' am 'joyin' dat birfday party."

AND there's no need of mother worrying about spilled things ruining the new Congoleum Rug. Unlike woven floor-coverings, a Congoleum Rug with its firm, smooth surface makes the mother's work easier. A few moments with a damp mop and away goes the dirt—back comes the pattern bright and smiling.

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1½ x 3 feet	$ .50	3 x 4½ feet	$1.50
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6 x 9 feet	$8.10	9 x 10½ feet	$14.15
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CONGOLEUM COMPANY
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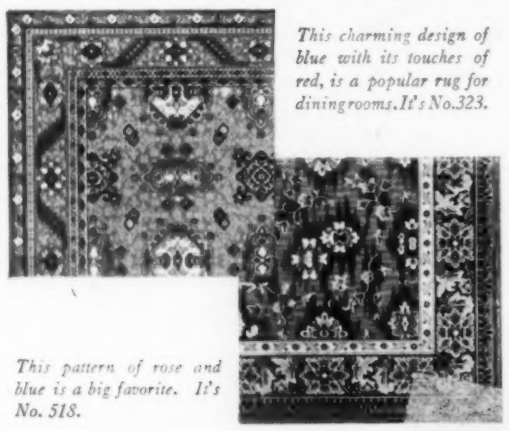
For a Spotless Kitchen Floor

Why not make your kitchen spick and span with this cheerful blue and white tile pattern. It's Gold-Seal Rug No. 408. In the 9 x 12 foot size the price is only $16.20.



This charming design of blue with its touches of red, is a popular rug for dining rooms. It's No. 323.

This pattern of rose and blue is a big favorite. It's No. 518.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

Look for this Seal

On the face of every genuine Art-Rug you will find this Gold Seal. Read the money-back guarantee. Remember to look for it. If this Gold Seal isn't on the goods you buy, you are not getting the guaranteed product described in this advertisement.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH
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The APOSTLE of SPRING COMES to McCALL STREET

—"As Hearty an American as Roosevelt"

WITH March we turn the corner and, once again, we face the loveliest time of all the year. Each one of us, no matter how dark the winter has been, will thrill to the manifest power of the spring as the first bold crocus burns through stiffened grasses and the buds flame on still bare branches. And we will turn to the great out-of-doors instinctively and bathe ourselves in the renewing fires blazing up through all the old, dead year.

But are we able to turn to account this spring zeal of ours to be part of nature, to beat in tune with the universe? Are our eyes bound to remain blind and our ears deaf to the miracles about us because of lifelong disuse of our powers? Most of us find this tragically true when suddenly, one spring, overpowered with beauty on every hand, we attempt interpretation of the record spread across the living world—and thus we lose many of the greatest things life has to offer.

For this reason McCall's has asked America's most popular author, and the greatest woman naturalist in the world today, to write an article each month for our readers, an article that shall tell them how to get the great things out of life as they live it day by day. This famous woman is one already known and beloved by all of you,

—Gene Stratton-Porter—

and beginning with this issue of McCall's she will appear monthly in these pages. Her talks will tell what a *real* home can be made to mean to every American family, how much good you can get out of your life if you will but live the life of the heart as well as the life of the intellect.

"Are Silken Ladies Destroying the Good Old American Institution of Home?" is the question Mrs. Stratton-Porter discusses in this issue. Read and see if in this era of profiteering and jazz you do not think her words are a fine challenge to the decaying ideals of the America our forefathers brought into being.

Isn't this precisely the sort of article you would expect from the author of "Freckles" and "Her Father's Daughter"—the woman about whom the famous critic, Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, has just said:

"She is as full of energy as Roosevelt, and as hearty an American. She could have retired on a fortune long ago, but she will never retire until the day of her death. She is eaten up with ambition, and with the joy of life; she sallies forth in all weathers to study the secrets of nature; she knows every bug, bird and beast in the woods and every sound in the forest. Living all her life in daily contact with nature, there is an elemental force in Gene Stratton-Porter which partly accounts for the hitting power of her novels . . . She is a wonderful woman. . . ."

—*The Editor.*

Gene Stratton-Porter

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The Good Old Institution of Home

Are Silken Ladies Who Would Be "Lilies of the Field" Destroying It?

By Gene Stratton-Porter

ILLUSTRATION BY W. T. BENDA

WHEN we consider that only three hundred years intervene between us and the wilderness, when we remember America as it stood at the time of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers and as it stands today, there is reason to feel that the work we have done as a nation is an unsurpassed achievement.

When we meditate on space, and on the solar system hanging therein, when we try to figure where space ends and where time and matter begin, the three hundred years that have elapsed since the birth of our nation fall into their place as but a moment in the life of the universe. In this length of time we have fortified harbors, built wonderful bridges, controlled water systems, drained swamps and too nearly eliminated forests. We have crisscrossed the country with railroads and with trolley and water routes. We have built great cities, public institutions of every description, magnificent churches, colleges and public libraries. And we have dotted the country from north to south, from shore to shore, with homes.

It must be remembered too that we have done a greater work than any nation ever did before in the making of "bricks without straw." Our country has furnished its own timber. It has made the bricks that builded its great institutions, and has produced the steel, the copper, the coal, the gas and the oil required for its development. For our necessities we have laid cables, invented steamships, greatly improved engines of all sorts; and we have produced the telegraph, the telephone, and thousands of electrical appliances for facilitating and lightening the labor of everyday life. If anyone feels that we have not done a great work in the length of time we have occupied this soil as a nation, let him compare the age of our country with the ages of the countries of the Orient which have been inhabited for thousands of years by thinking, reasoning human beings who are still riding asses, crossing streams on rope bridges, moving boats by hand, living in homes of discomfort and filth, wearing the same sort of clothing, following the same customs, eating the same kind of food, as did their remote ancestors.

The first boat load of British settlers who landed on the Massachusetts coast came almost empty-handed. They faced the forest with only a few crude implements with which to cut down trees and build log cabins with clapboard roofs, puncheon floors and oiled paper windows. The clearing of space around these cabins for the making of gardens, the planting of orchards and the tilling of fields made life so strenuous that nothing save ill-health forbade a woman's going outdoors and working shoulder to shoulder with her man. When a woman had given to the uttermost of her time and strength to help evolve a home from the wilderness it stood to reason that her interest in that home was equal to that of her man. In those days there was no such thing as a woman who lay on a davenport in a pink peignoir and waited for her husband to earn her daily bread and carry it home to her. She was in the garden with rake and hoe earning bread for her family, while her husband cleared space for grain fields.

Homes in those days were as austere as life, but the records prove that the people loved and feared God, that they prayed while they worked and loved each other wholeheartedly. They knew a delight in the very necessary shelter of the crude homes they erected against savages and climatic conditions, which people, never knowing such hardships, fail to experience today. Our forefathers cut a way before them through the wilderness, they builded homes and cleared fields; they coped with the menace of wildcat, mountain lion and bear, and with the just anger of the Indians whose hunting grounds they were invading and destroying, and at night when they fared in safety back to the light of home, it did not matter that the light was a lard oil dip or a tallow candle, or that the home had only one room heated by a fireplace over which the cooking was accomplished. You may be very sure that to them home really *was* "sweet home," a thing with a definite meaning, of such deep import that we of today cannot possibly grasp it.

IT is a pity that women of that generation, and one or two following, experienced hardships that in many cases embittered them. Undoubtedly the hardships resulted not from outdoor work, which most women enjoy, but from the fact that to such work was added cooking, washing, all house work, the weaving and making of clothing and the bearing and rearing of children. So they really were overworked to such an extent that there was small pleasure in their lives outside the joy they got from taking care of their loved ones. I can recall that in the heart of my mother and her neighbors there was a deeply rooted determination that their children, especially the girls, should not be allowed to work as they had and to endure such hardships as theirs; and yet life with them was luxury as compared with that of their grandmothers. They wanted their children educated in high schools and colleges. Many women of that day shortened their lives or ended them prematurely in the mistaken effort to save their daughters from working as hard as they had.

WITH the rapid progress in every line of development, with the vast fortunes that men speedily accumulated in lumber, steel, coal, manufacturing, farming and grazing, the pendulum swung to the other extreme. Women reared with the idea that they need not endure the hardships which had fallen to the lot of their great-grandmothers, grandmothers and mothers, in many instances refused to work at all. They would be lilies of the field, their chief concern to be beautifully dressed and to amuse themselves. This seems incredible when we remember that many of the women who today demand a life of exemption from work were born either in, or but once removed from log cabins. Four or five generations have produced in many instances women too dainty to attend to their personal wants. They must be clothed in silks, furs and jewels from the ends of the earth. They must be driven abroad by liveried chauffeurs in magnificent automobiles, and live upon food compared with which the peacock tongues and swan livers of Lucullus fade into insignificance. Of course all women are not having these luxuries, are not living in such extravagance; but it is a pitiful truth that nine-tenths of those who are not would almost give their lives—many of them do sacrifice their virtue—in order to come as nearly as possible to this kind of life.

Among people of extreme wealth it is very seldom that the good old institution of home would recognize itself in the winter residence at Palm Beach, the summer at Bar Harbor, and the New York mansion. Home life is fairly well eliminated in hurried flights to Europe, to Tahiti or Japan. Such people frankly turn over their children to the best help that money can procure. Sometimes the child is fortunate in having a hired mother infinitely more interested in its health and concerns than its blood mother; and often it is ruined, sometimes even losing its life.

Among the people of moderate means, people who have but one home, we find those who would approximate as nearly as possible the advantage of people having greater wealth. At the cost of a mortgage on the home, they buy an automobile, and, tricked out in gloves, veil and coat that identify the motorist, they spend their lives in a frenzied

[*Continued on page 26*]

"A Skin You Love to Touch," by Clarence Underwood

You, too, can have "A skin you love to touch"

PERHAPS you have always longed for a beautiful skin — but felt that your skin was something you could not change.

You are mistaken; *your skin is what you make it.*

Every day it is changing in spite of you; old skin dies and new takes its place. This new skin you can make what you will!

If some special condition of your skin is giving you trouble — find the treatment that will overcome this trouble in the booklet of famous treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Begin using this treatment tonight. You will be surprised to see how quickly you can free your skin from faults that have always troubled you.

To *keep* your skin clear and smooth use Woodbury's Facial Soap regularly in your daily toilet. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use.

If used persistently, Woodbury's has a markedly beneficial effect on the skin as an organism. It stimulates the pores and blood vessels and gives the skin tissues firmness and tone.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York, and Perth, Ontario.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

- A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
- A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
- A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
- A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
- *Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."*

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1503 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1503 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

What is safe economy in making fine cakes?

Lord and Lady Baltimore Cakes—make them for your next party. One takes the egg whites, the other the yolks.

Lady Baltimore
(White Cake)

1 cupful sugar
½ cupful Crisco
½ cupful cold water
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract
2½ cupfuls flour
2½ teaspoonfuls baking powder
½ teaspoonful salt
6 whites of eggs

For the Filling

1 cupful sugar
½ cupful boiling water
2 whites of eggs
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract
Pinch cream of tartar
½ cupful chopped candied cherries
½ cupful chopped candied pineapple

For cake. Cream Crisco and sugar together. Sift together three times dry ingredients and add alternately with water. Add vanilla, beat mixture well then fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Divide into two Criscoed and floured layer cake tins and bake in moderate oven twenty-five minutes.

For filling. Put sugar and water into sauce pan, stir till boiling, add cream of tartar, then boil until it forms a soft ball when tried in cold water, or 240° F.; pour on to the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, pouring in a steady stream and very slowly, adding while beating, vanilla, cherries and pineapple, beat till thick and divide between and on top of cake.

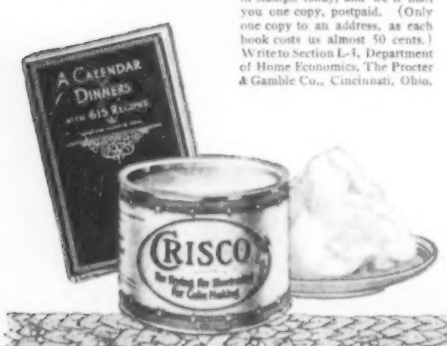
Sufficient for one large layer cake.

Lord Baltimore
(Yellow Cake)

Exactly the same as "Lady Baltimore", except that you use the six egg yolks in the batter, and use ½ cupful chopped raisins, same of chopped nut meats, and 5 chopped figs instead of the cherries and pineapple in the frosting. Confectioners' sugar icing may be used instead of boiled frosting if desired.

Do you know the right way to cool a cake?

Learn the correct way, and all the other little knacks of making perfect cakes, from the big Crisco cookbook, "The Calendar of Dinners", in which Marion Harris Neil, formerly cookery editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal", gives the cooking knowledge that made her famous. Tells how to judge meats, fish, game, fowl, and vegetables; what to do and what not to do in baking, broiling, roasting, and frying all kinds of food; gives 615 exclusive, useful recipes and 365 complete dinner menus—one for every day in the year. 211 pages. Illustrated. Clothbound. Send us 10 cents in stamps, today, and we'll mail you one copy, postpaid. (Only one copy to an address, as each book costs us almost 50 cents.) Write to Section L-3, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



Crisco always comes in sanitary, sealed cans, 1, 3, 6 and 9 pounds, net weight; never in bulk. Costs less per pound in the larger sizes.

Also made and sold in Canada.

The expert cook knows that when she attempts to economize by reducing the number of eggs in a fine cake recipe, she forfeits the fine, feathery, moist texture of the perfect cake. She knows that bread flour, instead of pastry flour, tends to make the cake coarse-grained and bread-like.

In the choice of shortening, however, it is possible to economize and still have the richest and most delicately flavored cake that can be made. You are sure of the utmost in texture and flavor, but your cake costs less, when you use Crisco.

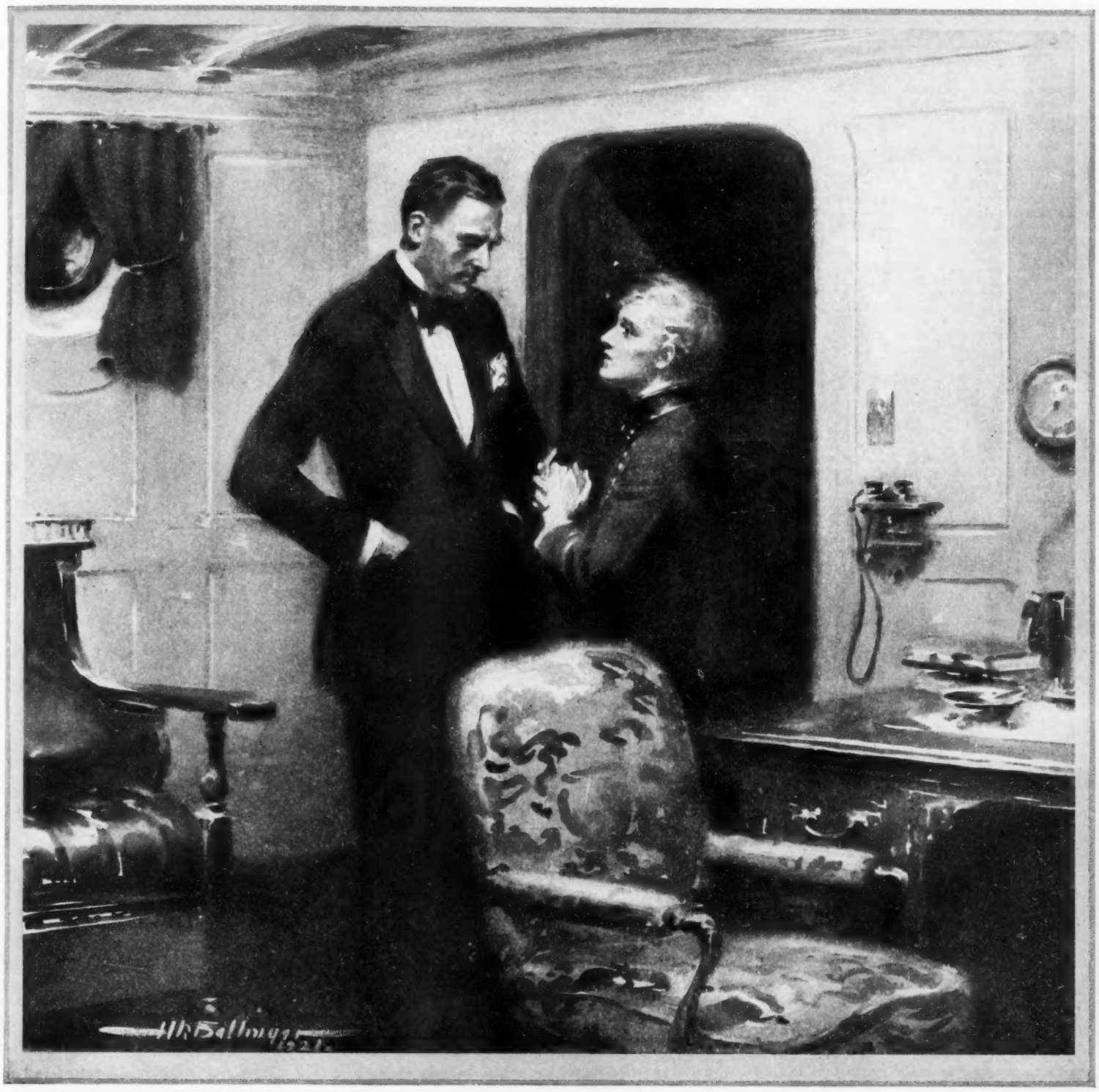
Crisco makes cakes as rich as can be because it is all richness itself, free from salt and moisture, both of which are found in the best butter. It is tasteless, like unsalted butter; therefore only the addition of salt to the batter is needed to produce a delicious butter-like flavor. It is so white and delicate that it is ideal for the finest white cakes. Being strictly vegetable and of a solid cream-like appetizing appearance, the very knowledge that it has been used in a cake appeals to all who are particular about the food they eat.

Any woman who ever has used Crisco for fine cake-baking will tell you that it is an unnecessary expense to use butter. Try it yourself. Get a can from your grocer—use it for cake-baking, pastry-making, and frying—and see how much better everything tastes.

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS
EST. 1837

Here Begins the Finest Novel of Love and Adventure Ethel M. Dell Has Ever Written



"The promise I want is that whatever happens—however much I generally ill-use you—you'll never jump overboard or do anything silly of that kind. Is it done?

Charles Rex

By Ethel M. Dell

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

"I SHALL go to sea tomorrow," said Saltash, with sudden decision. "I'm tired of this place, Larpent—fed up to repletion."

"Then by all means let us go, my lord!" said Larpent, with the faint glimmer of a smile behind his beard, which was the only expression of humor he ever permitted himself.

"Believe you're fed up, too," said Saltash, flashing a critical look upon him.

Captain Larpent said nothing, deeming speech unnecessary. All time spent ashore was wasted, in his opinion.

Saltash turned and surveyed the sky-line over the yacht's rail with obvious discontent on his ugly face. His eyes were odd, one black, one grey, giving a curiously unstable appearance to a countenance which otherwise might have claimed to possess some strength. His brows were black and deeply marked. He had a trick of moving them in conjunction with his thoughts so that his face was seldom in absolute repose. It was said that there was a strain of royal blood in Saltash, and in the days before he had succeeded to the title, when he had been merely Charles Burchester, he had borne the nickname of "the merry monarch." Certain wild deeds in a youth that had not been beyond reproach had seemed to warrant this; but of later years a friend had bestowed a more gracious title upon him, and to all who could claim intimacy with him he had become "Charles Rex." The name fitted him like a garment. A certain arrogance, a certain royalty of bearing, both utterly unconscious and wholly unfeigned, characterized him. Whatever he did, and his actions were often far from praisworthy, this careless distinction of mien always marked him. He received an almost involuntary respect wherever he went.

Captain Larpent who commanded his yacht *The Night Moth*—most morose and unresponsive of men—paid him the homage of absolute acquiescence. Whatever his private opinions might be, he never expressed them unless invited to do so by his employer. He never criticized by word or look. Saltash was wont to say that if he decided to turn pirate he believed that Larpent would continue at his post without the smallest change of front. To raise a protest of any sort would have been absolutely foreign to his nature. He was made to go straight ahead, to do his duty without question.

On the present occasion, having cruised from port to port in the Mediterranean for nearly six weeks, it was certainly no ill news to him to hear that Saltash had at last had enough. The weather was perfect, and he was waiting with an iron patience for the word that should send them forth over the great Atlantic rollers, with the ocean spray bursting over their bows and sting of the ocean wind in their faces. That was the sort of life that appealed to him. He had no use for civilization; the froth of society had no attraction for him.

Saltash was thoroughly cosmopolitan in his tastes; he liked amusement, but he abhorred boredom. He declared that for him it was the root of all evil. He was never really wicked unless he was bored. And then—*que voulez-vous?* He did not guide the star of destiny.

"Yes," he said, after a thoughtful silence, "we will certainly put to sea tomorrow, unless"—he turned his head and threw a merry grin at his companion—"unless Fortune has any tricks up her sleeve for me, for I am going ashore for one more fling tonight."

Larpent smoked on immovably, his blue-grey eyes staring out to the vivid sky-line, his sunburnt face quite imperturbable. "We shall be ready to start as soon as you come aboard, my lord," he said.

"Good!" said Saltash lightly. "I may be late, or—more probably—very early. Leave the gangway for me! I'll let you know when I'm aboard."

He got up as if he moved on springs and leaned against the rail, looking down quizzically at the man who sat stolidly

smoking in the deck-chair. No two people could have formed a stronger contrast: the yacht's captain, fair-bearded, with the features of a Viking; the yacht's owner, dark, alert, with a certain French *finesse* about him that gave a strange charm to a personality that otherwise might have been merely fantastic.

Suddenly he laughed. "Do you know, Larpent, I often think to myself what odd tricks Fate plays? You for instance—you, the captain of a private yacht when you ought to be roving the high seas in a Flying Dutchman! You probably were a few generations ago."

"Ah!" Larpent said, through a cloud of smoke. "Life isn't what it was."

"It's an infernal fraud, most of it," said Saltash. "Always promising and seldom fulfilling."

"No good expecting too much," said Larpent.

"True!" said Saltash. "On the other hand it isn't always wise to be too easily satisfied." His look became suddenly speculative. "Have you ever been in love, Larpent?"

The big man in the deck-chair made a sharp movement and spilt some cigar-ash on his coat. He sat up deliberately and brushed it off; Saltash watched him with mischievous eyes.

"Well?" he said.

Larpent leaned back again, puffing forth a thick cloud of smoke. "Once," he said briefly.

"Only once?" gibed Saltash. "Man alive! Why, I've had the disease scores of times, and you are half a generation older than I am!"

"I know" Larpent's eyes dwelt unblinking upon the sparkling blue of the water beyond the rail. "You've had it so often that you take it lightly."

Saltash laughed. "You apparently took it like the plague."

"I didn't die of it," said Larpent grimly.

"Perhaps the lady did!" suggested Saltash.

"No. She didn't die either." Larpent's eyes came slowly upwards to the mocking eyes above them. "For all I know she may be living now," he said.

Saltash's grin became a grimace. "Oh, heavens, Larpent! And you've had indigestion ever since? How long ago is it? Twenty years?"

"About that," said Larpent.

"Heavens!" said Saltash again. "I should like to see the woman who could hold me after twenty years!"

"So should I," said Larpent dryly.

Saltash snapped his fingers. "She doesn't exist, my good fellow! But if she did—by Jove, what a world it would be!"

Larpent grunted sardonically. "It wouldn't be large enough to hold you, my lord."

Saltash stretched his arms wide. "Well, I'm going ashore tonight. Who knows what the gods may send? Wish me luck!"

Larpent surveyed the restless figure with a sort of stony humor. "I wish you a safe return," he said.

Saltash laughed and went away along the deck with a monkey-like spring that was curiously characteristic of him. There was nothing of the sailor's steady poise about him.

THE little Italian town clung to the slopes that rose so steeply from the seashore among its terraced gardens like a many-colored jewel in the burning sunset. The dome of its Casino gleamed opalescent in its center—a place for wonder, a place for dreams. Yet Saltash's expression as he landed on the quay was one of whimsical discontent. He had come nearly a fortnight ago to be amused, but somehow the old pleasures had lost their relish and he was only bored.

"I'm getting old," he said to himself with a grimace of disgust. But he was not old. He was barely six-and-thirty. He had had the world at his feet too long, that was all.

There was to be a water-side *fête* that night at Valrosa, and the promenade and bandstand were wreathed with flowers and fairy-lights. It was getting late in the season, and it would probably be the last. Saltash surveyed the preparation with very perfunctory interest as he sauntered up to the hotel next to the Casino where he proposed to dine.

A few people he knew were staying there, and he looked forward to a more or less social evening. At least he could count on a welcome and a rubber of bridge if he felt so inclined. Or there was the Casino itself if the gambling mood should take him. But he did not feel much like gambling. He wanted something new. None of the old, stale amusements appealed to him tonight. He was feeling very ancient and rather dilapidated.

He went up the steps under the cypress trees that led from terrace to terrace, pausing at each landing-place to look out over the wonderful sea that was changing every moment with the changing glow of the sunset. Yes, it was certainly a place for dreams. Even old Larpent felt the charm—Larpent who had fallen in love twenty years ago for the first and last time!

An irrepressible chuckle escaped him. Funny old Larpent! The wine of the gods had evidently been too strong a brew for him. It was obvious that he had no desire to repeat the dose.

At his last halting-place he stood longer to drink in the beauty of the evening before entering the hotel. The sea had the pearly tint shot with rose of the inside of an oyster-shell. The sky-line was receding, fading into an immense calm. The shadows were beginning to gather. The sun had dipped out of sight.

The tinkle of a lute rose from one of the hidden gardens below him. He stood and listened with sentimental eyes and quizzically twitching mouth. Everything in this wonder-world was ultra-sweet tonight. And yet—and yet—

Suddenly another sound broke through the stillness, and in a moment he had sprung to alertness. It was a cry—a sharp, wrung cry from the garden close to him, the garden of the hotel, and instantly following it a flood of angry speech in a man's voice, and the sound of blows.

"Damnation!" said Saltash, and sprang for a narrow wooden door in the stone wall a few yards higher up.

It opened to his imperious hand, and he found himself in a dark little shrubbery behind an arbor that looked out to the sea. It was in this arbor that the scuffle was taking place, and in a second he had forced his way through the intervening shrubs and was at the entrance.

"Damnation!" he burst forth again furiously. "What are you doing? Leave that boy alone!"

A man in evening-dress was gripping a fair-haired lad who wore the hotel livery by the back of his neck and raining merciless blows upon his uncovered head. He turned, sharply straightening himself, at Saltash's tempestuous entrance, and revealed to the newcomer the deeply-suffused countenance of the hotel-manager.

Their recognition was mutual. He flung the boy into a corner and faced his patron, breathing hard, his black eyes still fiercely gleaming.

"Ah! It is milord!" he said, in jerky English, and bowed punctiliously though he was still shaking with rage. "What can I do for you, milord?"

"What the devil is the matter?" said Saltash, sweeping aside all ceremony. "What are you hammering that unfortunate boy for? Can't you find a man your own size to hammer?"

The Italian flung a fierce glance over his shoulder at his crouching victim. "He is worthless!" he declared. "I give him a trial—*bueno*, but he is worthless. Milord will pardon me, he is English. And the English are no good for work—no good at all."

"Oh, rotten to the core!" agreed Saltash, with a humorous lift of the brows. "But you needn't murder him for that, Antonio. It's his misfortune—not his fault."

"Milord, I have not murdered him," the manager protested with nervous vehemence. "I have only punished him. I have not hurt him. I have done him good."

"Oh!" said Saltash, and looked down at the small, trembling figure in the corner. "It's medicine, it is? But a bit strong for a child of that size. I should try a milder dose next time."

Antonio laughed harshly. "The next time, milord, I shall take him—so—and wring his neck!" His laugh became a snarl as he turned. "Get up now, you—you son of a pig, and go back to your work!"

"Easy! Easy!" said Saltash, with a smile. "We don't talk to the English like that, Antonio—not even the smallest and weakest of them. Let's have a look at this specimen—with your permission!" He bent over the huddled figure. "Hold up your head, boy! Let me see you!"

There was no movement to obey, and he laid a hand upon the quivering shoulder and felt it shrink away convulsively.

"I believe you've damaged him," he said, bending lower. "Here, Tommy! Hold up your head! Don't be afraid! It's a friend."

But the narrow figure only sank down a little lower under his hand.

"His name is Toby," said Antonio with acidity. "A dog's name, milord, and it fits him well. He is what you would call a lazy hound."

Saltash paid not the slightest attention to him. He was bending low, his dark face in shadow.

"Don't be afraid!" he said. "No one is going to hurt you. Come along! Let's look at you!" His hold tightened upon the shrinking form. He began to lift it up.

And then suddenly there came a sharp struggle between his hands as lacking in science as the fight of a wild animal for freedom, and as effectual. With a gasping effort the boy wrenched himself free and was gone. He went like a streak of lightning, and the two men were left facing one another.

"What a slippery little devil!" commented Saltash.

"Yes," said Antonio vindictively. "A devil indeed, milord! And I will have no more of him. I will have no more. I hope he will starve!"

"How awfully nice of you, Antonio!" said Saltash. "Being the end of the season, he probably will."

Antonio smacked his red lips with relish. "Ah, probably! Probably!"

"Milord, I have not murdered him,"

CHAPTER II

ADIEU

IT was growing late and the *fête* was in full swing when Saltash sauntered down again under the cypress trees to the water's edge. The sea was breaking with a murmurous splashing; it was a night for dreams.

In the flower-decked bandstand an orchestra of stringed instruments was playing very softly—fairy music that seemed to fill the world with magic to the brim. It was like a drug to the senses, alluring, intoxicating, maddeningly sweet.

Saltash wandered along with his face to the water on which a myriad colored lights rocked and swam. And still his features wore that monkeyish look of unrest, of discontent and quizzical irony oddly mingled. He felt the lure, but it was not strong enough. Its influence had lost its potency.

He need not have been alone. He had left the hotel with friends, but he had drifted away from them in the crowd. One of them—a girl—had sought somewhat palpably to keep him near her, and he had responded with some show of ardor for a time, and then something about her had struck a note of discord within him, and the glamor had faded.

"Little fool!" he murmured to himself. "She'd give me her heart to break if I'd have it."

And then he laughed in sheer ridicule of his own jaded senses. He recognized the indifference of satiety. An easy conquest no longer attracted him.

He began to stroll towards the quay, loitering here and there as if to give the Fates a chance to keep him if they would. Yes, Sheila Melrose was a little idiot. Why couldn't she realize that she was but one of the hundreds with whom he flirted day by day? She was nothing to him but a pastime—a toy to amuse his wayward mood. He had outgrown his propensity to break his toys when he had done with them. The sight of a broken toy revolted him now.

He was impatiently aware that the girl was watching him from the midst of the shifting crowd. What did she expect? he asked himself irritably. She knew him. She knew his reputation. Did she imagine herself the sort of woman to hold a man of his stamp for more than the passing moment? Save for his title and estates, was he worth the holding?

A group of laughing Italian girls with kerchiefs on their heads surrounded him suddenly, and he became the center of a shower, a storm, of *confetti*. His mood changed in a second. He would show her what to expect! Without an instant's pause he turned upon his assailants, caught the one nearest to him, snatching her off her feet; and, gripping her without mercy, he kissed her fiercely and shamlessly till she gasped with delicious fright—then dropped her and seized another.

The girls of Valrosa spoke of the ugly Englishman with bated breath and shining eyes long after Saltash had gone his unheeding way, for the blood was hot in his veins before the game was over. If the magic had been slow to work, its spell was all the more compelling when it gripped him. Characteristically, he tossed aside all considerations beyond the gratification of the moment's desire. The sinking fire of youth blazed up afresh. He would get the utermost out of this last night of revelry. Wherever he went, a spirit of wild daring, of fevered gaiety, surrounded him. He was no longer alone, whichever way he turned. Once in his mad progress he met Sheila Melrose face to face, and she drew back from him in open disgust. He laughed at her maliciously, mockingly, as his royal forefather might have laughed long ago, and passed on with the throng.

HOURS later, when the *fête* was over and the shore quite silent under the stars, he came along the quay, moving with his own peculiar arrogance of bearing, a cigarette between his lips, a deep gleam in his eyes. It had been an amusing night after all.

Crossing the gangway to his yacht, *The Night Moth*, he paused for a moment and turned his face as if in farewell towards the little town that lay sleeping among its cypress trees. So standing, he heard again the tinkle of a lute from some hidden garden of delight. It was as if the magic were still calling to him, reaching out white arms to hold him. He made a brief bow towards the sound.

"*Adieu*, most exquisite and most wicked!" he said. "I return no more!"

The cigarette fell from his lips into the dark water and there came a faint sound like the hiss of a serpent in the stillness. He laughed as he went aboard the yacht.

He found a young sailor, evidently posted to await his coming, snoring in a corner, and shook him awake. The man blundered up with a confused apology, and Saltash laughed at him derisively.

the manager protested with nervous vehemence. "I have only punished him. I have not hurt him. It will do him good."

"Wasting the magic hours in sleep, Parker? Well, I suppose dreams are better than nothing. Were they good dreams?"

"I don't know, my lord," said Parker, grinning foolishly.

Saltash clapped him on the shoulder and turned away. "Well, I'm ready for the open sea now," he said. "We'll leave our dreams behind."

He was always on easy terms with his sailors, who worshipped him to a man.

He whistled a careless air as he went below. The magic of Valrosa had loosed its hold, and he was thinking of the wide ocean and buffeting waves that awaited him. He turned on the lights of the saloon and stopped there for another cigarette and a drink, first walking to and fro, finally flinging himself on a crimson velvet settee and surrendering himself luxuriously to a repose for which he had not felt the need until that moment.

SO lying, he heard the stir and tramp of feet above him, the voices of men, the lifting of the gangway; and presently the yacht began to throb as though suddenly endowed with life. He felt the heave of the sea as she left her moorings, and the rush of water pouring past her keel as she drew away from the quay.

He stretched himself with lazy enjoyment. It was good to come and go as he listed, good to have no ties to bind him. He supposed he would always be a wanderer on the face of the earth, and after all, wandering suited him best. True, there were occasions on which the thought of home allured him. The idea of marriage with some woman who loved him would spring like a beacon out of the night in moments of depression. Other men found a permanent abiding-place and were content therewith; why not he? But he only played with the notion. It did not seriously attract him. He was not a marrying man, and, as he had said to Larpent, the woman did not exist who could hold him. The bare thought of Sheila Melrose sent a mocking smile to his lips. Did she think—did she really think—that she possessed the necessary qualifications to capture a man of his experience? He dismissed her with a snap of the fingers. Sheila had practically everything in life to learn, and he did not propose to be her teacher.

His cigarette was finished, and he got up. The yacht was speeding like a winged thing on her way. There was never any fuss of departure when Larpent was in command. He stood for a few seconds in indecision, contemplating going up onto the bridge for a word with his captain and a glance round. But some fantastic scruple deterred him. He had made his farewell. He did not wish to see Valrosa again. He turned instead and went to his cabin.

Saltash never took a valet when he went for a voyage. The steward attended to his clothes, and he waited on himself. He liked as much space as he could get both on deck and below.

He pushed open the door of his cabin and felt for the switch of the electric light. But he did not press it when he found it. Something made him change his mind. The faint light of stars upon rippling water came to him through the open porthole, and he shut himself in and stepped forward to the couch beneath it to look forth. But as he moved, another influence caught him, and he stopped short

"Is anyone here?" he said.

Through the wash of the water he thought he heard a slight movement, and he felt a presence as of some small animal in the space before him. Swiftly he stepped back and in a moment his hand was on the switch. The light flashed on, and in a moment he stood staring at a fair-haired, white-faced lad in a brown livery with brass buttons who stood staring back at him with wide, scared eyes.

CHAPTER III

THE GIFT

SALTASH was the first to recover himself; he was seldom disconcerted, never for long.

"Hullo!" he said, with a quizzical twist of the eyebrows. "You, is it? And what have you come for?"

The intruder lowered his gaze abruptly, flushing to the roots of his fair hair. "I came," he said, in a very low voice, "to—to ask you something."

"Then you've come some distance to do it," said Saltash lightly, "for I never turn back. Perhaps that was your idea, was it?"

"No. No!" With a vehement shake of the head he made answer. "I didn't think you would start so soon. I thought—I would be able to ask you first."

"Oh, indeed!" said Saltash. And then unexpectedly he laid a hand upon one narrow shoulder and turned the downcast face upwards. "Ah! I thought he'd marked you, the swine! What was he drubbing you for? Tell me that!"

A GREAT purple bruise just above one eye testified to the severity of the drubbing; the small, boyish countenance quivered sensitively under his look. With sudden impulse two trembling hands closed tightly upon his arm.

"Well?" said Saltash.

"Oh, please, sir—please, my lord, I mean"—with great earnestness the words came—"let me stay with you! I'll earn my keep somehow, and I shan't take up much room!"

"Oh, that's the idea, is it?" said Saltash.

"Yes, yes!" The boy's eyes implored him—blue eyes with short black lashes that imparted an oddly childish look to a face that was otherwise thin and sharp with anxiety. "I can do anything. I don't want to live on charity. I can work. I'd love to work—for you."

"You're a rum little devil, aren't you?" said Saltash.

"I'm honest, sir! Really I'm honest!" Desperately the bony hands clung. "You won't be sorry if you take me."

"What about you?" said Saltash. He was looking down into the upraised face with a semi-quizzical compassion in his own. "Think you'd never be sorry either?"

A sudden smile gleamed across the drawn face. "Of course I shouldn't! You're English."

"Ah!" said Saltash, with a faintly wry expression. "Not necessarily white on that account, my friend, so don't run away with that idea, I beg! I'm quite capable of giving you a worse drubbing than the good Antonio, for instance, if you qualified for it. I can be a terrifically wild beast upon occasion. Look here, you imp! Are you starved or what? Do you want something to eat?"

The wiry fingers tightened on his arm. "No, sir—no, my lord—not really. I often don't eat. I'm used to it."

"But why the devil not?" demanded Saltash. "Didn't they feed you over there?"

"Yes—oh, yes. But I didn't want it. I was too miserable." The blue eyes blinked rapidly under his look as if half-afraid of him.

"You little ass!" said Saltash in a voice that somehow reassured. "Sit down there! Curl up if you like, and don't move till I come back!"

[*Continued on page 18*]

Beauty in Women

"If men are no more than industrious animals laying up stores of food against winter, if women are only drudges, everything—railways and religions and medicine and charity—has been in vain. . . . But because the hunger for beauty, for perfection, had been born in them through the creative ardor embodied by women a few men raised the world on their human shoulders."—Hergesheimer's tribute to Woman.

Joseph Hergesheimer, famous author of "Java Head," "Linda Condon," and "Three Black Pennys," in this article, a new contribution to world literature concerning women, pays the perfect tribute of the centuries to the effects of woman's beauty on human destiny. In his previous essay Hergesheimer discussed the qualities which make women beautiful, and these papers together, we believe, constitute the most illuminating treatment of the subject written by an American.

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

Painting by Gordon Stevenson

THE hard-headed people who pride themselves, above everything else, upon being *practical*, are not so wise as they are poverty-stricken in mind; they never, in reality, accumulate anything, neither gold nor peace. There is a certain small contentment which, if it seems desirable, is possible; but that has nothing to do with beauty in any of its phases. But it is worth noting that when such small contentment occasionally rides in safety from one of its villages to the other, when it penetrates to the cities, it is carried in trains, over tracks, laid after the pattern of a vision—

The frugal, the practical mind has never broken a wilderness for the grains of humanity, it has never flung across a defiant river the boldness of a bridge; it never stood serenely before the turbulence of a city, the might of a corrupt government, and said that the turbulence, the corruption, were abominable; but, on the other hand, the prudent have never had to face an iron stake and piles of dry faggots, which Savonarola was made to do.

If this seems far from the subject of beauty in women, or even in any way unrelated to that, it is because of a total misunderstanding of what beauty means. It has been too long confused with prettiness. Its detractors have been loud, persistent; while those who know it, who have been warmed and illuminated by it, are, in the very nature of their benefit, mostly silent.

The beauty of women has been literally at the heart of every venture beyond the limiting horizon; it has been there because of that which makes life more than a digging in the ground. Its principle, creation, put into men their longing for immortality, all the divinity to which they aspire. If those aspirations are in vain, if they are no more than folly, then the prudence of frugality is right. If music, as the Quakers once taught, is godless; if, as the Pilgrims insisted, a scarlet hood about a girl's face is a scarlet sin, then life, humanity, was hopeless from the beginning. If men are no more than industrious animals laying up stores of food against winter, if women are only drudges, everything—railways and religions and medicine and charity—has been in vain. If that is the sum of man, then man wasn't worth a thought above a cave and a raw bone.

THE cry for a fat bone and a comfortable cave is still universal—that is the voice of practicality—but other needs have appeared; an accent of dignity, of elevation, came somehow into being; men began to esteem life less than another obligation; they began to give up life rather than lose the glimpse of a new possibility for it. Not all men, only, in reality, a very few; but, against so much oppression, they raised the world, a planet, on their human shoulders; and if they held it there it was because the hunger for beauty, for perfection, had been born in them through the creative ardor embodied by women.

This quality, it will be readily seen, is useless in the scrubbing of pans, in the whole scope of housework; it will not conduct a store or a farm; it will not dismiss a mortgage. It has no direct part in such things, and they have no part in it. The bare need to keep alive and beauty in women are worlds apart; poverty, more petty than noble, has nothing to spare for luxury, neither strength nor time nor money. Consequently, since the majority of people are poor, limited in opportunity, it has become customary to regard the opportunities of luxury with suspicion. Nothing could be more incorrect: it is easier to be fine in luxury than with a harassed mind. Not comfort, the end of frugality, but luxury is the natural setting of beauty; luxury is the turning of comfort to an infinitely superior end.

A great expanse of lawn about a quiet house is better than a thin scrap of grass; there is something in the shadows of trees reaching over sod in the afternoon light of immense benefit to the mind. There is something in dropping the clothes of the day for the delicate clothes of evening invaluable to women; just as a flawless courtesy is a stay to their pride. Pride, too, is a possession for cherishing—the insistence on the dignity of the personal. There is no beauty without pride, just as there is no beauty without generosity.

A PARSIMONIOUS mind can have no loveliness, a bartering mind can get nothing, in exchange for what it offers, but a false, a worthless, return. And women who regard their beauty—but it is only prettiness—as a medium for forcing from life strings of colored stones and ease get no more than that. In themselves, seas of chiffons and pearls and wide lawns are less than nothing; no mere richness of ground will bring green shoots from dead seeds, the seeds will only rot more quickly. The mistake is to consider these things evil in themselves.

It is significant that when women who have known the pinch of narrow circumstances become, in a turn of fortune, at ease, their desires all race into ornamental paths. They want to sit—that symbol of success—and wear as many wraps of furs and velvets as time has cheated them of. They succeed, oftener than not, in being no more than ridiculous—it requires experience to be at once rich and restrained—but the sly laughter that greets them is either envy or malice. Nor is this true only of women: men, outside their affairs of business, have singularly small use for money. After a few cigars, a limited amount of clothes, an automobile or a number of automobiles, in some cases a yacht or horses, there is nothing personal for the expenditure of a fortune. In the degree of their richness they give the luxury of beauty to their wives and daughters.

THE daughters and wives are not the worse for this, but singularly the better; for the acts and moments of life have acquired the possibility of beauty, of infinite refinement. It is no longer enough merely to breathe, to keep breath in the body. A house in the street beyond has been made fine with white columns and a fence; and for all time the houses without the fineness of columns, unfenced, are inferior. The delicacy and grace of a woman's body is clad in crisp muslin with soft ribbons; and, after that, women in harsh garments are unhappy in their ugliness.

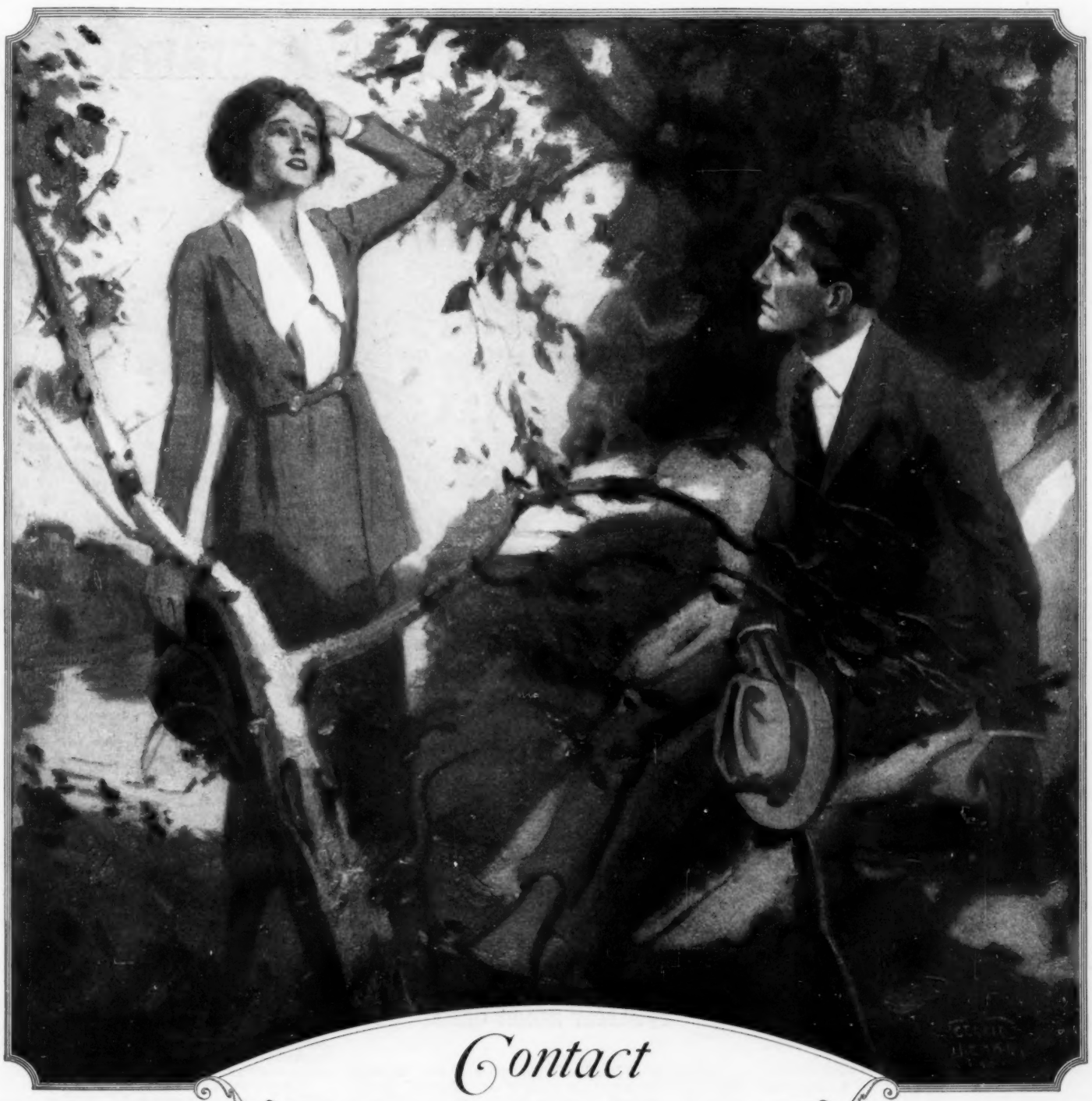
Men are always leaving the drab garb of necessity, yes—of duty, for the silk and ruffles of mere charm. That is their history, the record of their inextinguishable optimism, or of their infidelity. But there isn't a woman alive who is not secretly in sympathy with such change; it is entirely comprehensible to her even when she is bitterest, suffers the most. Men will always leave everything, forget everything, in the pursuit of beauty. With this women are in agreement; for they, too, value beauty more highly than any other quality; they would rather have beauty than all the other splendors of mind and conduct combined. And they are right.

IF it appears that too much emphasis is placed on women as an inspiration for men, if their beauty has a look of being only the starting place for masculine dreams and accomplishment, it must be repeated that all beauty is creative. The act of creation, in humanity, lies equally divided in the hands of men and women. A man is as empty without a woman as women are sterile without men. This is inescapably true of all beauty and birth. There are exceptions, women working splendors alone, contemptuous and cold; and there are men, lost in science or the mind, for whom women are only a weariness. But they are not envied or emulated; nor, with choice, would they have followed their solitary paths.

In a fire of leaves the flame and the fuel are indivisible; the heat must have its material, the material its flame. Nature, where men and women are concerned, is based on such a dual role; and it is about that base that the most beautiful wreaths are hung; it is in that principle alone that lie all the possible alleviations of life. There are no standards of honor or obligation approaching it in importance; friendship, a discovery of civilization, is slight in comparison; patriotism, no more than a love of a certain soil, is a defense of home; all service, and all art, are but its variations.

A beautiful woman is, then, the prefigurement of a superiority of feeling; she is not simply the mother of a brood of children, the spirit of a given house, but an instigator of far voyages, difficult endeavor. Even when she is tangible, close by, her mystery and power are neither utilitarian nor commonplace. But the histories of beautiful women show them to have been a little distant from those most conscious of the miracle; they were almost always hard to reach, removed by accident or fate. Their familiars were often unable to comprehend the presence of so much,—beauty is not recognizable by the throng. The household of Bice could not see what brought a divinity upon Dante. Such is the nature of men in their worship that they must see what their heart is set upon in the skies. They must keep it there, out of reach, shining and immaculate. Wise women and beautiful women know this; they want their beauty held above the dusty earth, the star of navigators rather than sharers in the dust.

[Continued on page 20]



Contact

By FANNY HEASLIP LEA

Illustrated by Gerald Leake

THROUGH no fault of her own, her marriage had been blighted. Did this give her the right to seize her chance of glorious love wherever she might find it, even though it should mean breaking the heart of another woman—a woman she knew to be inferior?

WHEN she had been six months and a half divorced from Archie Merrick, Lenore went back to her mother—a controlled retreat, head up, eyes front.

It sounds funny-paperish—but wasn't. Going back to her mother (in the case of a wife) has become, through persistent usage, one of our basic social jests. Nevertheless, where should one turn for softer welcome or quicker comfort? Cut fingers, long ago, showed broken hearts the way. The little girl within the disillusioned woman remembers and turns back to the arms that never failed her.

Wherein, a significant contrast. Marriage is the Shylock of relationships. It exacts, however gently, and under whatever silken guise, unfailingly its *quid pro quo*, unerringly its pound of flesh. For Lenore, the exaction had been neither gentle nor silken. She had left her mother's house, a spoiled girl but an ardent one, eager to give as to get, full of pretty notions and dangerous expectations. Which seven years with Archie had pretty well knocked out of her, although seven years with Pluto could not have quenched her inner flame.

Nobody could have been taught to respect Archie. He was a thoroughly bad egg and enjoyed his badness. Lenore was typist in an office for three years before she left him, as a matter of driving necessity. One's got to eat and wear clothes in this best of all possible worlds. She didn't mind working—it gave her something to think about—but she did object rather to having Archie borrow money from her to take ladies-of-a-sort out to dinner, as he sometimes did. He had a perverted sense of humor, had Archie, and no scruples of any recognizable kind.

When Lenore at last, after sleepless nights and self-tormented days, announced to him that she wanted a divorce, he was bland as cream about it.

"Go ahead," he told her cooly. "It's all right with me. Can't see why you didn't think of it long ago. Thought you must be enjoying this or I'd have suggested it, myself."

"You know you drink a good deal," went on Lenore, swallowing the insult painfully. She knew her man.

"Can drink a good deal more if necessary—impress the judge," observed the graceless scamp with a grin.

"And you—you haven't been conspicuously faithful . . ."

"I can speed up on that, too, if you want evidence."

"Oh, Archie—can't you see how horrible it all is!" cried poor Lenore desperately. Even at the last, one glimmer of feeling on his part, one whisper of regret, and she would have stuck it out, to the bitter end.

Archie, however, rose buoyantly to the idea of freedom.

"All for the best," he said briskly. "Make a mistake—rub it out! Glad you show so much sense. Didn't think you had it in you. Got any money in the house? I'm stony."

If he had wanted her . . . if she could have been any good to him . . . but Lenore felt in her soul he was glad to be rid of her. She was, to him, a door that had slammed on his fingers, a flower that had closed over his honey-bee head, shutting the gorgeous sunny world away. Without her he might once more throw a leg over the wall. Her going opened vistas to him. So she went.

SHE was twenty-nine when she went back to her mother, who ran to meet her and fell upon her neck and made a feast for her. Fatted calf, of course . . . repetitional history.

The mother meantime had married (she had been a widow when Lenore went away with Archie) a nice, middle-aged person named Greenough, who had a daughter named Edna; and the daughter, about a year before the time of Lenore's divorcing Archie, had married in her turn a youngster named Galloway—Daniel Galloway . . . and they all lived together in a little crooked house. The same little crooked house in which Lenore had been born and raised as they say down home. Matter of fact, the house, while preserving a low green roof and a modest aspect, rambled a good deal and ran to five bedrooms. So there was plenty of room for Lenore, room, and a comfortable welcome.

"You know," he said simply, "you're like a breeze on a hot day in that house."

She saw the first night at dinner that the family was nervously minded to treat her as one who has loved and lost, and for her own peace of mind she put an end to that.

"I want to see everybody," she said. "But don't let 'em be sorry for me behind my back, darlings—that's all I ask!"

"Your friends just hate to think you've been so unhappy," said Edna soothingly. She was a soft, blonde young thing with a wonderful skin, deep-bosomed and graciously curved. She liked over-stuffed chairs and large chocolates, movies and navy-blue gowns. She made Lenore, who was slim and straight and took life like a hurdle, feel indecently restless and feverishly alive. When Lenore looked at Edna, she felt little fine lines spring out above her eyes, and bit her lips to keep them red. She forgot that her chestnut hair lay silkenly upon a head like a Greek boy's, that her mouth had been beloved, and that her lashes were long and dark. Also that unremitting grooming had kept her fit and clean-limbed.

EDNA made her feel old. That was the a-b-c of it. And Lenore rather fancied that Edna knew it. Was there a touch of affectionate patronage or wasn't there?

Edna's husband, on the contrary—Dan, they called him—made Lenore feel young; young as the new moon.

She caught a look of his, across the table, that same first night that called her out of herself, as if she had heard a mocking-bird whistle in the dark somewhere. He too was slim and straight—and tall—with a faint scowl in dark brows over darker eyes, smooth-haired, masculinely smart as to collar and tie, obviously just like any one of a thousand other young men in a thousand other little crooked houses, and yet. . . . His chin betrayed resistance—to something. Discontent shadowed faintly a disarmingly boyish mouth. Lenore found herself wondering about him almost at once.

As for Mrs. Greenough and Mr. Greenough, Lenore's mother and Edna's father, they might have been restive, once; might once have showed discontented mouths, wonderful skins or questioning, rebellious eyes. Now all that was lost in the blurred contours, the softly settling dust of encroaching old age. They sat within their four walls, content, having builded well, hugged their children about them like a shawl between them and the blast.

"Oh, Lennie, darling," said Mrs. Greenough, tucking Lenore into cool fresh sheets, in the quiet of the spare-room, "I just can't bear it, that you should have been done out of all this! We're such a peaceful little family here.

[*Continued on page 34*]

Money, Morals, and Matrimony

Henry Ford Surveys the "Wild Young People" and the Three Perplexing M's of Modern Life

IS the American girl of today fitted for marriage?

Are our young people pleasure-crazy?

Does the average girl demand money with marriage or is she content with love in a cottage?

Henry Ford, famous inventor and philosopher, seldom talks for publication. But when McCall's sent Mr. Gregg to Detroit especially to get an interview on these subjects he consented to give our readers his views on these three most perplexing problems of modern American life. His wise comments will interest every reader.

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

WHEN I explained to Henry Ford that I had called to obtain his views on after-the-war social conditions and their effect on young people he replied:

"If you can stay for a few days, I would be glad to talk with you. I would rather not do it in a hurry."

Upon being assured that I was not in a rush, we fell into conversation which covered a wide range of subjects. We met repeatedly for several days thereafter, and the conclusions and opinions herewith presented are the summing up of interviews in his office, out in the shop and at luncheon. He talked with amazing frankness. Several times, however, he exclaimed:

"If my views and experience will help others and make them happier, you are welcome to them. Money, machinery and inventions are nothing, except as they may be used to produce better opportunities and living conditions for men and women."

Mr. Ford has done and said many things that have startled the world by their magnitude and scope, but to him they are commonplaces. That very attitude reveals the caliber of the man. There is not a particle of false pride in his make-up. He meets people on the level of a common humanity, and yet every person who comes into contact with him realizes that he is more than a normal human being. His mentality is a composite of business man, inventor, philosopher and crusader. He is also something of a mystic. Numerous writers have characterized him as a dreamer, and while that is true in that he has a great vision, he is not at all dreamy. In running a world-wide business for profit he can be as hard as nails, and certain wise men who have imagined that his idealism would make him an "easy mark" have retreated from their encounters with him puzzled, chagrined and beaten. His business sagacity cannot be questioned. It is this very unusual blending of qualities so seldom found in one personality that have made Henry Ford a unique world figure as an inventor, manufacturer, farmer, railroader and international humanitarian.

WHILE his mentality appears to be working at high pressure all the time, he does not seem to be in a hurry. The way he greeted me at the outset is an instance in point. At the very time that I approached him several big transactions were under consideration.

Most men of affairs who are asked for an interview want to get it over as quickly as possible. They seldom suggest that the interviewer "stay around a few days," although they will give successive hearings if asked. Mr. Ford was willing to take a little more time and do it deliberately. However, the reader must not get the impression that Mr. Ford is slow. His way of doing things is due to his life-long habit of thoroughness. It took him twelve years to develop his automobile to the point where he had just what he wanted. In that twelve years he made only five machines, but in the next twelve he turned them out in train-loads. Ever since his youthful days on a farm he has been working to perfect a tractor. When he starts anything he does not set a time limit in which it must be finished. His idea is to take all the time that may be necessary to do it right.

Keep in mind Mr. Ford's philosophy of life, "to make this world a better place in which to live and grow." It will make clear some of his views which may not harmonize with your own way of looking at things.

He does not waste any time trying to patch up surface symptoms. He probes for the cause. Charity, as ordinarily understood, does not interest him. He believes in creating economic conditions that will abolish poverty and make relief work unnecessary.

HE lays great stress on the home as the true social center. This explains his action in paying high wages, in working his men short hours, and in stopping Sunday trains on the D. T. & I. railroad. In another instance he closed a coal mine which he had recently acquired, because the miners could not dig the coal without great risk to life and health. And it should be noted that Mr. Ford crawled under ground two or three miles in order to find out for himself all about that mine. He wanted first-hand knowledge and that was the only way to get it.

This determination to obtain bed-rock facts about every thing that affects him is an outstanding trait of Henry Ford. Already it has caused him to run counter to conventional standards, and there are indications of more clashes in the future.

In everything he does, Mr. Ford believes that he is working for the good of the people as a whole. You may not agree with him, and you may not approve of his methods, but you will be forced to admit that he is honest and convincing. He may not say just the thing that you should like to have him say, but in that event the quarrel is between you and Mr. Ford. But no matter what position he takes on any subject he is always thought-provoking and decidedly interesting. Like Cecil Rhodes, he "thinks in continents," and it is often difficult merely to grasp what he is saying, and more difficult to follow all the implications of his propositions and ideas.

After we had talked in generalities for a while I asked:

"What effect did the war have on social relations in this country?"

"It was a shaking down process. Those who were leaning on somebody else, went down or learned to walk alone Many young men and women who were weak and inefficient previous to the great struggle, are now strong and self-reliant. They had to brace up or go under.

In many ways the war was a horrible calamity. It wrenched business and industry out of shape, and destroyed ideas and ways of thinking which can never be restored. But out of the wreck we are building a new order. For the first time in history Americans are being forced to think internationally. Most of us have been reared on the doctrine that America was walled off from the rest of the world by two big oceans. The war forced us to realize that the oceans have vanished, thanks to wireless, airships and submarines. While we may never form political alliances with other nations, we are united economically with all the rest of the world. This economic solidarity will very largely shape future developments, and determine either peace or war. Any man or group of men who can dominate world economics—the production, distribution and control, of wealth—will actually rule and possibly enslave all mankind."

"Do you think there has been an increase in the pleasure seeking among the young people? In other words, are they going pleasure crazy?"

"Oh, no," he replied, shaking his head. "That is merely a passing fever. Did you ever stop to think why young people are so eager to have a good time?" he interjected abruptly. "It is because they crave experience and self expression. Life is new and strange and they are stirred by the spirit of adventure. After that has been satisfied to some degree, they settle down and lead healthy, normal lives."

"In your opinion is the average young American woman really fitted for marriage? Do you think it necessary to bring brides from Europe because American girls are frivolous?"

THAT question is a double header. I'll have to split it. As to the first part I believe emphatically that all young American women of marriageable age are fitted for marriage. Much depends on the kind of mates they get. I do not believe that they are all frivolous or that it is necessary to bring brides from Europe. The only instance where an importation may be justified is where a young man from an European country wishes to marry a girl of his own nationality, and is unable to find one here that suits him."

"Is it desirable to increase the number of marriages under existing industrial conditions?"

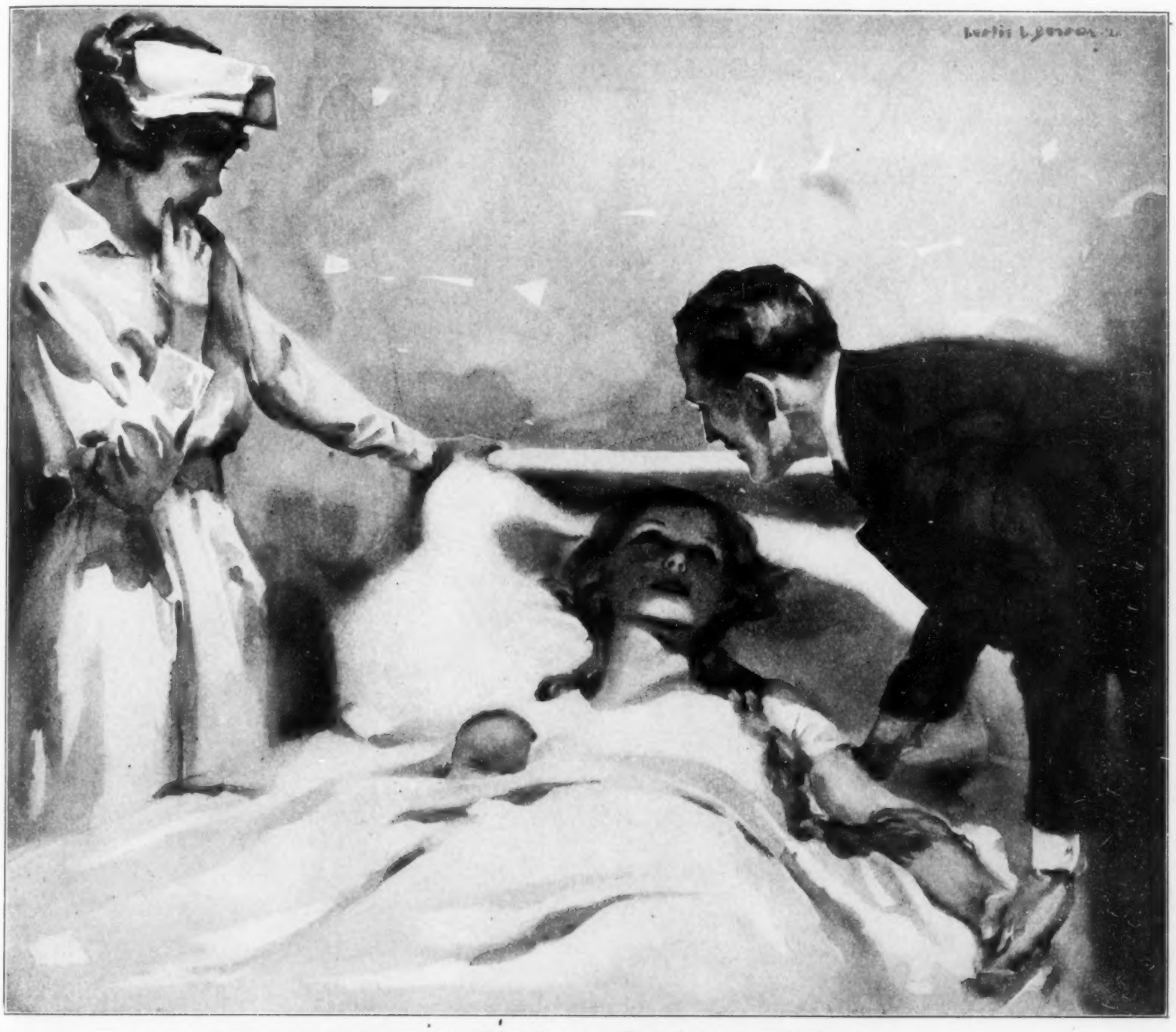
"Yes. In some cases it might involve careful management to get along, but I think on the whole the people would be better off if there were more marriages, in spite of so-called hard times. More homes would help to improve conditions."

"Would you advise young people to marry before the young man owns a home?"

"Why not? *Two can work and plan better than one. And besides, one of the pleasures of married life is in working and saving for a common object. Buying a home on the installment plan has been the making of many a couple.* However, I do think that it is desirable for the young man to have enough saved to make a first payment on the property, no matter how modest it may be, and he should be able to furnish it without going into debt. Start modestly and grow. Everything in this life is an evolution. A home is no exception. Mrs. Ford and I begun in that way, and we have found a great deal of happiness in working out our problems together. If a young couple can agree to start modestly, pull together and work, nothing can stop them, save sickness, accident or death. Even if they are unable to make a first payment on a home, or pay for their furniture all at once, it is a safe venture if they are united and are content with the simple life at the outset. A young man sometimes does an injustice to a young woman by not stating the situation to her frankly. I am sure many young women would gladly begin with a pine box for a kitchen table, if by so doing a start could be made that would lead

[*Continued on page 74*]

When Cynicism About Love Has Become a Fashion, as Glowing an Idyl of Married Love as This Young Husband's Confession Renews Our Old-Time Faith



I bent down and kissed her dear lips. Everything was so simple now

HAPPILY *Ever* AFTERWARD

By the Author of "The Book of Marjorie"

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE BENSON

"AND lived happily ever after," the stories conclude.

"Most love affairs end unfortunately," muses the youthful cynic, "in marriage."

Where is truth to be found? In the lore of fairy tales or upon the lips of the stripling philosopher? Is the wisdom of the nursery more profound than that which delights in the fantasy of pun and paradox?

Perhaps somewhere between the two lies the truth. For marriages differ as widely as the human beings who enter upon them. And happiness itself—is it a constant quality? There are as many different kinds as there are of love and of men and women.

I

JUST Marjorie and I. The rest of the world did not seem to exist.

It was spring. The message of that time had penetrated even into the heart of the city, past brick walls, over asphalt pavements.

We sat together in Washington Square and watched the moon rise over the building of the American Book Company. We talked very little. And yet we had so much to say. Each of us had wasted more than twenty years—for we had lived so long without meeting! Then had come an introduction at a dinner, a few formal words, and the uneasy currents of city life had swept us apart. Afterward chance had brought us together again. We had come to know each other. We were in the first flush of that friendship. We had been feeling, groping for we knew not what. Each of us seemed to supplement the other, to fill a long-felt want that had never been fully understood. If I had been capable of thinking of Marjorie's qualities apart from her, I would have known that I had been attracted to her because in so many ways she was unlike me, because she was quick and capable and alert, because of her sympathy, her goodness. That evening I knew only that I loved her.

But nothing had been said of love. For the present we were content—and yet not wholly content—to be in each other's company, to take long rambles together through the city, to rediscover New York, to explore its odd nooks and corners, to walk for miles through its deserted down-town streets.

Content and yet not wholly content, merely to sit there on the edge of the tinsel world of Greenwich Village. Many weeks after Marjorie was to tell me that her arms had "ached" to go about me that evening—those strong, sure arms that could drive a golf ball nearly two hundred yards. And I had the same desire, to hold her fast in my arms and to keep her there always.

But there was so much that interposed between us, so many things that seemed to prohibit frankness. They all, however, reduced themselves to money. I was making hardly more than her father gave her each year to spend upon clothes. Marriage, when I thought of it at all, was something far off in the uncertain future, as remote as the moon, as impersonal as the tariff. I was anxious for the time to come when marriage would be possible, but Marjorie was with me that evening—there were too many other things to occupy my thoughts.

NEITHER of us worried about the future. We had been so fortunate in becoming acquainted, surely our luck would continue! Though we said nothing about it, each of us knew that this magic spring marked the beginning of a new life for us, that henceforth not even the commonest things would be the same again. The very "L" train, clattering away one block to the south, seemed something novel and surprising; it was no more like the "L" trains of a month ago than we were like our former selves. The policeman who passed us was a new policeman, created for us, endowed with strange, rare qualities. An unfamiliar, paper-lantern moon hung in the sky. Everything was changed, everything transmuted.

Though we seemed alone in the midst of the metropolis, our love was not a thing apart. We were one with awakening nature, about to begin once more her annual cycle. Up in Westchester County and across in Jersey, we knew, the snow had disappeared, and green things were growing and budding. This had been happening for many thousands of years, men and women and all living things had thrilled with the mystery of spring long before we or our nation or our continent had been thought of.

For Marjorie and me this was a time apart. Even today we have not left it wholly behind. New joys have come to us and with them unwonted cares and responsibilities. But we have the trick of leaving these behind sometimes. Then we are again in Washington Square, hopeful, eager, happy at the dawn of love.

II

"YOU'LL write to me every day, partner?"

"Every day, dearest. And you?"

"Every day. What a long summer it will be without Marjorie!"

"And a long summer for me, too."

"Darling—"

"Sh! I think I heard someone."

"Who is likely to prowl around the golf course at night?"

"You'll take care of me anyway, won't you?"

"Of course I will!"

"And always?"

"Of course, pardner. But if I could take a little better care of you now we wouldn't be sitting here at the fifth tee in Van Cortlandt Park telling each other good-by for over two months. We would—"

"But we mustn't bother about money—tonight. We have so little time left together."

"It's hard to forget about money when you need it."

"We never used to think about it."

"We were so interested in each other that we didn't have time."

[*Continued on page 69*]

Stormont lifted Eve out of the saddle. She did not wake

Cup and Lip

Who will win the Duchess' jewels? Another breathless adventure in Robert W. Chambers' extraordinary series—"The Flaming Jewel"

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by C. E. Chambers

TWO miles beyond Clinch's Dump, Hal Smith pulled Stormont's horse to a walk. He was tremendously excited. With naïve sincerity he believed that what he had done on the spur of the moment had been the only thing to do.

By snatching the Flaming Jewel from Quintana's very fingers he had diverted that vindictive bandit's fury from Eve, from Clinch, from Stormont, and had centered it upon himself.

More than that, he had sown the seeds of suspicion among Quintana's own people. They never could discover Salzar's body.

Always they must believe that it was Nicolas Salzar and no other who so treacherously robbed them, and who rode away in a rain of bullets, shaking the emblazoned morocco case above his masked head in triumph, derision and defiance.

At the recollection of what had happened, Hal Smith drew bridle, and, sitting his saddle there in the false dawn, threw back his handsome head and laughed until the fading stars overhead swam in his eyes through tears of sheerest mirth.

For he was still young enough to have had the time of his life. Nothing in the Great War had so thrilled him as had the events of the past few days.

For, in what had just happened, there was humor. There had been none in the Great Grim Drama.

Still, Smith began to realize that he had taken the long, long chance of the opportunist who rolls the bones with Death. He had kept his pledge to the little Grand Duchess. It was a clean job. It was even good drama—

The picturesque angle of the affair shook Hal Smith with renewed laughter. As a moving-picture hero he thought himself the funniest thing on earth.

From the time he had poked a pistol against Sard's fat paunch, to this bullet-pelted ride for life, life had become one ridiculously exciting episode after another.

He had come through like the hero in a best-seller. . . . Lacking only a heroine. . . . If there had been any heroine it was Eve Strayer. Drama had gone wrong in that detail. . . . So perhaps, after all, it was real life he had been living and not drama. Drama, for the masses, must have a definite beginning and ending. Real life lacks the latter. In life nothing is finished. It is always a premature curtain which is yanked by that doddering old stagehand, Johnny Death.

SMITH sat his saddle, thinking, beginning to be sobered now by the inevitable reaction which follows excitement and mirth as relentlessly as care dogs the horseman.

He had had a fine time—save for the horror of the Rock-trail. . . . He shuddered. . . . Anyway, at worst he had not shirked a clean deal in that ghastly game. . . . It was God's mercy that he was not lying where Salzar lay, ten feet—twenty—a hundred deep, perhaps—in immemorial slime—

He shook himself in his saddle as though to be rid of the creeping horror, and wiped his clammy face.

Now, in the false dawn, a blue jay awoke somewhere among the oaks and filled the misty silence with harsh grace-notes.

Then reaction, setting in like a tide, stirred more somber depths in the heart of this young man. He thought of Riga; and of the Red Terror; of murder at noon-day, and outrage by night. He remembered his only encounter with a lovely child—once Grand Duchess of Esthonia—then a destitute refugee in silken rags.

What a day that had been. . . . Only one day and one evening. . . . And never had he been so nearly in love in all his life. . . .

That one day and evening had been enough for her to confide to an American officer her entire life's history. . . . Enough for him to pledge himself to her service while life endured. . . . And if emotion had swept every atom of reason out of his youthful head, there in the turmoil and alarm—there in the terrified, riotious city jammed with refugees, reeking with disease, half frantic from famine and the filthy, rising flood of war—if really it all had been merely romantic impulse, ardor born of overwrought sentimentalism, nevertheless, what he had pledged that day to a little Grand Duchess in rags, he had fulfilled to the letter within the hour.

As the false dawn began to fade, he loosened hunting coat and cartridge sling, drew from his shirt-bosom the morocco case.

It bore the arms and crest of the Grand Duchess Theodorica of Esthonia.

His fingers trembled slightly as he pressed the jeweled spring. It opened on an empty casket.

In the sudden shock of horror and astonishment, his convulsive clutch on the spring started a tiny bell ringing. Then, under his very nose, the empty tray slid aside revealing another tray underneath, set solidly with brilliants. A rainbow glitter streamed from the unset gems in the silken tray. Like an incredulous child he touched them. They were magnificently real.

In the center lay blazing the great Erosite gem—the Flaming Jewel itself. Priceless diamonds, sapphires, emeralds ringed it. In his hands he held nearly four millions of dollars.

He balanced the emblazoned case, fascinated. Then he replaced the empty tray, closed the box, thrust it into the bosom of his flannel shirt and buttoned it in.

Now there was little more for this excited young man to do. He was through with Clinch. Hal Smith, hold-up man and dish-washer at Clinch's Dump, had ended his career. The time had now arrived for him to vanish and make room for James Darragh.

Because there still remained a very agreeable rôle for Darragh to play. And he meant to eat it up—as Broadway has it.

For by this time the Grand Duchess of Esthonia—Ricca, as she was called by her companion, Valentine, the pretty Countess Orloff-Strelwitz—must have arrived in New York.

At the big hunting lodge of the late Henry Harrod—now inherited by Darragh—there might be a letter—perhaps a telegram—the cue for Hal Smith to vanish and for James Darragh to enter, play his brief but glittering part, and—

Darragh's sequence of pleasing meditations halted abruptly. . . . To walk out of the life of the little Grand Duchess did not seem to suit his ideas—indefinite and hazy as they were, so far.

He lifted the bridle from the horse's neck, divided curb and snaffle thoughtfully, touched the splendid animal with heel and knee.

As he cantered on into the wide forest road that led to his late uncle's abode, curiosity led him to wheel into a narrower trail running east along Star Pond, and from whence he could take a farewell view of Clinch's Dump.

He smiled to think of Eve and Stormont there together, and now in safety behind bolted doors and shutters.

He grinned to think of Quintana and his precious crew, blood-crazy, baffled, probably already distrusting one another, yet running wild through the night like starving wolves, galloping at hazard across a famine-stricken waste.

"Only wait till Stormont makes his report," he thought, grinning more broadly still. "Every State Trooper north of Albany will be after Señor Quintana. Some hunting! And, if he could understand, Mike Clinch might thank his stars that what I've done this night has saved him his skin and Eve a broken heart!"

He drew his horse to a walk, now, for the path began to run closer to Star Pond, skirting the pebbled shallows in the open just ahead. Alders still concealed the house across the lake.

SUDDENLY his horse stopped short, trembling, its ears pricked forward. Darragh sat listening intently for a moment. Then, with infinite caution, he leaned over the cantle and gently parted the alders.

On the pebbled beach, full in the starlight, stood two figures, one white and slim, the other dark. The arm of the dark figure clasped the waist of the white and slender one. Evidently they had heard his horse, for they stood motionless, looking directly at the alders behind which his horse had halted.

To turn might mean a shot in the back as far as Darragh knew. He was still masked with Salzar's red bandanna. He raised his rifle, slid a cartridge into the breech, pressed his horse forward with a slight touch of heel and knee, and rode slowly out into the star-dusk.

What Stormont saw was a masked man, riding his own horse, with menacing rifle half lifted for a shot! What Eve Strayer thought she saw was too terrible for words. And before Stormont could prevent her she sprang in front of him, covering his body with her own.

At that the horseman tore off his red mask:

"Eve! Jack Stormont! What the devil are you doing over *here?*"

Stormont walked slowly up to his own horse, laid one unsteady hand on its silky nose, kept it there while dusty, velvet lips mumbled and caressed his fingers.

"I knew it was a cavalryman," he said quietly. "I suspected you, Jim. It was the sort of crazy thing you were likely to do. . . . I don't ask you what you're up to, where you've been, what your plans may be. If you needed me you'd have told me.

"But I've got to have my horse for Eve. Her feet are wounded. She's in her nightdress and wringing wet. I've got to set her on my horse and try to take her through to Ghost Lake."

Darragh stared at Stormont, at the ghostly figure of the girl who had sunk down on the sand at the lake's edge. Then he scrambled out of the saddle and handed over the bridle.

"Quintana came back," said Stormont. "I hope to reckon with him some day. . . . I believe he came back to harm Eve. . . . We got out of the house. . . . We swam the lake . . . I'd have gone under except for her—"

In his distress and overwhelming mortification, Darragh stood miserable, mute, irresolute.

Stormont seemed to understand: "What you did, Jim, was well meant," he said. "I understand. Eve will understand when I tell her. But that fellow Quintana is a devil. You can't draw a herring across any trail he follows. I tell you, Jim, this fellow Quintana is either blood-mad or just plain crazy. Somebody will have to put him out of the way. I'll do it if I ever find him."

"Yes. . . . Your people ought to do that. . . . Or, if you like, I'll volunteer. . . . I've a little business to transact in New York, first. . . . Jack, your tunic and breeches are soaked; I'll be glad to chip in something for Eve. . . . Wait a moment—"

He stepped into cover, drew the morocco box from his gray shirt, shoved it into his hip pocket.

Then he threw off his cartridge belt and hunting coat, pulled the gray shirt over his head and came out in his undershirt and breeches, with the other garments hanging over his arm.

"Give her these," he said. "She can button the coat around her waist for a skirt. She'd better go somewhere and get out of that soaking-wet nightdress—"

Eve, crouched on the sand, trying to wring out and twist up her drenched hair, looked up at Stormont as he came toward her holding out Darragh's dry clothing.

"You'd better do what you can with these," he said, trying to speak carelessly. . . . . "*He* says you'd better chuck—what you're wearing—"

She nodded in flushed comprehension. Stormont walked back to his horse, his boots slopping water at every stride.

"I don't know any place nearer than Ghost Lake Inn," he said. . . . "except Harrod's."

"That's where we're going, Jack," said Darragh cheerfully.

"That's *your* place, isn't it?"

"It is. But I don't want Eve to know it. . . . I think it better she should not know me except as Hal Smith—for the present, anyway. You'll see to that, won't you?"

"As you wish, Jim. . . . Only, if we go to your own house—"

"We're not going to the main house. She wouldn't, anyway. Clinch has taught that girl to hate the very name of Harrod—hate every foot of forest that the Harrod gamekeepers patrol. She wouldn't cross my threshold to save her life."

"I don't understand, but—it's all right—whatever *you* say, Jim."

"I'll tell you the whole business some day. But where I'm going to take you now is into a brand-new camp which I ordered built last spring. It's within a mile of the State Forest border. Eve won't know that it's Harrod property. I've a hatchery there and the state lets me have a man in exchange for free fry. When I get there I'll post my man. . . . It will be a roof for to-night, anyway, and breakfast in the morning, whenever you're ready."

"How far is it?"

"Only about three miles east of here."

"That's the thing to do, then," said Stormont bluntly.

He dropped one sopping-wet sleeve over his horse's neck, taking care not to touch the saddle. He was thinking of the handful of gems in his pocket; and he wondered why Darragh had said nothing about the empty case for which he had so recklessly risked his life.

What this whole business was about Stormont had no notion. But he knew Darragh. That was sufficient to leave him tranquil, and perfectly certain that whatever Darragh was doing must be the right thing to do.

Yet—Eve had swum Star Pond with her mouth filled with jewels.

When she had handed the morocco box to Quintana, Stormont now realized that she must have played her last card on the utterly desperate chance that Quintana might go away without examining the case.

Evidently she had emptied the case before she left her room. He recollected that during all that followed, Eve had not uttered a single word. He knew why, now. How could she speak with her mouth full of diamonds?

A slight sound from the shore caused him to turn. Eve was coming toward him in the dusk, moving painfully on her wounded feet. Darragh's flannel shirt and his hunting coat buttoned around her slender waist clothed her.

The next instant he was beside her, lifting her in both arms.

As he placed her in the saddle and adjusted one stirrup to her bandaged foot, she turned and quietly thanked Darragh for the clothing.

"And that was a brave thing you did," she added, "—to risk your life for my father's property. Because the morocco case which you saved proved to be empty does not make what you did any the less loyal and gallant."

Darragh gazed at her, astounded; took the hand she stretched out to him; held it with a silly expression on his features.

"Hal Smith," she said with perceptible emotion, "I take back what I once said to you on Owl Marsh. No man is a real crook by nature who did what you have done. That is 'faithfulness unto death'—the supreme offer—loyalty—"

Her voice broke; she pressed Darragh's hand convulsively and her lip quivered.

Darragh, with the morocco case full of jewels buttoned into his hip pocket, stood motionless, mutely swallowing his amazement.

What in the world did this girl mean, talking about an *empty* case?

But this was no time to unravel that sort of puzzle. He turned to Stormont who, as perplexed as he, had been listening in silence.

"Lead your horse forward," he said. "I know the trail. All you need do is to follow me." And, shouldering his rifle, he walked leisurely into the woods, the cartridge belt sagging *en bandouliere* across his wollen undershirt.

II

WHEN Stormont gently halted his horse it was dawn, and Eve, sagging against him with one arm around his neck, sat huddled up on her saddle fast asleep.

In a birch woods, on the eastern slope of the divide, stood the camp, dimly visible in the light of early morning.

Darragh, cautioning Stormont with a slight gesture, went forward, mounted the rustic veranda, and knocked at a lighted window.

A man, already dressed, came and peered out at him, then hurried to open the door.

"I didn't know you, Captain Darragh—" he began, but fell silent under the warning gesture that checked him.

"I've a guest outside. She's Clinch's stepdaughter, Eve Strayer. She knows me by the name of Hal Smith. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir—"

"Cut *that* out, too. I'm Hal Smith to you, also. State Trooper Stormont is out there with Eve Strayer. He was a comrade of mine in Russia. I'm Hal Smith to him, by mutual agreement. *Now* do you get me, Ralph?"

"Sure, Hal. Go on; spit it out!"

They both grinned.

"You're a hootch runner," said Darragh. "This is your shack. The hatchery is only a blind. That's all you have to know, Ralph. So put that girl into my room and let her sleep till she wakes of her own accord.

"Stormont and I will take two of the guest-bunks in the L. And for heaven's sake make us some coffee when you make your own. But first come out and take the horse."

They went out together. Stormont lifted Eve out of the saddle. She did not wake. Darragh led the way into the log house and along a corridor to his own room.

"Turn down the sheets," whispered Stormont. And, when the bed was ready: "Can you get a bath towel, Jim?"

Darragh fetched one from the connecting bathroom.

"Wrap it around her wet hair," whispered Stormont. "Good heavens, I wish there were a woman here."

"I wish so too," said Darragh; "she's chilled to the bone. You'll have to wake her. She can't sleep in what she's wearing; it's almost as damp as her hair—"

He went to the closet and returned with a man's morning robe, as soft as fleece.

"Somehow or other she's got to get into that," he said.

There was a silence.

"Very well," said Stormont, reddening. . . . "If you'll step out I'll—manage . . ." He looked Darragh straight in the eyes: "I have asked her to marry me," he said.

WHEN Stormont came out a great fire of birch logs was blazing in the living-room, and Darragh stood there, his elbow on the rough stone mantelshelf. Stormont came straight to the fire and set one spurred boot on the fender.

"She's warm and dry and sound asleep," he said. "I'll wake her again if you think she ought to swallow something hot."

At that moment the fish-culturist came in with a pot of steaming coffee.

"This is my friend, Ralph Wier," said Darragh. "I think you'd better give Eve a cup of coffee." And, to Wier, "Fill a couple of hot-water bags, old chap. We don't want any pneumonia in this house."

When breakfast was ready, Eve once more lay asleep with a slight dew of perspiration on her brow.

Darragh was half starved: Stormont ate little. Neither spoke at all until, satisfied, they rose, ready for sleep.

[*Continued on page 32*]

If You Don't Know Them—

The fascinating characters whose destinies unfold through the "Flaming Jewel" series:

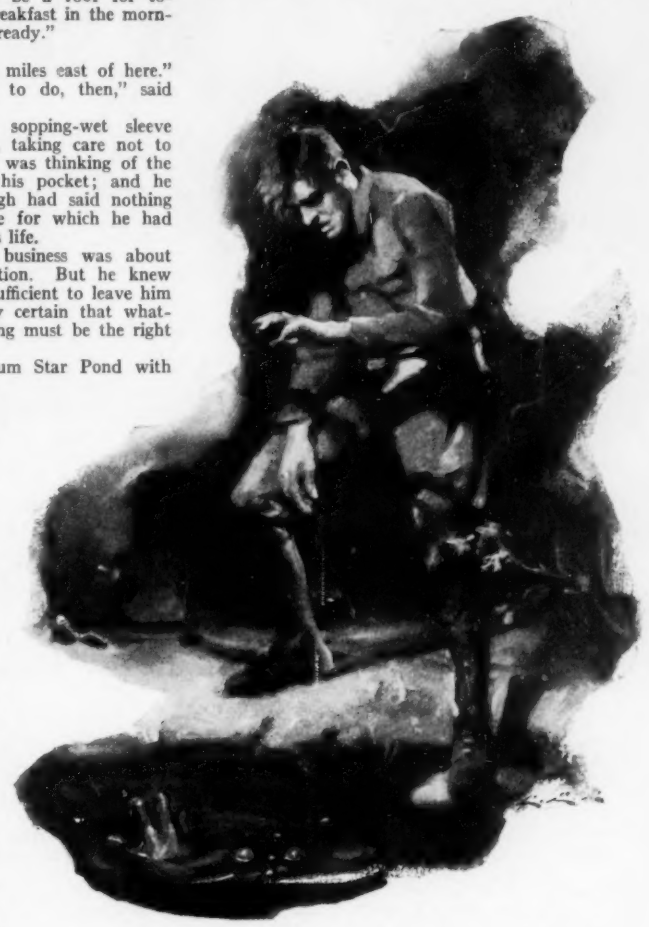
Mike Clinch, ex-guide, proprietor of a criminal dump in the Adirondacks, where he makes a living by law-breaking. Clinch has one ruling passion, his love for his stepdaughter,

Eve Strayer, loveliest flower of the wilderness, whom he is bringing up to be a "lady." Clinch has put aside for her the wondrous "Flaming Jewel," world-famous gem, which he has stolen from

José Quintana, leader of a notorious gang of international thieves. Quintana originally stole the "Flaming Jewel" from the Princess Theodorica of Esthonia. He and his men have stormed Clinch's Dump and forced Eve to surrender the morocco case from which she had, a few moments before, taken the "Flaming Jewel." The case is stolen from Quintana by

Hal Smith, at Clinch's in disguise, who is in reality James Darragh, millionaire owner of all the land surrounding Clinch's Dump, member of the Secret Service and personal friend of the Princess. He has just killed one of Quintana's men, and disguised in the murdered man's outfit has at last secured the packet of jewels for the Princess of Esthonia. He is a friend of

State Trooper Stormont, who is keeping an eye on Clinch's Dump for the government, and is in love with Eve. He has been left at Clinch's to protect Eve. Powerless in the hands of Quintana's rough gang, he has been forced to watch Eve surrender the jewel case, but escapes with her through Clinch's "bootch" tunnel into Star Pond.



It was God's mercy that he was not lying where Salzar lay—deep in immemorial slime

Can a Man Marry a Woman Who Has Too Many Virtues?

The Perfect Wife

by Isabel Paterson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM FISHER

BEHIND Hazel Pennington's chair a length of brocade, faded by time to a misty and mysterious blue, was flung over the victrola, forming exactly the right background for her hair, which was light brown that broke into gold at the edges. It was marcelled, not too much, framing a girlish face which at the moment wore an absorbed and serious expression befitting the priestess of the household rite she was performing. The room was all done in French gray, blue and fawn, admirably calculated to set off a cool white skin and blue eyes like Hazel's; and the clear, uncluttered spaces of it were designed to focus on the fireplace corner where she sat. The mulatto butler deposited on a low table before his mistress a tray loaded to capacity with squat Georgian silver. Mrs. Pennington picked up a slender silver affair shaped like a trumpet and put it to her lips. She looked like a Botticelli angel in a pale rose chiffon tea-gown, about to emit heavenly melodies; but instead the little trumpet was directed at the blue flame flickering under the rotund silver tea-kettle. The flame expired in a faint sigh. Hazel tipped a stream of bubbling water into the teapot, to the accompaniment of a murmur of envious admiration from the half dozen women who formed her audience.

"Where did you get that little trick?" Jane Hammond demanded. Jane prided herself on being up-to-date.

"Oh, I had the greatest trouble; I had to order it made at Gorton's. I saw one while we were in England; it's rather amusing, don't you think?" She tipped her head sidewise, listening, as a bell trilled in the hall. "There's Stan—excuse me a minute."

"You don't mean to say," cried Mrs. Mallowe, "that you can get your own husband to come to your tea-parties?"

"Why not?" Hazel laughed over her shoulder.

"Well, I wish you'd tell us your system," Jane Hammond said, with a slightly acid intonation. But Hazel was already running down the hall, her silver shoe buckles twinkling joyously. Stanley Pennington took off his hat with one hand while the other went under Hazel's chin, the better to kiss her. He was a head taller and a dozen years older than she, thick-shouldered, square of jaw, but his eyes and mouth betrayed good nature and an unexpected sensitiveness. She turned her face up sweetly, standing with her hands behind her back like a little girl.

"Is it raining? Hurry and brush up, dear, and come to the party. There's that lock sticking up at the back." She stood on tiptoe to pat it down, and Pennington forgot and put his arm about her. She wriggled away from the damp contact like a kitten. "My dress," she explained superfluously, rescuing a trailing wisp of chiffon from the imminence of his feet. But she patted his head again. There was a streak of gray in his thick hair at either temple, of which Hazel was secretly proud. It made him look wise and important. She felt very clever to have captured such a man. He was her achievement. She was sure every woman in her drawing-room at that moment envied her. Certainly he had been by far the most eligible bachelor in his set before he met Hazel.

Certainly he had been by far the most eligible bachelor in his set

"It's easy enough," Jane Hammond replied to herself in Hazel's absence, "while the honeymoon lasts. Wait till Stan settles down into a regular husband."

"Still," said Mrs. Mallowe, with only seeming irrelevance, "Hazel has come on wonderfully in three years. You never saw her before she married Stan, did you? I must say you'd hardly know her now. Came to New York to visit her cousin. Such a country mouse—organdy and blue ribbons, made by a small-town dressmaker. Mrs. Dexter brought her to my house one evening, and Hazel didn't know any of the new dances; Stan didn't either, so they sat out together. Just an accident, you see. And now she's teaching him all the latest steps. And look at this apartment, and everything. Oh, Hazel's got brains!"

"The apartment is rather nice," Mrs. Hammond conceded. "Decorator, of course. It must be hideously expensive—

[Continued on page 28]

A Chapter Wherein Destiny Overtakes a Famous Idol of the Films

Between the curtains of a French window opposite, a woman's arm was thrust, the hand grasping an automatic pistol. There was a face of shadowed pallor dimly visible beyond — a face with wild, cruelly exultant eyes

The Coast of Cockaigne

A Novel of Life in Hollywood Motion Picture Studios

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

PART VI

I

RELUCTANT to believe it was really Nelly Marquis whom she saw sitting with her husband, Lucinda turned to Summerlad with a question forming on her lips, but surprised the tail of his eye veering hastily away and fancied a shade of over-elaboration in the easy, incurious air which he was quick to resume.

"Having a good time, Linda?" A slight movement of shoulders answered him. Summerlad made a mouth of concern. "Tired, dear? Want to go home?"

"I'm afraid Fanny and Harry wouldn't like it."

"Well, then—what say we dance?"

"It's an awful crush, I'm afraid . . ." Nevertheless Lucinda got up.

It *was* an awful crush; after all, not much of an improvement on sitting still and trying to appear unconscious of Bellamy and that weird Marquis creature. Lucinda felt sure, now, she hadn't been mistaken about the girl, but had nevertheless decided to ask Lynn anyway when she heard a hiss of breath indrawn and looked up to see his face disfigured with a spasm of pain. In the same instant he stopped short.

"My foot," he grunted ruefully; "somebody with a hoof like a sledge-hammer landed on it just now. That wouldn't matter, only the confounded thing got caught between a couple of logs while we were doing that river stuff. Have to get out of this, I'm afraid."

He developed an affecting limp on the way back to the table, where he announced that, though desolated to leave such a promising party, he would have to get home and out of his shoes before he could hope to know another instant's ease.

FOR some minutes after he had been made comfortable in his car and the latter had got under way, Lucinda maintained a silence which Summerlad seemed loath to break; but at length it began to wear upon his nerves.

"Cross, sweetheart?" he inquired gently. "Sorry I had to drag you away."

She asked evasively: "How's your foot?"

"It doesn't feel just right. I'll get an osteopath in tomorrow morning and see what he makes of it."

"It really was hurt while we were dancing, then?"

"What do you think? That I'd make a fuss like that and spoil my party just for the fun of being conspicuous!"

"I thought perhaps you were pretending on my account."

"You mean, because your husband was there?"

"So you did see him, after all! It *was* Miss Marquis with him, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Linda—afraid it was."

"Lynn, where do you suppose the girl has been all this time? People don't drop out of sight like that in Hollywood. One keeps meeting them, there are so few places to go. It seems funny she should disappear so completely for—how long is it? four weeks? five?—and then turn up in Bel's company."

"Well," Lynn submitted helpfully, "I daresay if you were to ask him. . . ."

"Or if you were to ask her!"

The man's manner grew seriously defensive.

"Look here, Linda! I've know a long time you suspected there'd been something between this girl and me—"

"That thought never crossed my mind before tonight, when I saw you didn't want me to know you'd seen her."

"Then it must have been my conscience, I guess." Lynn fumbled for and found her hand beneath the rug that covered their knees. "You see—"

"Oh, I see!" Lucinda snapped, and drew her hand away.

"That's unfair. You know well enough, as often as not the man isn't to blame."

"It isn't a question of blame, Lynn; it's just a feeling suddenly come over me, a thought I've long been refusing to think, that I must always share you with your memories of other sweethearts."

"Well, what about me? Do you suppose it makes me happy to be all the time reminded that Bellamy Druce—"

Lucinda winced. "Please, dear, don't! Forgive me—I couldn't help it. Besides, there's this to be said: If I did love another man before I met you, he was the only one;

while you have known so many loves like—like this Marquis girl. Not, you know, not quite—"

"Oh, I get you," Summerlad laughed harshly. "You don't have to be more plain-spoken. But you're all wrong about Nelly. She's one that didn't happen, along with a hundred others I get the credit for—"

"I daresay, from the Hollywood point of view, 'credit' is the right word."

"Oh, hang it all, Linda! you *must* understand. A man in my line . . . There's always a percentage of women ready to make fools of themselves over any man who manages to get a certain degree of prominence. Men are just as bad; they'll run in circles around an actress, simply because she's on the stage, who can't hold a candle to the little girl who lives two doors away on their own home street. I met Nelly Marquis shortly after I'd made my first real dent in pictures. She was so hard hit I used to be afraid to leave the house until I'd sent out scouts to make sure the coast was clear. I've always thought that trouble of hers was more than half responsible for her mania about me."

"What trouble?"

"Dope. She's a drug addict. That must've been what was the matter with her, that time you found her stretched out—an overdose. I didn't like to tell you because— Well, frankly, I didn't want you to think I knew so much about the girl."

"Oh, what a pity!"

"She's unfortunate, God knows, but she's dangerous. They all are; once the drug gets a hold on them, there's nothing they won't do, no lie they won't tell . . ."

They were drawing near the crossroad that led to Summerlad's bungalow. He bent forward, spoke to the driver, and the car held on down the road to Hollywood.

"I'm taking you home first, Linda. My foot isn't troubling me now to speak of, and . . . Well, it's better you shouldn't be seen driving up to my place with me at this time of night."

With a stabbing pain of loneliness and contrition, Lucinda perceived that she had only Lynn's love and consideration to rely upon for salvation from the gins and pitfalls of this strange world in which she lived, self-outlawed from her kind. And in sudden passion she turned and clung to him again, begging his forgiveness. And Summerlad soothed her, confidentially smiling over the head that rested on his shoulder at the smiling midnight moon.

II

LUCINDA dated from that Saturday the dawn of a fortnight when everything went wrong for her so uniformly that, in the end, the woman had been something more than merely mortal whose stores of fortitude had not run low. Naturally she blamed Bellamy. . . .

Fare where she would on diversion bent, Lucinda seemed fated always to encounter her husband and the Marquis girl; while at the studio she could hardly avoid the sight of Bel buzzing about on the business of his new enterprise, and apparently finding it all great fun. For he had gone to work with a will, and in little more than a week had assembled a producing unit, engaged a company of players, and caused camera-work to be begun under the direction of one who, observed occasionally and from a distance, conveyed a strange impression of quiet authority.

The first activities of this fledgling company were for the most part staged away from the studio, "on location," and Lucinda knew nothing of them save through hearsay, which had it that Bellamy was employing no star but was rather making a "special." Glimpses of Nelly Marquis in make-up, now and then, warranted the assumption that she had been given a part in the picture. But their paths seldom crossed, and when they did the young woman invariably happened to be wearing a look of abstraction too profound to permit of her seeing Lucinda.

Bel, on the other hand, was always ready with a friendly smile and never a hint that there had ever been any terms between them other than the most formal. Gratitude for this rendered it no less difficult to respond in the same spirit. Lucinda had seldom known anything more annoying than the absence of tenable grounds for objecting to Bel's active interest in the motion-picture business.

And then, one day when she was not needed at the studio, her conscience prodded Lucinda into devoting several painful hours to totting up her bank accounts, a duty whose long-delayed performance brought to light the fact that she had already given Harry Lontaine checks to his order in the sum of two hundred and ten thousand dollars, to be cashed by him and turned into the treasury of Linda Lee, Inc.

If she felt slightly posed by this discovery, it was less because of the money involved (she had from the first been prepared to pay more dearly for her whistle than Lontaine had said it would cost) than because it now devolved upon her to write Harford Willis and ask him to find her more funds.

SHE hesitated to consult Lontaine, in the faint hope that out of the sums entrusted to him there might be enough left to see the present production through, fearing lest he take this as directly challenging good faith and his fitness to handle her money.

But Lontaine, as it happened, saved her the pain of arriving at a decision in this matter; for the next time she saw him he blandly advised Lucinda that the company could do with another twenty thousand as soon as she could find time to draw the check; and on learning that it would have to wait a few days, or until Lucinda could hear from Willis, he seemed considerably upset.

Another thing that wore upon Lucinda's good disposition, in those days, was the feeling that she was expected to feign blindness to Fanny's essays in the ancient and vulgar art of vamping, now with Barry Nolan, now with Bel. The surreptitious airs with which Fanny sought to envelop these goings-on emphasized their stupidity and made it maddening.

Lucinda resisted the temptation to disillusion her friend, mostly because she thought it just possible that Bel was playing Fanny's game simply to find out what she meant by it. Certainly he showed no more disposition toward favoritism than Fanny did. The path of his amourette with the Marquis girl ran parallel to that which he pursued with Fanny, perhaps ran faster, but strangely proved not half so tedious to the onlooker.

In spite of all the uncomplimentary things that Summerlad said of her, Lucinda entertained an honest admiration for the Marquis girl, and thought her demeanor with Bellamy one which Fanny might have copied to good profit. But when she confided as much to Summerlad, she found him darkly skeptical.

"Don't worry," he advised. "That young woman will surprise you yet. Chances are she took the cure, that time she disappeared. But once dope gets its hooks into anybody it never lets go, really." Having said which Summerlad made haste to change the subject.

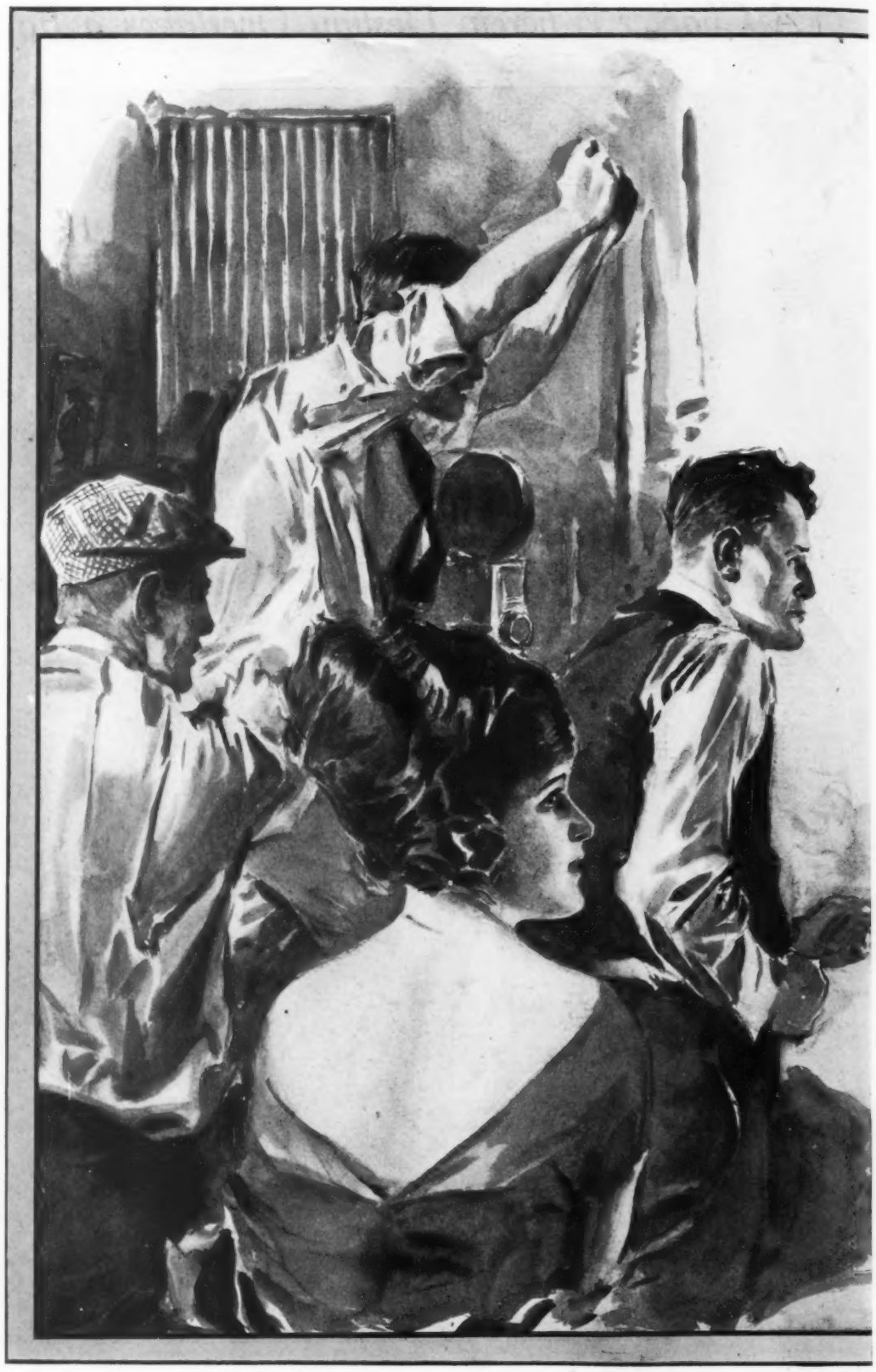
But Lucinda had already learned that any reference to Nelly Marquis was calculated to make him restive. A circumstance in itself not the least irksome of the many which she counted as afflictions. Indeed he had never seemed quite the same since the first night of his return.

Lucinda even thought that she detected in him a strange new lack of ease, a furtive fashion of watching her, if he thought she wasn't aware, that was swift to change, as soon as he found she was, to a species of uncertain bravado—an air of having done something he oughtn't and living in instant fear of being found out.

III

BUT these peculiar tribulations were nothing to the trouble at the studio, where the tension of ill-feeling daily grew more taut, as Lucinda's earlier misgivings ripened into real dissatisfaction with Barry Nolan and his methods.

Dilatory tactics in directing had become too fast a habit to be broken at will, and had obliged Nolan to forego his chance at that attractive job in the east. And he was furthermore so fed up with feeling he was unappreciated, that he had taken to fuming nastily over every set-back which put off the final "take" by so much as an hour, and indeed he declared that more than once he had refrained from "walking off the lot and leaving the picture flat" only because he had as yet been able to wheedle out of Lontaine a mere niggardly half of his contract fee in advance.



"I resign, I'm out! And I don't come back,

Considering this dangerous temper, those best acquainted with the young man thought it surprising that the sparks generated by his many clashes with Lucinda failed as long as they did to bring about the inevitable break.

IV

THE day of the overdue explosion broke auspiciously enough with the receipt of a night-letter from Harford Willis stating that money matters had been arranged in conformance with Lucinda's desires, and adding that Willis hoped soon to give himself the pleasure of calling on her in person; the business of another client was requiring his supervision in San Francisco, on the way out he could readily stop over in Los Angeles for a day or two; he was leaving New York the day he telegraphed.

Not a little to her own wonder, Lucinda found herself pleasantly excited by the thought that she was to see this old friend so soon again, eagerly looking forward to the arrival of one in whom she could confide her perplexities, of whom she could ask counsel, without fearing to hear self-interest sound in his responses.

Busy with this agreeable prospect, she made nothing of the fact that Lontaine showed the whites of his eyes and shied back like a skittish cob from the telegram she offered for his inspection. And in her most amiable temper she hurried from his office to her dressing-room, into the newest, prettiest and most becoming dance frock she had ever owned, who had owned so many, and then out to the stage.

The company was waiting, the cameras were waiting, Nolan with an air of noblest patience was waiting. As Lucinda drew near, he hoisted himself out of his chair with something more than a suggestion of limbs cramped by prolonged inaction, and bowed politely, a bare shade too politely.

But Lucinda was feeling much too kindly disposed toward all the world, just then, to resent his mockery, and with every intention of keeping the peace returned a brief but gracious nod and smile.

not if you was to go down on your knees!"

"Sorry if I've kept you waiting, Mr. Nolan, but I had some business with Mr. Lontaine we couldn't put off."

"No matter at all, Miss Lee, I assure you—no matter a-tall! My time is yours, and the company's time is yours, all the time there *is* is yours, to use or waste, just as you think best."

THE offensiveness of this was so pointed that Lucinda stopped, turned to face Nolan and with a keen smile looked him deliberately up and down.

"Thank you for telling me," she said sweetly. "And now *that* is understood, suppose we get to work at once. . . ."

"Fair enough," Nolan agreed with a passable display of good spirit. "Le's go to it, then." He turned to the set, upon which cameras and lights stood trained. "Now, Miss Lee, I'll just line in what I want *Nelly* to do, this scene."

The act was a simple angle, where two walls met in an apartment hallway, with a door that opened inward from a living-room beyond. In this last the big dramatic moment of the play was to be staged.

In this angle Nolan proceeded to act out the business which he conceived to be in character for a girl of *Nelly's* sort in circumstances so contrived as to make eavesdropping seem constructively defensible. And Lucinda looked on with grave attention and puckered brows, eager to catch every hint that would help her become a better actress. For the very considerable amount of raw power as a pantomimist which Nolan indubitably possessed, she had much respect. He knew every trick of gesture and expression and how to communicate the secret of their most effective use in the delineation of theatrical emotion. In this respect his greatest fault was a tendency to overdo things, to let his enthusiasm for acting run away with his discrimination.

It was running away with him now. He was building *Nelly's* scene on lines of broad emotional melodrama widely inconsistent with the situation. Forgetting that, while the conversation assumed to be going on beyond the door was one that would surely annoy and disgust her whom it concerned, its revelations were after all hardly of a character to break her heart, who was in love with neither of the speakers—indifferent to these considerations, Nolan was, as *Nelly*, ranting and raving in the angle like one gone half mad with shock and grief. Yet such was the fire he communicated to the performance that for the time being he truly succeeded in perverting Lucinda's sense of proportion. So much so that when, having emptied his bag of tricks, he moved out of the camera lines with the stereotyped inquiry: "See what I want, dear?" she nodded without thinking and stepped into character and the set. As the lights blazed on, the cameras began to tick, and Nolan seized the megaphone which he invariably used while directing—though he had as much need of it now as the cameras had of telescopic lenses.

"Now, dear," he blared through this instrument, "go to it and show us what you got. Remember, this is your Big Scene, your one grand little chance to put it over that you're a sure-enough actress. That's it,"—as an elderly leading-man ushered Lucinda into the set from the living-room side, laid a finger to his lips, and pointed down the hallway before disappearing,—"that's it—nod to show you know what he means. Now start for the back door. It hasn't struck you yet it would be a swell young idea to stop and listen to all they're saying about you. But now it does; you turn, look back, frown. Pretty work. Now go back, but not all at once. Make us see you don't think you ought to do this sort of thing, make us see the *big* struggle with your better nature, and better nature losing out. Good. Now you put your ear to the door and hear your name. Give a good start and look horrified. You never knew men could talk about women like that, you know. Show us horror, and make it strong, dear; can't make it too strong. Remember you're just realizing the man you love is such a rotten cad he could make a wager about your virtue. It just makes you feel sick all over—*Great snakes!* what's that for? What's the matter?"

For of a sudden the heart-rending tremolo in Nolan's voice as he described the awful offense committed against *Nelly* had tickled irresistibly Lucinda's sense of the absurd; and her laugh had followed naturally, inevitably, uncontrollably.

Now as Nolan's frantic gesture bade the camera man to cease cranking, she rested weakly against the door and held her sides.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Nolan," she gasped. "Forgive me. I—I didn't know I was going to laugh till—till it struck me as so funny—!"

Her voice broke in another peal of hysterical merriment, while Nolan literally ground his teeth.

"*What* struck you as so funny?" he exploded. "Show me anything funny about this scene, and I—I'll eat my megaphone."

"Oh, I am sorry!" Lucinda was doing her utmost to control herself, but still her voice shook at intervals and her body rocked with recurrent spasms of idiotic mirth. "You see—when you said that—all at once it struck me—I'm sure I don't know why—as too awfully funny for words!"

"Well, why?" Nolan insisted, all but dancing with rage. "Give a reason. Why's it funny?"

"Because— Well, you see—I don't like to criticize—but really, you know, this is a ridiculous way for *Nelly* to carry on when she hears what she hears. She isn't in love with *Richards*, she isn't even in love with *Dick;* and surely"—Lucinda was rapidly sobering now and growing earnest in her efforts to justify herself to Nolan's face of thunder—"surely she oughtn't to rant like a tragedy queen just because she hears *Richards* confess, what she's known all along, that he's the sort of man he is. Don't you see?"

"Sure I see." Nolan spoke with an unwonted evenness of tone, for him; but the tone was ugly. "I see a lot of things. I see you've made up your mind to try to make a fool of me. I see you're dead-set on making me so mad I'll give up my job rather than go on trying to make an actress out of a screen-struck near-society dame. Well, all right: you *win*. I *resign*, I'm *out!* You've got your wish And I don't come back, not if you was to go down on you knees to beg me to finish this gosh-awful picture!"

With an abrupt gesture of fury, oddly out of keeping with the level tone he had used, Nolan raised the megaphone above his head, with all his might cast it upon the floor at Lucinda's feet, and walked off, leaving Lucinda in a temper curiously divided between relief and regret. For she was sure Nolan meant it.

V

TOWARD the close of the afternoon the war council of the incorporators of Linda Lee, Inc., stalled on dead center. No success had rewarded the quest of a director at once competent and free to take up the work which Nolan had bungled and abandoned; and when Lucinda had for the tenth time reiterated her unshakable refusal to countenance overtures looking toward the reinstatement of Nolan, a silence of complete discouragement spellbound the conference in that tiny, ill-furnished room which served Lontaine as an office.

Fanny alone seemed to have secret resources which enabled her to rise above the common level of depression. Perched on the writing-bed of Lontaine's roll-top desk, she sat swinging her feet, her abstracted yet amused gaze roving out through the single window, the most elusive and inscrutable of smiles flickering about her paint-smeared lips.

In a common chair tilted back against the wall opposite, Lontaine lounged, sulkily worrying his scrubby moustache. He had not said or suggested as much by syllable or look, yet Lucinda felt that he held her solely responsible for the break with Nolan, and was weary of the whole business to boot, and heartily wished himself out of it.

To Lucinda herself the desk-chair of the president had fallen as the seat of honor. Profound weariness temporarily held her faculties in suspense. Her least formless thoughts were of the evening to come, when she and the Lontaines were to dine with Summerlad in Beverly Hills. She was deciding to be beforehand with Harry and Fanny, that she might have a little time alone with Lynn. Altogether without warning she found herself staring into the homely, greasy grin of Isadore Zinn. The owner of the studios had opened the door without troubling to knock.

"Hello, people!" he saluted intimately. "How you making out?"

"Ah, that good Mr. Zinn!" Fanny replied airily. "If you really must know, we're not."

"It's an impassé," Lontaine stated. Then, observing Zinn's nonplussed stare: "We're all up a blind alley, you know."

"Bet your life I know you are," Zinn agreed vigorously. "That's what I butted in to speak with you about. If I ain't in the way."—The trio made reassuring noises.—"I was thinking maybe they was something I could do to help out."

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Zinn, thank you," Lucinda replied. "That is, unless you can find us a director."

"Just what I was going to suggest. Lay my hands on the very man you want in five minutes; only they's one catch to it—he's under contract to somebody else."

"Then I don't quite see—" Lucinda began. But Lontaine interrupted: "You mean we can buy the fellow's contract, what?"

ZINN wagged his head. "Not a chanst," he uttered in lugubrious accents. "Not a chanst. I wouldn't sell that boy's contract for no amount of money. Wally Day's the lad. Got everything a guy ought to have to make a big splash in pictures except the big head. Only man I know could pull you out of the hole you've got yourselves into."

"But what's the use of tantalizing us?" Lucinda demanded fretfully.

"Well, I just got an idea maybe we could come to an agreement about letting Wally finish up your picture for you. Like this, now: I got an idea maybe I and Wally between us could make your picture right. You've spent a bale of kale, maybe a couple hundred thousand dollars, maybe more. That's all right. We don't have to worry about that till I come to look at your books—"

"Look at our books!" Lontaine shrilly expostulated.

Zinn's gross hand patted the air soothingly. "Sure I got to look at your books, ain't I, if I sit in on this production? What I mean is: You sell me the production as is, and I'll pay you fifty per cent. what it cost you to date, cash money. Then I and Wally and Miss Lee here'll go ahead and finish up; and it won't cost you anything more, Miss Lee, and I'll give you ten per cent. of the net profits. That'll let you"—he nodded to Lontaine—"take your time about finding a studio of your own, and get all set to use Miss Lee when I'm done with her. If that ain't a handsome offer, *I* don't know. What you say?"

After a stupefied moment Lucinda looked in doubt to Lontaine. His eyes had suddenly grown more stony and

[*Continued on page 45*]

Charles Rex

[Continued from page 7]

He indicated the sofa, and quite gently but with decision freed his arm from the nervously gripping hands.

"You won't send me back?" the boy urged with quivering supplication.

"No, I won't do that," said Saltash as he went away.

He swore once or twice with considerable energy ere he returned, cursing the absent Antonio in language that would have outmatched the Italian's own. Then, having relieved his feelings, he abruptly laughed to himself and pursued his errand with business-like briskness.

Returning, he found his *protégé* in a small heap on the sofa, with his head deep in the cushion as though he sought escape from the light. Again the feeling of harboring some small animal in pain came to him, and he frowned. The mute misery of that huddled form held a more poignant appeal than any words.

"Look here, Toby!" he said. "I've brought you something to eat, and when you've had it you'd better get a sleep. You can tell me all about it—if you want to—in the morning."

THE boy had started upright at his coming. He looked at Saltash in his quick, startled way. It was almost as if he expected a kick at any moment. Then he looked at the tray he carried, and suddenly his face crumpled; he hid it in his hands.

"Oh, dash it!" said Saltash. "Let's have a little sense!"

He set down the tray and flicked the fair head admonishingly with his thumb, still frowning. "Come! Be a sport!" he said.

After a brief pause, with a tremendous effort, the boy pulled himself together and sat up; but he did not raise his eyes to Saltash again. He kept them fixed upon his hands, which were tightly clasped in front of him.

"I'll do whatever you tell me," he said, in a low voice. "No one has ever been so decent to me before."

"Have one of those rolls!" said Saltash practically. "You'll talk better with something inside you."

He seated himself on the edge of his bunk and lit another cigarette, his attitude one of royal indifference, but his odd eyes flashed to and fro with a monkeylike shrewdness that missed nothing of his desolate companion's forlorn state.

"You've been doing this starvation business for some time, haven't you?" he asked presently. "No wonder you didn't feel like work."

The boy's pinched face smiled, a small, wistful smile. "I can work," he said. "I can do anything—women's work as well as men's. I can cook and clean boots and knives and sew on buttons and iron trousers and wash shirts and wait at table and make beds and sweep and—"

"For heaven's sake, stop!" said Saltash. "You make me giddy. Tell me the things you can't do instead! It would take less time."

Toby considered for a few moments. "I can't drive cars," he said at length. "But I can clean 'em; and I'd love to learn."

Saltash laughed. "That's the sole exception, is it? You seem to have picked up a good deal in a short time. Did they teach you all that over there?"

TOBY shook his head. "I've knocked about a good lot," he said.

"And know everything evidently," said Saltash. "What made you think of coming on board this yacht?"

The boy's eyes gave him a shining look. "Because she belongs to you," he said.

"Oh!" Saltash puffed at his cigarette for a few seconds. "You'd made up your mind to throw in your fortunes with mine, had you?"

Toby nodded. "I wanted to—if you'd have me."

"Seems I haven't much choice," remarked Saltash. "And what are you going to do when you're tired of me? Fling yourself at someone else's head, I suppose?"

Again he saw the hot color flood the thin face; but the boyish eyes did not flinch from his. "No, I shan't do that," said Toby, after brief reflection. "I'll just go right under next time."

"Oh, will you?" said Saltash. "And so remain—a blot on my escutcheon for all time. Well now, look here! You say you're honest?"

"Yes, sir," said Toby with breathless assurance, and sprang up and stood before him with the words, as though challenging criticism.

Saltash poked at him with his foot, as he sat. "Make me a promise?" he asked casually.

"Anything you wish, my lord," said Toby promptly.

Saltash grinned at him. "Be careful! I see you are of a rash and impulsive disposition, and I like my slaves to have a little discretion. The promise I want is that whatever happens to you—however much I kick you or bash you or generally ill-use you—you'll never jump overboard or do anything silly of that kind. Is it done?"

Toby was standing before him, facing him with straight, candid eyes. He did not seem surprised at the suggestion so coolly made. Saltash noted that it certainly did not shock him.

"All right, sir," he said, after a moment.

"It's a promise, is it?" said Saltash.

Toby nodded. "Yes, sir."

"Good!" said Saltash. He stretched out a hand and took him by one skinny arm. "Better now?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Yes, my lord. Thank you, my lord." Toby's eyes looked, smiling, into his.

"Very well. I'll keep you," Saltash said. "Did anyone see you come aboard?"

"No, my lord."

"Then you came with me, see? I brought you—if anyone wants to know."

"Very good, my lord. Thank you, my lord." Saltash made a humorous grimace. "You can call me 'sir' if you like," he said. "It makes no difference."

"Adieu, most exquisite and most wicked," he said. "I return no more!"

"Thank you, sir," said Toby with a responsive grin.

"And your name is Toby, is it? Toby what?"

"Toby Wright, sir." Very promptly the answer came.

Saltash's eyes scrutinized him with half-derisive amusement. "I hope it's a good fit," he remarked. "Well, look here, Toby, you must go to bed. Did you bring any luggage on board?"

"No, sir. 'Fraid not, sir. Very sorry, sir, I came away in a hurry," explained Toby rather nervously.

"And stole the hotel livery," said Saltash.

"No, sir. Borrowed it," said Toby.

"Ho! You're going to pay for it, are you?" questioned Saltash.

"Yes, sir, some day. First money I get, sir. Don't want to have anything belonging to that damn' Italian cur," said Toby, with much emphasis.

"Naughty! Naughty!" said Saltash, pinching his arm. "Well, come along, and I'll show you where you can sleep. There's a small cabin out of my dressing-room you can have for the present. I haven't got my valet on board."

"Very good, sir, thank you. What time shall I call you, sir?" said Toby brightly.

"You needn't call me," said Saltash. "You can just lie quiet and take care of that black eye of yours. I'll let you know when I want you."

"Very good, sir," said Toby, looking crestfallen.

Saltash stood up. "And you'll do as you're told, see?—always! That's understood, is it?"

Toby smiled again, eagerly, gratefully. "Yes, sir. Always, sir!" he said promptly. "Shall I take off your boots before I go, sir?"

"No. Look after yourself for the present!" said Saltash. "And don't get up to mischief! There's a very strict captain in command of this boat, so you'd better mind how you go."

The boy looked up at him with eyes of twinkling comprehension. He had plainly forgotten the despair that had so nearly overwhelmed him.

"Oh, I'll be very good, sir," he promised. "I won't get you into trouble anyhow, sir."

"You imp!" said Saltash, pulling his ear. "Think I'll put up with your impudence, do you? You'll play that game once too often if you're not careful."

Toby hastened to adjust his features to a becoming expression of gravity. "I won't, sir. No, I won't. I'll be a good servant to you—the best you've ever had. I'll never forget your goodness to me, and I'll pay back somehow—that I will, sir."

His boyish voice suddenly throbbed with emotion, and he stopped. Again for a moment he had the forlorn look of a small animal astray from its own.

Saltash patted his shoulder kindly. "All right. That'll do. Don't be tragic about it! Come along to your burrow and have a good square sleep!" He led him away without further words, and Toby went, gratefully and submissively.

A few minutes later Saltash came back with a smile on his ugly face, half-quizzical, and half-compassionate. "Rum little devil!" he commented again as he began to undress. "So the gods had a gift for me after all! Wonder what I shall do with it!"

And then abruptly the smile became a mocking glance that banished all the kindliness from his face. He snapped his fingers and laughed as he had laughed a little earlier, when his cigarette had fallen into the water with a sound like the hiss of a serpent.

"I—wonder!" he said again.

CHAPTER IV

TOBY

IT was contrary to Captain Larpent's habit to show surprise at any time, whatever the caprices of his patron, but he did look at Saltash somewhat harder than usual when the latter informed him in his breezy fashion of the unexpected addition to the yacht's company. He also frowned a little, and smoothed his beard as though momentarily puzzled.

"You won't want to be bothered with him," he said after brief reflection. "Better let him sleep in the forecastle."

"Not for the present," said Saltash. "I am going to train him, and I'll keep him under my own eye. The little beggar has had a pretty rough time of it, to judge by appearances. I've a fancy for looking after him myself."

"What are you going to make of him?" asked Larpent.

Saltash laughed carelessly, flicking the ash from his cigarette. "I'll tell you that when I can show you the finished article. I'm keeping him below for the present. He's got a prize-fighter's eye which is not exactly an ornament. Like to have a look at him? You're ship's doctor."

Larpent shrugged his shoulders. "P'raps I'd better. I'm not over-keen on sudden importations. You never know what they may bring aboard with them."

Saltash's eyes gleamed mischievously. "Better inoculate the whole crew at once! He's more like a stray spaniel than anything else."

"A King Charles!" suggested Larpent, with the flicker of an eyelid. "Well, my lord, let's have a look at your find!"

They went below, Saltash whistling a careless air. He was usually in high spirits when not suffering from boredom.

Someone else was whistling in the vicinity in his cabin; but it was not from the valet's cabin that the cheery sounds proceeded. They found him in the bathroom with an oily rag, rubbing up the taps. He desisted immediately at their entrance and stood smartly at attention. His eye was badly swollen and discolored. He looked wretchedly ill, but he managed to smile at Saltash, who took him by the shoulder and made him face the light.

"What are you doing in here, you—scaramouch? Didn't I tell you to lie still? Here he is, Larpent! What do you think of him? A poor sort of specimen, eh?"

"What's his name?" asked Larpent.

"Toby Barnes, sir," supplied the boy promptly.

"And there's nothing under the sun he can't do except drive cars," put in Saltash,—"and obey orders."

Toby winced a little. "I'm sorry, sir. Only wanted to be useful, sir. I'll go back to bed if you say so."

"What do you say, Captain?" asked Saltash.

Larpent bent and looked closely at the injured eye. "The sooner the better," he said after a brief examination. "Stay in bed for a week, and then I'll look at you again!"

"Oh, not a week!" exclaimed Toby, aghast, and then clapped a hand to his mouth and was silent. But his look implored Saltash, who laughed and pinched the shoulder under his hand. "All right. We'll see how you get on. If we meet any weather you'll probably be only too thankful to stay there."

Toby smiled somewhat woefully, and said nothing.

Larpent stood up. "I'll fetch some stuff to dress it with. Better have it bandaged. Pretty painful, isn't it?"

"No, sir," lied Toby valiantly. "Don't feel it at all."

But he shrank with a quick gasp of pain when Larpent unexpectedly touched the injury.

"Don't hurt the child!" said Saltash sharply.

Larpent smiled his faint, sardonic smile, and turned away.

TOBY laid his cheek with a winning, boyish gesture against the hand that held him. "Don't make me go to bed, sir!" he pleaded. "I'll be miserable in bed."

Saltash looked down at him with eyebrows comically working. "It is rather a hole—that cabin of yours," he conceded. "You can lie on the couch in my state-room if you like. Don't get up to mischief, that's all! I'm responsible for you, remember."

Toby thanked him humbly, swearing obedience and good behaviour. The couch in Saltash's cabin was immediately under a porthole, and the fresh sea-air blew straight in. He stretched his meagre person upon it with a sigh of contentment, and Saltash smiled down upon him. "That's right. You'll do there. Let's see! What did you say your name was?"

"Toby, sir."

"Toby Barnes or Toby Wright?" said Saltash.

The boy started, turned very red, then very white, opened his mouth to speak, shut it tightly, and said nothing.

Saltash took out his cigarette-case and opened it with great leisureliness. The smile still played about his ugly features as he chose a cigarette. Finally he snapped the lid and looked down again at his *protégé*.

"Or Toby nothing?" he said.

Toby's eyes came up to his, though the effort to raise them drew his face painfully.

[Continued on page 20]

Six Savings from Soap

Made possible with Fels-Naptha by its perfect combination of splendid soap and real naptha. How this golden bar brings ease and economy in doing your washing and general housework

1. A saving of clothes

Why not make your lovely clothes last longer? Those dainty undergarments with edgings and insertions you crochet with your own hands, are too precious to be worn-out so soon in washing.

When you rub clothes between a hard soap and a hard wash-board, that means wearing away the fabric and hurrying it to the rag-bag.

Fels-Naptha is particularly safe. Because it is not a brick-hard soap it rubs off easily on the clothes without wear. And it washes clothes so gently! The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go by loosening it from the fibre without injury to the fabric. Only extremely soiled places need a light rubbing. You don't have to do any *hard* rubbing at all. This is why Fels-Naptha keeps clothes from wearing-out fast.

2. A saving of hands

There is no need to risk scalding and shriveling your hands in hot water, or to put up with the extra heat and steamy atmosphere of boiling clothes. Fels-Naptha does its work in water of *any* temperature.

You can boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish, and get them clean quicker than with ordinary soap, because of the real naptha in Fels-Naptha; but thousands of women tell us they find no need of boiling when they use Fels-Naptha.

The Fels-Naptha way of washing with lukewarm water is the *comfortable* way.

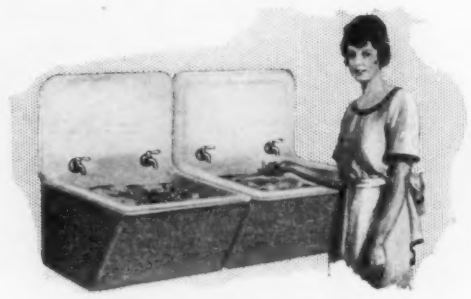
3. A saving of time

In using Fels-Naptha you simply wet the clothes, soap them, put them to soak, then go about the house for half an hour doing something else while the real naptha in Fels-Naptha goes through and through the clothes and loosens the dirt. At the same time, Fels-Naptha makes the water soapy, ready to flush away the dirt when you douse the clothes up and down a few times. Extremely soiled places, of course, will need a light rubbing. Rinse, and the washing is done. A saving of time!

4. A saving of fuel

Since you can do the washing with Fels-Naptha in lukewarm water, what is the use of wasting gas or coal? You can save all the *extra* heat needed to boil clothes, if you use Fels-Naptha.

When you use a washing-machine:—because the naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt even before the washer starts to work, you don't have to run the washer so long—you save electric current.



5. A saving of work

When you use Fels-Naptha there is no need to spend the morning bending over the washtub, or to rub your strength away on the washboard. There is no boiler to lift on and off the stove, and no lifting of clothes in and out of the boiler. You will never dread the weekly wash when you do it the Fels-Naptha way, because it doesn't tire you out.

If you have the washing "done out" with Fels-Naptha, the clothes come home sweeter and cleaner, and with less wash wear-and-tear. Or, if the washing is done at home for you with Fels-Naptha, the strength saved enables your laundress to do the ironing, too, the same day. A real saving of work!

6. A saving of money

Besides the saving of money in fuel, time, and clothes, very often with Fels-Naptha you save doctor's bills by preventing colds from overheating, and other illness from over-exertion.

The only way you can make this all-round saving from soap is to be sure you get *Fels-Naptha*—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

It is amazing how quickly and thoroughly Fels-Naptha works throughout the house—brightening painted woodwork, taking spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies, cleaning enamel of bathtub, wash-stand, and sink.

You can tell genuine Fels-Naptha by its clean naptha odor—and the work it does.

FREE If you haven't tried Fels-Naptha for washing and cleaning a pleasant surprise awaits you. Send for sample, free. Write Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Charles Rex

[Continued from page 18]

"Whatever you like, my lord," he said faintly. "I'll answer to anything."

Saltash's own face was curiously softened. He looked down at Toby for some seconds in silence, idly tapping the cigarette he held against the case. Then: "How old are you?" he asked suddenly.

"Sixteen, sir." Toby's eyes with their dumb pleading were still anxiously raised to his.

Saltash bent abruptly and put his hand very lightly over them. "All right. Don't hurt yourself!" he said kindly. "You're young enough to chuck the past and start again."

Toby's clawlike hands came up and closed upon his wrist. "Wish I could, sir," he whispered with lips that quivered. "Haven't had much of a chance—so far, sir."

"All right," Saltash said again. "It's up to you, I shan't interfere. Don't expect too much of me; that's all I ask! I'm not considered exactly a suitable companion for young things like you."

Larpent, returning, wondered what his patron had been saying to make the boy's eyes wet with tears, but betrayed no curiosity on the subject.

"Are you going to let him stay in here?" he asked, as he bound a lotion-soaked pad over the damaged eye.

"For the present," said Saltash. "Any objection?"

"Not the smallest." Larpent's tone was absolutely non-committal. "Make him lie quiet, that's all!"

"He'll do that," said Saltash with confidence.

"Good!" said Larpent. "We're in for a blow before we reach Gib, or I'm much mistaken."

Some hours later, when the blow that Larpent had prophesied had arrived in earnest and the yacht was pitching on a wild sea in the light of a lurid sunset, Saltash came below to change.

He was met by Toby, ghastly of face but still desperately smiling, who sprang from his couch to wait upon him, and collapsed at his feet.

Saltash lifted the slight, trembling figure and put it down again upon the couch.

"Do you know what I'm going to do with you?" said Saltash.

"No, sir." Toby stirred uneasily.

The vessel pitched to a sudden slant and Saltash braced himself. "I'm going to put you to bed in my bunk here," he said. "You've got to have a decent night's rest. Did Murray look you out any spare slops? I told him to."

"Oh, yes, sir. Thank you, sir. But I couldn't sleep in your bunk, sir—please, sir!"

Saltash pulled him up short. "You'll do as I tell you, now and always," he said, with royal finality. "You've put yourself in my hands, and you'll have to put up with the consequences. Get that?"

Toby subsided without further protest.

At Saltash's behest and with his help, he presently crept back to his own cabin to divest himself of his hotel livery and don the very roomy suit of pajamas that Murray the steward had served out to him.

Then, bare-footed, stumbling and shivering, he returned to where Saltash leaned smoking in the narrow dressing-room, awaiting him.

Saltash's dark face wore a certain look of grimness. He bent without words and lifted the shrinking figure in his arms.

Ten seconds later Toby sank down in a berth as luxurious as any ever carried by a private yacht. He was still shivering, though a grateful warmth came about him as Saltash tucked him in. He tried to murmur thanks, but ended with a quivering chin and silence.

Saltash spent the night on the velvet couch under the closed port-hole, dozing occasionally and always awaking with a jerk as the roll of the vessel threatened to pitch him onto the floor of the cabin. It was not a comfortable means of resting, but he endured it in commendable silence with now and then a grimace which said more than words.

And the little waif that the gods had flung to him slept in his bunk all through the long hours as peacefully as an effigy upon a tomb.

CHAPTER IV

DISCIPLINE

THE storm spent itself before they reached Gibraltar, and Toby emerged wearing the brown and gold hotel suit.

"Now I've bought you—body and soul," said Saltash. From Gibraltar he had sent a small packet of notes to Antonio in payment for the hotel-livery.

The vivid colors of Tony's injured eye had faded to a uniform dull yellow, and he no longer wore a bandage. When they put to sea again he was no longer an invalid. He followed Saltash wherever he went, attended scrupulously to his comfort, and when not needed was content to sit curled up like a dog close to him, dumb in his devotion but always ready to serve him.

Saltash treated him with a careless generosity that veiled a good deal of consideration. He never questioned him with regard to his past, taking him for granted in a fashion that set Toby completely at his ease.

They went into perfect summer weather, and for a blissful week they voyaged through blue seas with a cloudless sky overhead. Toby's white skin began to tan. The sharp lines went out of his face. His laugh was frequent and wholly care-free. He even developed a certain impudence in his attitude towards his master to which Saltash extended the same tolerance that he might have shown for the frolics of a favorite dog.

It was an odd companionship which only the isolated life they led during those few days could have developed along those particular lines. When Saltash was bored he amused himself with his *protégé*, teaching him picquet and chess, and finding in him an apt and eager pupil. There was a good deal of the gambler's spirit in Toby, and Saltash idly fostered it because it gave him sport. He laughed at his opponent's keenness, supplied stakes for the game, even good-naturedly let himself be beaten.

AND then one day he detected Toby cheating. It was an end that he might have foreseen. He had encouraged the fever, he had practically sown the seeds; but, strangely, he was amazed, more disconcerted than he had been for years by the consequences.

"I'm going to give you a licking for that," he said, black brows drawn to a stern line. "You can go below and wait for it."

Toby went like an arrow, and Saltash spent the next half-hour pacing the deck, cursing himself, the youngster, and the insane and ridiculous Fate that had linked them together. Then he went below to administer judicial corporal punishment to a human being for the first time in his life.

He found Toby waiting for him in his shirt-sleeves, rather white but quite composed, his riding-switch all ready to his hand.

"Ever been flogged before?" he asked him curtly as he picked it up.

"No, sir," said Toby, with downcast eyes.

"Why not?" There was a cutting note in his voice. "Never qualified before?"

Toby shot him a swift and nervous glance that was like a flash of blue flame. "No, sir. Never been caught before," he said.

Saltash's eyes flickered humor, but he steeled himself. "Well, you're caught this time—fairly caught. I may not be a specially fit person to punish you for it, but you won't be let off on that account."

"Go ahead, sir!" said Toby, with his hands twisted into a bony knot.

And Saltash went ahead. His heart was not in the business, and as he smote the narrow bent back it cried shame on him. Toby made no sound, but at the third stroke he winced, and immediately Saltash, with a terrific oath in French, hurled his switch violently at the opposite wall.

"There! Don't do it again!" he said, and swung him round to face him. "Sorry? What?"

Then he saw that Toby was crying, and abruptly let him go, striding out through the dining saloon and up the companion-way, swearing strange oaths in varied languages as he went.

When Saltash went down to dress for dinner, he found his clothes laid out as usual but no Toby in attendance. His first impulse was to look for him, but he checked it and dressed in solitude. This thing must be conducted in the approved judicial manner at all costs.

Larpent was stolidly awaiting him in the saloon, and they sat down together. Usually Toby stood behind his master's chair, and the vacant place oppressed Saltash. He talked jerkily, with uneasy intervals of silence.

Larpent talked not at all beyond the demands of ordinary courtesy. He ate well, drank sparingly, and when not listening to Saltash's somewhat spasmodic conversation appeared immersed in thought. When the meal was over, he refused coffee, and rose to go on deck.

Then, abruptly, Saltash stayed him. "Larpent, wait a minute—unless you're in a hurry! Have a cigar with me!"

Larpent paused, looking across at the dark, restless face with the air of a man making a minute calculation. "Shall we smoke on deck, my lord?" he said at length.

Saltash sprang up as though he moved on wires. "Yes; all right. Get the cigars, Murray!" he commanded the steward; and to Larpent as the man went to obey: "That's decent of you. Thought you were going to refuse. I was damned offensive

[Continued on page 24]

No More Gray Hair— Says Science

Wonderful, Clear, Colorless Liquid Restores Normal Color. Results in a Week.

Secret Sought by Thousands Now Revealed to Men and Women Who Want to Banish Gray Hair

What is the story your mirror tells? Have you reason to feel that your friends are whispering, "She is showing her age. See how gray she is?"

Or are you a man still full of the ability to win and yet regarded as "too old" for active service because your hair is gray?

But, no matter how gray your hair, you have it in your power to see it restored to its former color with all the glossy richness which it showed in early years.

"I have tried so many things," you say, "and yet you see—"

Forget the failures. They are past. Now you are to be told the secret of restoring the natural color with a wonderful, clear, colorless liquid. You are to be shown how in the privacy of your own room, with hardly an effort, you can make a change which will bring youth to your appearance, joy to your heart.

A Remarkable Treatment at Your Service

This wonderful treatment comes in the form of a liquid, clear and colorless, and containing properties which quickly restore the lost color to the hair and give it renewed vigor. Simply apply it to the scalp and soon you see the lost color returning to give your hair its former luxuriance and beauty. And, remarkable as it may seem, this wonderful preparation is not sticky, greasy or messy, and it will not stain either the skin or the finest fabrics. It is as agreeable to apply as the purest water.

Now you have the secret. Its name is Kolor-Bak. And now also you have the means of banishing your grayness in the simplest, easiest way you can imagine.

Restores the Original Color

Kolor-Bak is just what we have described above—a clear, colorless solution which has the power to make gray hair take on the color it once had. That is what you want—it is what Kolor-Bak gives you.

You will find also that Kolor-Bak brings perfect uniformity in the restored color. It will be the same color from roots to tips. As the hair grows it will not be dark on top, and gray beneath. It will not appear streaked or faded. Having this uniformity in the restored color is quite as important as getting rid of your grayness. When you get the change you want it perfect, you want to feel that is is beyond detection. And, wash and clean your hair as often as you wish, the restored color will not be changed—it has become permanent, just as if it had never been gray.

You not only have this uniformity but you see your hair come back to the actual shade it had in the past. Application of this remarkable liquid to gray hair means that hair once brown becomes brown once more, once red it becomes red, once black it becomes black, once blonde it becomes blonde. The one pure colorless solution does for all.

You will also see a wonderful "life" and lustre in your hair, for healthy, well nourished follicles bring not only the return of the desired color, but a new vitality. That faded appearance is gone, any brittleness is absent also. Your hair is luxuriant, brilliant, soft, glistening, beautiful as it ever was in youth. Years seem to have rolled away—your age has gone with your grayness.

Every scientist, every physician, knows that gray hair is simply hair that has ceased to receive its normal supply of coloring matter or pigment from certain tiny cells (called follicles and papillæ) in the scalp, because these cells have become inactive from illness, shock of some kind, scalp disease, dandruff, infection, neglect of the hair or lack of circulation, etc.

It was due to the skill of a painstaking chemist that the proper combination of ingredients was found for a solution which acts almost magically to bring back the color which one or more of these causes has banished. It is simply amazing to see how the color steadily and surely reappears.

Think of what this change would mean to you. Not only the appearance of youth but the feeling that you really are young again You will be simply amazed. Kolor-Bak must give you this or your test of it costs you nothing.

A Marvelous Relief for Dandruff, Itching Scalp and Falling Hair

Thousands have found that Kolor-Bak works wonders in the most persistent cases of dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. It quickly cleans the pores of the scaly matter which impedes circulation, and evidently destroys the germs which feed upon the nourishing matter which should be absorbed by the cells and follicles and which cause the hair to become brittle or to fall out. Thus by removing the cause of the trouble, it brings the scalp and hair to a normal condition. The dandruff goes, the itching ceases and the hair grows thick and glossy, healthy and strong.

Kolor-Bak gives a cool, refreshing sensation to the scalp—it not only makes it clean, it makes it feel clean. It has no stickiness or greasiness. It is just a pure, clean, colorless liquid which contains only ingredients known to be beneficial for the purpose. No nitrate of silver, no mercury, no coal tar, no henna or sage tea, no wood alcohol or any other ingredient injurious to hair or scalp in Kolor-Bak.

This Guarantee Is Your Protection

You need not accept our statements that Kolor-Bak will do all we say. With every full treatment we send our legal, written, binding agreement and guarantee—

—That Kolor-Bak will restore gray hair to its original color, will remove dandruff, stop itching scalp and falling hair, and will promote the health of hair and scalp.

Back of this guarantee is the responsibility of an established house and the amazing record of Kolor-Bak itself.

Thousands Tell You How Kolor-Bak Helped Them

"Have used Kolor-Bak to my utmost satisfaction where others have failed."

"What do I think of Kolor-Bak? Simply wonderful. No more gray hairs for me and dandruff a thing of the past."

"Words cannot praise Kolor-Bak enough."

"It restored the natural color of my hair and has cured my little girl of dandruff."

"My hair was perfectly white—now brown as when young."

"Delighted! One bottle did the work."

"My hair began to turn natural color in twelve days."

"Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now brown as in youth."

"1 bottle restored my gray hair to its original color and put my scalp in healthy condition."

"Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice even brown and dandruff all gone."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

"I would not take a thousand dollars for my Kolor-Bak, the appearance of youth which enables him to hold his position.

Always—Youthful Appearance Wins the Admiration

Gray haired—"Too old for active service"

"My hair turned gray when fighting in the trenches," writes a soldier of the "Old Hickory" Division (Tenn.). "Kolor-Bak has completely restored its former color."

From everywhere come words like the above praising this wonderful treatment for the hair.

My Hair Was Quite Gray

Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and was becoming grayer and grayer. It was falling out. I began to look older. My scalp itched terribly. Showers of dandruff and scurf appeared whenever I combed my hair.

I was simply amazed at the astonishing change produced by only a few applications of Kolor-Bak. The itching stopped with the first application. The dandruff disappeared. My hair soon stopped coming out. The most wonderful thing of all, however, is that my hair is again its original, natural color—not one single gray hair to be found in my head. I look ten years younger and I really feel that much younger. No wonder I am so thankful for Kolor-Bak!

(A typical letter.)

Special Free Trial Offer to Readers of McCall's Magazine

We invite every reader of McCall's Magazine who has gray hair or who suffers from itching scalp, dandruff or falling hair to prove Kolor-Bak without risking a penny.

To give you all the fairest opportunity to learn by actual experience what Kolor-Bak will do, we are making a special proposition, particulars of which will be sent by mail to those who ask for it. No money to send, only the coupon.

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When you see that wonderful change come over your appearance, when you see youth return in the glorious abundance of healthy, luxuriant hair restored to its original color, when you enjoy that clean feeling which freedom from dandruff brings, when you see your hair stop falling out and when you are rid of itching scalp—then you will know Kolor-Bak as thousands of others know it.

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Please send your Free Trial Offer on Kolor-Bak and your Free book on Treatment of the Hair and Scalp.

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I talked to my friends to find out their homemaking cares

Right Plans and Tools

These Take the Toil Out of Housework

By Nell B. Nichols

I'VE been talking to homemakers these last few weeks and learning their problems. I have had frank discussions with them about the difficulties they are facing.

My conclusion, after taking everything into consideration, is that *every existing trouble is solved by the new homemaking.*

Here are the common problems of the homemaker, as I learned them in this study, with my friends, of their difficulties: Finding time to do all the work so as to avoid being crowded by unfinished tasks; keeping the house in order; avoiding endless dish-washing after cooking meals and baking; keeping physically fit, which means shunning fatigue and finding time for recreation; knowing where to invest the available dollars so as to maintain a high standard of living.

My experience, together with that of these other housekeepers, convinces me that all the difficulties, or at least a large proportion of them, are eliminated in the new homemaking where work is planned carefully, where the methods developed by the science of home economics are followed and where labor-saving devices are used.

Of course, plans for doing housework frequently are made only to be changed by some unexpected happening. It's a part of life—this shifting of plans. My working-schedules have been ruined many, many times. But averaging the weeks of my housekeeping experiences, there have been more times when my plans could be carried out than when they were abolished.

Here is the weekly schedule I follow when circumstances permit:

On Monday the house is put in order and the clothes for laundering the next day are collected. Stains are removed and the soap or soap chips are dissolved ready for the laundry tub. Tuesday is given to washing and getting the clean clothes dampened for ironing, and Wednesday is used for ironing. Occasionally I am able to do the mending on Wednesday afternoon.

When Thursday morning comes, the bedrooms, halls and closets are given a thorough cleaning, and usually time is left for mending, sewing and baking. The rest of the cleaning is done Friday morning. Saturday morning is a time of preparation for Sunday. The house is straightened generally and baking and cooking are done.

Careful planning distributes the hard tasks. It also groups details of work so as to save time and energy.

It is important to use labor-saving methods as well as to plan wisely. For example, avoiding the use—and the washing—of unnecessary dishes is essential in the new homemaking. "How I dread washing dishes!" one woman confessed to me. "I'm looking for the type of housekeeping where this problem is solved."

"When I go into the kitchen to prepare a meal," another remarked, "I use only the dishes and utensils necessary in handling the food. Until I followed this practice, I dreaded dish-washing.

"In the same way I keep my house free from clutter. *Whenever I have finished with anything I put it away.* This and the use of the right tools make it possible for me to keep the house orderly."

Essential as right planning and right methods are, they fail to produce good results unless the homemaker also uses tools which enable her to get all the work done in the time allotted for it. I consider my equipment of labor-saving machines and devices essential to modern home-making processes.

Just how the housekeeper feels after doing the washing, for instance, depends on the equipment she has. The most efficient way of washing is by the use of the power machine because its mechanical force saves time and strength and clothes — therefore money. I failed to appreciate the full value of my washing-machine until I tried to rinse, by hand, the clothes that were in a tub filled with hot water. Mechanical force does this work best—work that is too hot for human hands and too heavy for a woman's muscles.

A self-heating iron does away with trips to and from the stove and in addition its temperature is regulated easily.

The ironing-machine wonderfully simplifies the labor of ironing all the flat pieces.

Much of the fatigue from cleaning comes from bending, stretching and scrubbing. Every housekeeper with whom I have talked agrees with me that the use of long-handled mops and brushes are necessary to save stooping.

A broom is available for collecting large pieces of trash and for sweeping the attic and basement floors and the verandas and walks, but for no other purpose. To clean rugs and carpets, the new homemaking demands the use of the power vacuum-cleaner. It does the work more thoroughly and quickly.

The new homemaking demands, also, that the homemaker weigh comparative values and see where a dollar spent will save three—perhaps in the wear and tear on furnishings or in a doctor's bill.

Do We Realize That—

Proper equipment does housework better, more quickly and more cheaply than hand power does?

"Going without" a necessary piece of equipment is not economy?

Labor-saving tools are as much an investment as money put into the savings bank?

Purchased systematically, one after another, they can be acquired readily for every home?

Using credit to pay for them, stretching the payment for the more expensive ones over six months or a year, is conducting business on a credit basis—as all business is carried on?

Sizes up to 56 Bust

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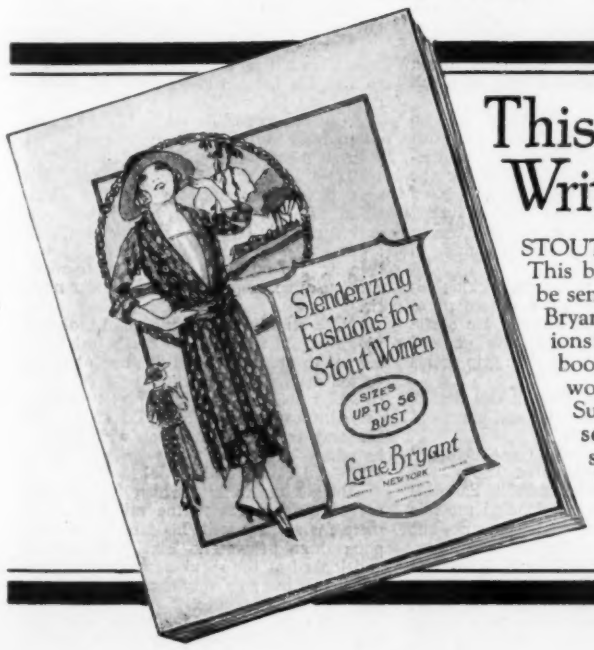

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Charles Rex

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a while back. Accept my apologies! Fact is, I'm fed up with this show. Sorry if I disappoint you, but I'm going home."

"You never disappoint me, my lord," said Larpent, with his enigmatical smile.

Saltash gave him a keen look and uttered a laugh that was also not without its edge. "I like you, Larpent," he said. "You always tell the truth. Well, let's go! We shan't make Jamacia this trip, but it doesn't matter. In any case, it's a shame to miss the spring in England."

"Or the Spring Meetings?" suggested Larpent, as he chose his cigar.

"Quite so," said Saltash, almost with relief. "My old trainer—the man who bought my racing-stud—always looks for me about now. You ought to meet him, by the way. He is another speaker of cruel truths."

He thrust a hand through his captain's arm as they left the saloon, and they went on deck together.

IT was a night of glorious stars, the sea one vast stretch of silver ripples, through which the yacht ran smoothly, leaving a wide white trail behind her. Saltash lay in a deck-chair with his face to the sky, but his attitude was utterly lacking in the solid repose that characterized his companion. He smoked his cigar badly, with impatient pulls. When it was half gone, he suddenly swore and flung it overboard.

"Larpent," he said, breaking a silence, "if you were a damned rotter—like me—what would you do with yourself?"

Larpent turned his head and quietly surveyed him. "I shouldn't run a home for waifs and strays," he said deliberately.

Saltash made a sharp movement. "Then I suppose you'd leave 'em in the gutter to starve," he said, with suppressed vehemence.

"No, I shouldn't. I'd pay someone else—someone who wasn't what you called yourself just now—to look after 'em."

Saltash stirred uncomfortably in his chair as though something pricked him. "Think I'm a contaminating influence?"

Larpent shrugged his shoulders. "It's not for me to say. All diseases are not catching—any more than they are incurable."

"Ho!" Saltash laughed suddenly and rather bitterly. "Are you suggesting—a cure?"

Larpent turned his head back again and puffed a cloud of smoke upwards. "There's a cure for most things," he observed.

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" gibed Saltash.

Larpent was silent for a space. Then: "A painful process no doubt!" he said. "But more wonderful things have happened."

"Pshaw!" said Saltash.

Nevertheless, when Larpent rose a little later and bade him good-night, he reached up a couple of fingers in comradeship.

"Good-night, old fellow! Thanks for putting up with me! Sure you don't want to kick me?"

"Not when you're kicking yourself," said Larpent with a grim hint of humor.

It was nearly an hour later that Saltash, prowling to and fro in the starlight, became suddenly aware of a figure, small and slight, with gleaming brass buttons, standing behind his vacant chair. He turned sharply to look at it, some inexplicable emotion twitching his dark face. Then abruptly he moved towards it, stood for a second as one in doubt, then turned and sat down in silence.

But as he settled himself he stretched forth an arm with a snap of the fingers, and in a flash Toby was kneeling by his side. The arm closed around him like a spring, and Toby uttered a low, tense sob and hid his face.

Thereafter for a while there was no sound beside the throb of engines and wash of water. Saltash sat absolutely motionless, with eyes half-closed. Save for the vitality of his hold, he might have been on the verge of slumber. And Toby, crouched with his head in his hands, was as a carven image, neither stirring nor seeming to breathe.

The man moved at length, flicking his eyes open as though some unseen force had prodded him into action. He spoke with a brevity that might have denoted some sternness but for the close grip of his arm.

"Have you been sulking all this time?"

Toby started at his voice and burrowed a little deeper. "No, sir."

"Well, why didn't you come before?"

"I was—afraid," whispered Toby.

"Afraid! Why on earth?" Saltash's hand suddenly found and fondled the fair head. His speech was no longer curt, but gentle, with a half-quizzical tendernesss. "Aren't you rather an ass, boy? What was there to be afraid of?"

Toby could not tell him. He only, after a moment, slipped down in a sitting position by Saltash's side and rested with more assurance against the encircling arm.

"Come! I didn't hurt you much," said Saltash.

"No, sir. You didn't hurt me at all." Toby stammered a little. "You—you—meant—not to hurt me, didn't you?"

"I must hit harder next time evidently," observed Saltash, with a squeeze of the narrow shoulders.

"No, sir—no, sir! There shan't be a next time!" Toby assured him with nervous vehemence. "I only did it just to see—just to see—I'll never do it again, sir."

"Just to see what?" asked Saltash curiously.

But again Toby could not explain himself, and he did not press him.

"Well, you didn't do it at all well," he remarked. "I certainly shouldn't make a profession of it if I were you. It's plainly not your *métier*."

He paused, but with the air of having something more to say. Toby waited silently.

It came with a jerk and a grimace, as if some inner force compelled. "I can't talk pi-jaw—on this subject or any other. You see—I'm a rotter myself."

"You, sir!" Toby lifted his head suddenly and stared at him with eyes that blazed passionately blue in the starlight. "Don't believe it!" he said. "It isn't true."

Saltash grinned a little. His face had the dreary look of something lost that a monkey's sometimes wears. "You needn't believe it, son, if you don't want to," he said. "But it's true all the same. That's why I gave you that licking, see? Just to emphasize the difference between us."

"It isn't true!" Toby asserted again almost fiercely. "I'd kill anyone else that said so."

"Oh, you needn't do that!" said Saltash, with kindly derision. "Thanks all the same, my turkey-cock! If I ever need your protection I'll be sure to ask for it." He flicked the young face with his finger. "But you're not to follow my example, mind. You've got to run straight. You're young enough to make it worth while, and—I'll see you have a chance."

"But you'll keep me with you, sir," said Toby swiftly. "You'll keep me—always—with you!"

"Ah!" Saltash's brows twisted oddly for a second. He seemed to ponder the matter. "I can't say off-hand what I'm going to do with you," he said. "You're—a bit of a problem, you know, Toby."

"Yes, sir. I know. I know." Toby's voice was quick with agitation. "But you won't send me away from you! Promise you won't send me away!"

"Can't promise anything," said Saltash. "Look here! I think there's been enough of this. You'd better go to bed."

But Toby was clinging fast to his hand. He spoke between quivering lips. "Please, sir, you said you'd bought me body and soul. You can't mean to chuck me away after that! Please, sir, I'll do anything—anything under the sun—for you. And you—you can kick me—do anything to me—and I'll never say a word. I'm just yours—for as long as I live. Please, sir, don't send me away! I—I'd rather die than that."

He laid his head suddenly down upon the hand he held so tenaciously and began to sob, fighting desperately to stifle all sound.

SALTASH sat for a few moments in utter silence and immobility. Then, abruptly, in a tense whisper, he spoke.

"Toby, you little fool, stop it—stop it, do you hear? And go below!"

The words held a queer urgency. He raised himself as he uttered them, seeking to free his hand, though with all gentleness, from the clinging clasp.

"Get up, boy!" he said. "Get up and go to bed! What? Oh, don't cry! Pull yourself together! Toby, do you hear?"

Toby lifted a white, strained face. His eyes looked enormous in the dim light. "Yes, sir. All right, sir," he jerked out, and stumbled, trembling, to his feet. "I know I'm a fool, sir. I'm sorry. I can't help it. No one was ever decent to me—till you came. I—shall just go under now, sir."

"Oh, stop it!" Saltash spoke almost violently. "Can't you see that's just what I want to prevent? You don't want to go to the devil, I suppose?"

Toby made a passionate gesture that was curiously unboylike. "I'd go to hell and stay there forever if you were there!" he said.

"Good God!" said Saltash.

He got up in his sudden fashion and moved away, went to the rail and stood there for a space with his face to the rippling sheen of water. Finally he turned and looked at the silent figure waiting beside his chair, and a very strange smile came over his dark features.

"All right," he said. "Stay with me and be damned if you want to! I daresay

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Charles Rex

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it would come to the same thing in the end."

Toby drew himself together with a swift movement. "That means you'll keep me, sir?"

His eyes, alight and eager, looked up to Saltash with something that was not far removed from adoration in their shining earnestness.

The strange smile still hovered about Saltash's face; a smile in which cynicism and some vagrant, half-stifled emotion were oddly mingled.

"Yes, I'll keep you," he said, and paused, looking at him oddly.

Toby's eyes, very wide open, intensely bright, looked straight back. "For good, sir?" he said anxiously.

And Saltash laughed, a brief, mocking laugh. "For better, for worse, my Toby!" he said. "Now—go!"

CHAPTER V

THE ABYSS

THEY sighted the English shore a few days later, on an evening of mist and rain. The sea was grey and dim, the atmosphere cold and inhospitable.

"Just like England!" said Saltash. "She never gushes over her prodigals."

He was dining alone in the saloon with Toby behind his chair, Larpent being absent on the bridge.

"Don't you like England, sir?" said Toby.

"I adore her," said Saltash with his most hideous grimace. "But I don't go to her for amusement."

Toby came forward to fill his glass with liquor. "Too strait-laced, sir?" he suggested with the suspicion of a smile.

Saltash nodded with a sidelong glance at the young face bent over the decanter. "Too limited in many ways, my Toby," he said. "But at the same time useful in certain emergencies. A stern mother, perhaps, but a wise one on the whole. You, for instance—she will be the making of you."

A slight tremor went through Toby. He set down the decanter and stepped back. "Of me, sir?" he said.

Saltash nodded again. He was fingering the stem of his glass, his queer eyes dancing a little. "We've got to make a respectable citizen of you somehow," he said.

"Do you think that matters, sir?" said Toby.

Saltash raised his glass. "You won't always be a boy of sixteen, you know, Toby," he said lightly. "We've got to think of the future, whether we want to or not."

"I don't see why, sir," said Toby.

"You see, you're young," said Saltash with the air of one who drinks a toast.

Suddenly he turned in his chair, the glass still in his hand.

"Toby, you and I have got to have a talk."

"Yes, sir," said Toby, blinking rather rapidly.

Saltash was watching him with a faint smile in his eyes, half-derisive and half-tender. "What are you going to be, Toby?" he said. "It all turns on that."

Toby's hand still gripped the back of his chair. He stood up very straight, facing him. "That is for you to decide, sir," he said.

"Is it?" said Saltash, and again his eyes gleamed a little. "Is it for me to decide?"

"Yes, sir. For you alone." There was no flinching in Toby's look now. His eyes were wide and very steady.

Saltash's mouth twitched as if he repressed some passing emotion. "You mean—just that?" he asked, after a moment.

"Just that, sir," said Toby, with a slight quickening of the breath. "I mean I am—at your disposal alone."

Saltash took him suddenly by the shoulder and looked at him closely. "Toby," he said, "aren't you making rather a fool of yourself?"

"No, sir!" Swiftly, with unexpected vehemence, Toby made answer. "I'm doing—the only thing possible. But if you—if you—"

"Well?" Saltash said. "If I what?"

"If you want to get rid of me at any time," Toby said, commanding himself with fierce effort, "I'll go, sir. I'll go!"

"And where to?" Saltash's eyes were no longer derisive; they held something that very few had ever seen there.

Toby made a quick gesture of the hands, and dropped them flat at his sides. "I'll get rid of myself then, sir," he said, with sudden chill pride. "That won't be very difficult. And I'll do it—so that you won't even know."

Saltash stood up abruptly. "Toby, you are quite unique!" he said. "Superb, too, in your funny little way. Your only excuse is that you're young. Does it never occur to you that you've attached yourself to the wrong person?"

"No, sir," breathed Toby.

"You're not afraid to stake all you've got on a bad card?" pursued Saltash, still curiously watching him.

"No, sir," he said again; and added with his faint, unboyish smile: "I haven't much to lose anyway."

Saltash's hand tightened upon him. He was smiling also, but the gleam in his eyes had turned to leaping, fitful flame. "Well," he said slowly, "I have never yet refused—a gift from the gods."

And there he stopped, for suddenly, drowning all speech, there arose a din that seemed to set the whole world rocking; and in a moment there came a frightful shock that pitched them both headlong to the floor.

Saltash fell as a monkey falls, catching at one thing after another to save himself landing eventually on his knees in pitch darkness with one hand still gripped upon Toby's thin young arm. But Toby had struck his head against a locker and had gone down, stunned and helpless.

The din of a siren above them still filled the world with hideous clamor as Saltash recovered himself. "Damn them!" he ejaculated savagely. "Do they want to deafen us as well as send us to perdition?"

Then very suddenly it stopped, leaving a void that was instantly filled with lesser sounds. There arose a confusion of voices, of running feet, a hubbub of escaping steam, and a great rush of water.

Saltash dragged himself up in the darkness, sought to drag Toby also, found him a dead weight, stooped and lifted him with wiry strength. He trod among broken glass and plates as he straightened himself. The noise above them was increasing. He flung the limp form over his shoulder and began desperately to claw his way up a steep slant towards the saloon door and the companionway.

Sound and instinct guided him, for the darkness was complete. But he was not the man to die like a trapped animal while the most slender way of escape remained. Hampered as he was, he made for the open with set teeth and terrible foreign oaths of which he was utterly unconscious.

Whether that fierce struggle for freedom could ever have ended in success single-handed, however, was a point which he was not destined to decide; for after a space of desperate effort which no time could measure, there suddenly shone the gleam of an electric torch in front of him, and he saw the opening but a few feet away.

"Saltash!" cried a voice, piercing the outer din. "Saltash!"

"Here!" yelled back Saltash, still fighting for foothold and finding it against the leg of the table. "That you, Larpent? How long have we got?"

"Seconds only!" said Larpent briefly. "Give me the child!"

"No! Just give me a hand, that's all! Hang on tight! It'll be a pull."

Saltash flung himself forward again, his free hand outstretched, slipped and nearly fell on his face, then was caught by a vice-like grip that drew him upwards with grim strength. In a moment he was braced against the frame of the door, almost standing on it, the saloon gaping below him, a black pit of destruction. Larpent's torch showed the companion stairs practically perpendicular above them.

"Go on!" said Larpent. "Better give me the child. It's you that matters."

"Get out, damn you!" said Saltash, and actually grinned as he began to climb, with his burden still hanging upon his shoulder.

Larpent came behind him, holding his torch to light the way. They climbed up into a pandemonium indescribable, a wild torrent of sound.

There was light here that shone in a great flare through billows of fog, showing the monster form of a great vessel towering above them with only a few yards of mist-wreathed water between. The deck on which they stood sloped upwards at an acute angle, and still from below there came the clamor of escaping steam accompanied by a spasmodic throbbing that was like the futile beating of giant wings against Titanic bars.

A knot of men was struggling to lower a boat by the ghostly glare that lit the night about them, clambering and slipping against the rails, while a voice from beyond the fog-curtain yelled through a megaphone unintelligible commands.

All these things were registered upon Saltash's brain, his quick perception leaping from point to point with a mental agility that was wholly outside all conscious volition on his part. He was driven by circumstance as a bird is driven by storm, and he went before it undismayed, missing no chance of refuge.

A life-buoy hanging beside the hatch caught his eye as he glanced swiftly around and in a second he pounced upon it. Toby slipped from his shoulder as he bent, and slipping, awoke. But he only lay and stared with dazed eyes at the man frantically

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The Good Old Institution of Home

[Continued from page 2]

rush from place to place, trying to put on a properly equipped appearance. These social aspirants have homes, but they are not the precious old "sweet" homes, or their owners would not mortgage them for conveyances that may be hopelessly wrecked upon the first journey undertaken in them. While the parents are out on this mad rush to go anywhere on earth except home, most frequently accompanied perforce by their children, they fall into a habit of regarding home merely as a place in which to sleep, to eat when they are forced, or to be sick. The wide range of acquaintances made through the possession of a car gives them many places to go. The wide range of entertainment possible to both city and country dweller, the allure of music, light and dancing, all do their work, until today the good old institution of home is in the most precarious way it ever has been in the history of the world. Inevitably, children develop the same mental attitude and endure the same artificial exhilaration and consequent nerve strain, making them unduly precocious, physically deplorable.

I believe in an automobile for every family who can afford it and who has the ballast to use it reasonably for sane and sensible purposes.

A home is precious. For the love of all that is sacred and essential to real happiness, do not risk the loss of it for any reason on earth.

This thing must be understood definitely and at once—homes have got to be preserved—a reasonable number of children must be born to each family and properly reared, or we deserve to become the victims of any nation that has the common sense to perpetuate its homes, and the loving self-sacrifice and the patriotism to bear and to rear to useful citizenship the children required to foster and protect the life of a nation.

Beauty in Women

[Continued from page 8]

They want to have the warm children of human love, but they refuse to lose their love in that consummation, the love is more than its births. That, finally, is what beauty has accomplished—*in making love more than a means, by making it the supremest quality of being.* Beauty, in that alone, perpetually gives up the happiness of actuality, loses the security of prettiness, for a struggle toward unattainable heights. It has no safety to offer, no long tepid life of contentment. It may well be that the men who are blind, impervious, to it, are fortunate; undoubtedly the women who are best contented have kindly hearts, simple minds and plain faces.

They would never bring an army battering at the walls of Troy, they would never send men into exile, to death; but keep them at home, thick and comfortable and undreaming. The men who are blind to beauty are in their measure lucky: sidewalks are better for passage than the frozen ridges of mountains; it was more provident to be one with the crowds who were silent during Savonarola's suffering than to have stood beside him. The bite of a flame is unendurable to the flesh. So beauty is rare, which, for the multitude, is good; yet it is omnipotent, and that for the multitude is better still. But it is best of all, for everyone, that women are, occasionally, beautiful. They, recognizing this need in themselves, have been as beautiful as possible, as beautiful as they were allowed. A dress of blue or a dress of pale coral, slippers of satin and a hat with a flower; and it is their destiny to be generous—with a high comb in their hair—in the young evening drooping with the fragrance of locust trees.

When You Give a Party

Meeting the Winds: Complete plans for unique March party. By Claudia Fitzgerald. Send stamped addressed envelope.

Parties all the Year: One for Every Month. By Claudia Fitzgerald. Suggests rhymed invitations, games, contests, stunts, costumes, prizes, refreshments. Original, sparkling. Price, 10 cents.

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Address, enclosing postage, The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street New York City.

A House Without Windows

French Doors Make It the Lightest House in the World!

By Robert Cummings Wiseman

A WINDOWLESS house, and yet the lightest house in the world! A house which a lover of light and sunshine will welcome, and yet a practical home which can be built economically, and which the housewife will appreciate because of the careful attention to her needs.

The four principal rooms in the bungalow illustrated have no windows, but in their places are casement doors, which, raised above the terrace, give a maximum of light and air. The phrase "without windows" refers only to the living quarters, for of course, casement doors in the kitchen and bathroom would not be practical.

If you are a lover of the out-of-doors, you will like the idea of being able to do away with almost all of your outside walls on a summer evening and be able to get full value for each breath of air which stirs.

The plan of the house has been laid out with two ideas in mind: First, economy of steps for the woman who must keep house without a servant; second, a separation of the bedrooms and bath from the living-room, dining-room and kitchen.

The social side of family life is also a point which has also been considered. In this little house the living-room, dining-room and side porch provide an ideal arrangement for entertaining. The side porch provides an opportunity for entertaining out-of-doors with a degree of privacy, being screened from the front. The small front porch can be used nicely when one does not wish to be separated from the outside world but rather enjoys watching the passersby.

The bungalow type of home is favored by the average housewife because it eliminates the steps which weary the woman who must do her own housework. In this plan, with the bath between the bedrooms, communication is made simple and convenient. Each bedroom has two exposures insuring sunlight and ample air. The living-room, which is of generous dimensions, and has a fireplace and plenty of light, leads out by any of the three doors onto a grass terrace. In this terrace it is wise to imbed flat, smooth stones at intervals which will enable you to walk upon it even just after a rain.

On the enterior, economy has been a governing feature. The plan, simple in outline has enabled us to put on a roof free from breaks which are costly. Following the good precepts of our Colonial builders the detail has been kept unpretentious and free from superfluous adornments.

A cornice simply designed and light in detail, carries around above the doors. By all means keep this free from ostentation or heaviness.

Clapboards, eight inches or more wide, form an attractive feature, though they may be still narrower if the house is built in a section of the country where narrow clapboards are the only available material. In the gable, shingles are used to give a variation in texture. Around the windows put a very simple frame with just a small moulded cap across the top.

Light trellises can be built very inexpensively and provide a beautiful frame for climbing roses.

Brick floors have been used for the porches as they are effective both in texture and color. Along the sides of the porch set the bricks on edge but in the center lay them flat either in an ordinary way or, if you are more ambitious, in a simple pattern. Do not try to make it elaborate or you will spoil its effectiveness. By all means use a red brick for its contrast with the green grass and white wood will give a delightful color note.

The secret of the really successful small home is simplicity. Do not overdo things or in a few years you will tire of your house. The victim of the bizarre house is a sad person to see. A simple straightforward house you will grow to love, and it will soon become a home. And after all it is a home and not a house which we all wish to have.

THE architect, Mr. Wiseman, will be glad to answer any questions about The Lightest House in the World. Address him, Care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City, and enclose stamped self-addressed envelope.

The Perfect Wife

[*Continued from page 14*]

seven rooms, on Park Avenue. I wonder where she got that lamp."

"The lamp?" Hazel, returning, caught the ball. "It's Breton pottery. I hunted all over to match the blue in silk for the shade. Goodness, you've none of you had any tea yet! I just let Stan have his own way in everything, Mrs. Hammond; men are perfect angels when they have their own way, Annabel Dexter says. And they like good things to eat—"

"Clinic on matrimony?" Pennington came in on Hazel's heels. "How-do, girls. So you feed the brute, do you? That's right, though; let your wife have her own way in everything, because she'll take it anyhow."

"Eleanor Duckworth always said," Mrs. Hammond retorted, "that ten thousand mules couldn't be more obstinate than you, Stan."

"But Eleanor wasn't my wife," Pennington said, unruffled. "I only succumb to the inevitable."

"There was a while we thought she *was* the inevitable." Mrs. Hammond had that courage which the angels do not possess.

"Did you?" Pennington grinned. "She didn't." He was still too much of an amateur husband to note Hazel's figurative pricking of the ears. But Mrs. Mallowe did, and being almost irritatingly tactful, she hastily changed the subject. For the rest of the time they made afternoon-tea conversation.

Hazel unconsciously echoed the final closing of the door with a sigh of relief, ignoring Stanley's quizzical side glance and sotto voce comment: "That chore's chored."

"It went off nicely, didn't it?" she inquired. "I do dislike that Mrs. Hammond; she has eyes like gimlets."

"Then why do you ask her?"

"Oh, I don't know," Hazel replied absently. "Everyone does. And she always asks me . . . Stan, I want to talk to you about this apartment; I was thinking of getting a batik panel to put over the mantel."

"All right, ducky, have some batik."

"But about the apartment. You know the lease is up in midsummer, and they'll ask twice the rent to renew.—Yes, thank you, Morton," this to the butler, who announced dinner. "So I was thinking, that is, I wondered,"—she slipped her arm through her husband's as they went into the dining-room—"you used to talk about living in the country, and I wondered if you wouldn't rather I looked for a house?"

"A house in the country?" Pennington echoed as he took his seat at the correct mahogany table in front of a gold encrusted service plate. "Hazel, you're a mind reader. Eleanor Duckworth was telling me today that the Harrod place, right alongside of hers, is for sale. You remember it—lovely old place."

"How can I," Hazel inquired, "when I've never seen it?"

"Haven't you? I used to visit there a lot before I had any home of my own," Pennington explained. "But she's been abroad for a couple of years now, since Harrod died, so she wants to sell."

"And Mrs. Duckworth wants you to buy it?"

"I thought it mightn't be a bad idea," Pennington replied obtusely; "that is, if you like it."

"But you wouldn't want to decide without looking around a bit," Hazel said. "Where did you see Mrs. Duckworth?"

"Oh, she came in and took me to lunch," Stanley explained carelessly. "That's good soup; what do you put into it?"

"Mushrooms and things; it's Russian. You were engaged to Eleanor Duckworth ages ago, weren't you?"

"Why, not exactly." Pennington struggled to put into words that state of affairs which no woman needs to have defined for her, the state of being almost engaged. "You know—I used to beau her around, mostly playing golf and tennis. She was a crackerjack tennis player then. And all of a sudden she dashed off and married Duckworth, on a week's notice. Busted me all up," he said cheerfully.

NOW every married woman is confronted with a terrible problem in her husband's past—even if he has none. For no woman likes to think she married a man no other woman wanted; and men are notoriously weak. On the other hand, if there were such women, she is the least bit jealous retrospectively and apprehensive of a future return to them. A man likes to think he plucked his wife like a violet by a mossy stone, although in fact he prefers to win her in the teeth of fierce competition. But a man has no difficulty at all in reconciling these diametrically opposed ideas, for the reason that he does not try; he simply believes them both with childlike faith. A man tidies up his mind as he does his room, by cramming into the closets everything not immediately in use, leaving Time, the odd-job man, to carry away what is finally unnecessary. A woman puts away in their proper places the ideas of which she has daily need; but she carries the rest of them up to the attic, where they remain forever, gathering dust between house-cleanings.

Hazel had done her mental housekeeping thus far in a pragmatic and tentative fashion. The "other women" had not yet reached the attic; they lurked, shadowy and formless, in dark corners and behind the doors of her mind. One of these instantly assumed the name and figure of Eleanor Duckworth, a little larger than life.

"I suppose you both pined away," Hazel said sweetly. "Why don't you fetch her up here for lunch the next time? Just telephone ahead."

"I will," said Stanley innocently, and reflected that his wife was entirely different from all other women. She never was jealous, never nagged, never was out of sorts or untidy; she always greeted him with a smile and sent him away with a kiss. Pennington had had enough glimpses of other domestic interiors to realize how lucky he was. But he never suspected this was a "system;" that Hazel had extracted a counsel of perfection, surreptitiously, as it were, from all she had ever read or heard about husbands and that her days were spent trying anxiously, breathlessly, to live up to it. She knew how much she had to learn when she married Stan. Of course she wanted to meet his friends—especially the women! Aside from the fact that she had come as a stranger to New York, with no friends of her own, she wanted to learn from them. Because she was secretly afraid of them, those other, older women, who had known him before she ever saw him, while she was in pinafores. She felt they had mysterious and terrible advantages by that knowledge. That Mrs. Duckworth, for instance. What did men—Stanley, that is—see in her? Hazel had met her only once or twice; a big, brown creature, smart and slangy and self-assured, but quite obvious; the kind who prided herself on being a "man's woman."

BUT she refused to believe that Stanley wanted to buy the Harrod house just to be near Mrs. Duckworth. Nobody had said he did—but they might! And it was distinctly impertinent of the woman to tell Stanley what house he ought to buy!

One may take an apartment on probation; but buying a house is like marrying, and requires to be considered soberly and advisedly. Hazel consulted Annabel Dexter the next day. Annabel was thirty-five, a thin, elegant, very sophisticated woman. It was Annabel who had told Hazel most about how to manage a husband.

Hazel had an ideal house in mind, just as she had an ideal of marriage. Such a house must not be too large, nor too small, too far from a station, nor too crowded by neighbors; it must have atmosphere, and also the most modern plumbing; it must have sun in winter and shade in summer; and it must not cost too much. Hazel believed such a house existed somewhere—just around the corner, or tomorrow would reveal it. Annabel listened with a suppressed smile, but agreed to help search; Hazel was in haste to find the house and show it to Stanley before the subject could be reopened between them. She dragged Annabel from one end of Long Island to the other, she combed Westchester, and even penetrated into the wilds of New Jersey. At the end of three weeks she had found as many as four houses that might possibly do. But they were both ready to drop by then; and Hazel decided she would ask Stanley, at once. It meant breaking another of her excellent rules—never to call at Stanley's office unless by his request.

Hazel waited, languidly rehashing with Annabel the respective demerits of the four houses, until the girl bookkeeper came in and recognized her. "Oh, Mrs. Pennington, does Mr. Pennington know you're here? I'll tell him."

Hazel followed Miss Brent through the labyrinth of offices in which lawyers like to conceal themselves. Stanley's office was almost the furthest down a long, narrow corridor; Miss Brent opened the door gingerly and made her announcement through the merest crack. Stanley's voice, filtering out in reply, began on a note of annoyance: "What? Oh, I'll be right out." There was an echoing murmur, distinctly feminine. Then Stanley himself appeared, and shut the door behind him carefully. He looked discomposed, a look which is usually translated as guilty, but it faded into a smile.

"What can I do for you ladies?"

"Got any nice divorces today?" Annabel inquired.

"Corporation lawyers," Stanley informed her, piloting them back down the hall, "do not deal in divorces. Besides, divorces are not nice."

[*Continued on page 37*]

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

You can see how pleasingly the floor blends into the tan and gray color scheme of this tastefully appointed dining-room.

The New Floor for Modern Homes

THE floor you see in this picture is very different from the temporary linoleum floor covering of a few years ago—tacked down in kitchens, halls, and pantries.

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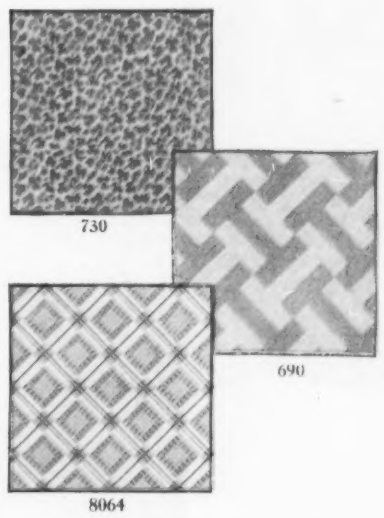

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THE KING AND QUEEN MIGHT EAT THEREOF
AND NOBLEMEN BESIDES

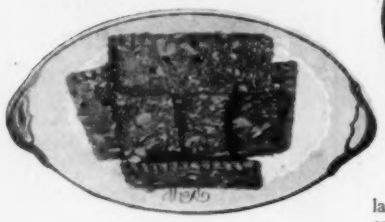
THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

Nuts for Flavor and Food Value

By Lilian M. Gunn

NUTS are certainly an economical food, and for the money expended they yield about as large a return in food value as any food in the market. The ways they may be used in cooking are practically endless. Often they are used as a substitute for meat in loaves and other dishes of that nature. They are put in cakes, puddings, ice-creams, stuffings, pies, preserves and conserves. Nut candies are endless in variety, and there is nothing more delicious in a sandwich filling or a salad. Chopped nuts are used in sauces and fillings, and for a garnish they are very attractive and easy to use. Salted and spiced nuts make a dainty addition to any menu, and in the winter the glazed nuts may be easily prepared by any housewife.

In using nuts for delicate cookery, it is better to cut them in pieces with a sharp knife rather than put them through a chopper. Some nuts need blanching, and this should be done by placing them for a few minutes in water that has just stopped boiling, then drain them and put in cold water for a few minutes. Drain, rub off the skins and dry before using.



Almond cookies

SALTED NUTS

Blanch and dry the nuts. Heat some oil in a deep saucepan, and when hot, place the nuts in it and keep them moving until a delicate brown. Lift out as they brown, drain on unglazed paper and sprinkle with salt while hot. To do the nuts in large quantities a wire basket may be used. Keep it moving in the oil while the nuts brown.

CHESTNUT CREAM

1 pint boiled chestnuts mashed smooth
Grated rind of one lemon and 1 teaspoon lemon juice.
2 cups of milk
Yolks of 3 eggs
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon butter
Whites of 3 eggs stiffly beaten
Very little salt

Make custard of the milk, sugar and yolks of the eggs. Add the butter while hot and stir in the chestnuts and the salt. When partly cold, cut and fold in the egg whites and the lemon. Pile lightly in a serving dish; chill and serve with whipped cream.

NUT HONEY CAKES

2 cups brown sugar
2 cups honey
6 egg yolks
3 cups flour
1½ teaspoons soda
3 teaspoons cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon allspice
1 cup raisins cut fine
½ ounce citron cut fine
½ pound blanched almonds coarsely chopped
Whites of two eggs

Mix the honey, sugar and egg yolks and beat well. Sift the dry ingredients. Combine all ingredients except the whites of the eggs. Add them last, beaten very stiff. Spread ¼ inch thick in a shallow pan. Bake ¾ of an hour to an hour in a moderate oven. Remove at once from the pan and cut into serving pieces at once.

NUT LOAF

½ cup of nuts
½ cup of bread crumbs
1 tablespoon fat
1-3 cup milk
1 egg
Seasonings

Melt the fat and pour it over the crumbs. Mix all the ingredients and put in a well-greased pan. Bake ½ hour in a moderate oven.

CHESTNUTS AND RED CABBAGE SALAD

Boil 2 cups of chestnuts until tender; drain and remove the skins. Cut fine.

2 cups cooked red cabbage
½ cup of seeded raisins cup in pieces
2 tablespoons vinegar
6 tablespoons oil
1 teaspoon sugar

Seasonings. Mix and chill, put in molds, and turn out when ready for use on lettuce leaves. Serve with a salad dressing.

If too dry, more oil and vinegar may be added.

NUT PUDDING

2 cups chopped nuts
½ cup maple sugar
2-3 cup butter
3 eggs
1teaspoon vanilla

Cream the fat, add the sugar gradually, then the yolks of the eggs, add the vanilla, beat the whites of the eggs stiff, combine the ingredients adding the whites

Nuts make a pleasing garnish for desserts

last. Bake ½ hour in a very moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream.

SANDWICH FILLINGS

1

½ cup of chopped nuts
½ cup of chopped dates or figs

Moisten with lemon juice and add a little sugar if desired.

2

½ cup chopped nuts
½ a cream cheese
Salt and paprika

Moisten with cream or milk to spread.

3

1¼ cups nuts
¼ cup celery cut fine
¾ cup mayonnaise dressing
Seasonings

4

¼ cup nuts chopped fine
¼ cup watercress cut up fine with a knife
½ cup creamed butter
Salt, paprika and a tiny bit of cayenne

NUT BROWN BREAD

2 cups graham flour
1 cup chopped nuts
¼ cup brown sugar
2 cups milk
1 cup white flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
½ cup molasses

Mix the soda with the molasses, combine the ingredients and bake in small bread pans for about one and one half hours in a moderate oven.

ALMOND COOKIES

½ cup fat
1 cup sugar
1 egg well beaten
1 2-3 cups rolled oats
½ cup blanched almonds cut fine
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt, clove and allspice
1-3 cup milk

Cream the fat, add the sugar and the egg, sift the baking powder with the flour and spices. Add dry ingredients, alternating with the milk. Add the nuts.

Roll out. Sprinkle with shredded almonds and bake about 20 minutes.

PEANUT COOKIES

2 tablespoons butter
¼ cup sugar
1 egg
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon lemon juice
1-8 teaspoon salt
½ cup and 2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons milk
½ cup finely chopped peanuts

Cream the butter, add the sugar and egg well beaten. Mix and sift dry ingredients, add to first mixture; then add milk, peanuts and lemon juice. Drop from a teaspoon on an unbuttered sheet and place one-half peanut on top of each. Bake 12 to 15 minutes in a slow oven.

Cup and Lip

[Continued from page 13]

At the door of his room Stormont took Darragh's offered hand, understanding what it implied:

"Thanks, Jim. Hers is the loveliest character I have ever known. If I weren't as poor as a homeless dog I'd marry her tomorrow. I'll dó it anyway, I think. I *can't* let her go back to Clinch's Dump!"

"After all," said Darragh, smiling, "if it's only money that worries you, why not talk about a job to *me?*"

Stormont flushed heavily: "That's rather wonderful of you, Jim—"

"Why? You're the best officer I had. Why the devil did you go into the Constabulary without talking to me?"

Stormont's upper lip seemed inclined to twitch, but he controlled it and scowled at space.

"Go to bed, you darned fool," said Darragh, carelessly. "You'll find dry things ready. Ralph will take care of your uniform and boots."

Then he went into his own quarters to read two letters which, conforming to arrangements made with Mrs. Ray the day he had robbed Emanuel Sard, were to be sent to Trout Lodge to await his arrival.

Both, written from the Ritz, bore the date of the day before: the first he opened was from the Countess Orloff-Strelwitz:

Dear Captain Darragh,

You are so wonderful! Your messenger, with the ten thousand dollars which you say you already have recovered from those miscreants who robbed Ricca, came aboard our ship before we landed. It was a God-send; we were nearly penniless,—and oh, so shabby!

Instantly, my friend, we shopped, Ricca and I. Fifth Avenue enchanted us. All misery was forgotten in the magic of that paradise for women.

Yet, spendthrifts that we naturally are, we were not silly enough to be extravagant. Ricca was wild for American sport-clothes. I, also. Yet—only two gowns apiece, excepting our sport clothes. And other necessaries. Don't you think we were economical?

Furthermore, dear Captain Darragh, we are hastening to follow your instructions. We are leaving today for your château in the wonderful forest, of which you told us that never-to-be-forgotten day in Riga.

Ricca is so excited that it is difficult for her to restrain her happiness. God knows the child has seen enough unhappiness to quench the gaiety of anybody!

Well, all things end. Even tears. Even the Red Terror shall pass from our beloved Russia. For, after all, Monsieur, God still lives.

VALENTINE.

P. S. Ricca has written to you. I have read the letter. I have let it go uncensored.

Darragh went to the door of his room. "Ralph! Ralph!" he called. And, when Wier hurriedly appeared:

"What time does the midnight train from New York get into Five Lakes?"

"A little before nine—"

"You can make it in the flivver, can't you?"

"Yes, if I start *now.*"

"All right. Two ladies. You're to bring them to the *house,* not *here.* Mrs. Ray knows about them. And—get back here as soon as you can."

He closed his door again, sat down on the bed and opened the other letter. His hand shook as he unfolded it.

To dear Captain Darragh, our champion and friend—

It is difficult for me, Monsieur, to express my happiness and my deep gratitude in the so cold formality of the written page.

Alas, sir, it will be still more difficult to find words for it when again I have the happiness of greeting you in proper person.

Yet, I know very well what I would write if I dare. It is this: that I wish you to know—although it may not pass the censor—that I am most impatient to see you, Monsieur. Not because of kindness past, nor with an unworthy expectation of benefits to come. But because of friendship—the deepest, sincerest of my whole life.

True, I have known you only for one day and one evening. Yet, what happened to the world in that brief space of time—and to us, Monsieur—brought "us" together as though our meeting were but a blessed reunion after the happy intimacy of many years. . . . I speak, Monsieur, for myself. May I hope that I speak, also, for you?

With a heart too full to thank you, and with expectations indescribable—but with courage, always, for any event,—I take my leave of you at the foot of this page. Like death—I trust—my adieu is not the end, but the beginning. It is not farewell; it is a greeting to him whom I most honor in all the world. . . . And would willingly obey if he shall command. And otherwise —"all" else that in his mind—and heart—he might desire.

THEODORICA.

It was the most beautiful love-letter any man ever received in all the history of love. And it had passed the censor.

III

IT was afternoon when Darragh awoke in his bunk, stiff, sore, confused in mind and battered in body.

However, when he recollected where he was he got out of bed in a hurry and jerked aside the window curtains.

Wier, hearing him astir, came in.

"How long have you been back! Did you meet the ladies with your flivver?" demanded Darragh, impatiently.

"I got to Five Lakes station just as the train came in. The young ladies were the only passengers who got out. I waited to get their two steamer trunks and then I drove them to Harrod Place—"

"How did they seem, Ralph—worn-out—worried—ill?"

Wier laughed: "No, sir, they looked very pretty and lively to me. They seemed delighted to get here. They talked to each other in some foreign tongue—Russian, I should say—at least, it sounded like what we heard over in Siberia, Captain—"

"It *was* Russian. . . . You go on and tell me while I take another hot bath—!"

Wier followed him into the bathroom and vaulted to a seat on the deep set window-sill:

"We saw two deer on the Scaur, and a woodchuck near the house; I thought they'd jump out of the flivver—"

He began to laugh at the recollection: "No, sir, they didn't act tired and sad; they said they were crazy to get into their knickerbockers and go to look for you—"

"I'm going up there right away," interrupted Darragh excitedly. "—Good heavens, Ralph, I haven't any clothes here, have I?"

"No, sir. But those you wore last night are dry—"

"Confound it! I meant to send some decent clothes here— All right; get me those duds I wore yesterday—and a bite to eat! I'm in a hurry, Ralph—"

In a pathetic attempt to spruce up, he knotted the red bandanna around his neck and pinched Salzar's slouch hat into a peak.

"You look like one of Clinch's bums," remarked Wier with native honesty.

Darragh, chagrined, went to his bunk, pulled the morocco case from under the pillow, and shoved it into the bosom of his flannel shirt.

"That's the main thing anyway," he thought. Then, turning to Wier, he asked whether Eve and Stormont had awakened.

It appeared that Trooper Stormont had saddled up and cantered away shortly after sunrise, leaving word that he must hunt up his comrade, Trooper Lannis, at Ghost Lake.

"They're coming back this evening," added Wier. "He asked you to look out for Clinch's stepdaughter."

"She's all right here. Can't you keep an eye on her, Ralph?"

"I'm stripping trout, sir. I'll be around here to cook dinner for her when she wakes up."

"That'll be all right," he said. "Nobody is coming here to bother her. . . . And don't let her leave, Ralph, till I get back—"

"Very well, sir. But suppose she takes it into her head to leave—"

Darragh called back, gaily: "She can't: she hasn't any clothes!" And away he strode in the gorgeous sunshine of a magnificent autumn day, all the clean and vigorous youth of him afire in anticipation of a reunion which the letter from his lady-love had transfigured into a tryst.

For, in that amazing courtship of a single day, he never dreamed that he had won the heart of that sad, white-faced, hungry child in rags—silken tatters still stained with the blood of massacre—the very soles of her shoes still charred by the embers of her own home.

Yet, that is what must have happened in a single day and evening. Life passes swiftly during such periods. Minutes lengthen into days; hours into years. The soul finds itself; the mind knows itself; the heart perfectly understands.

HE had not spoken to this young girl of love.

Yet, that night, when at last in safety she had said good-by to the man who had secured it for her, he knew that he was in love with her. And, at such crisis, the veil that hides hearts becomes transparent.

At that instant he had seen and known. Afterward he had dared not believe that he had known. But hers had been a purer courage.

About half an hour later he came to his senses with a distinct shock.

[Continued on page 33]

Cup and Lip

[Continued from page 32]

Straight ahead of him on the trail, and coming directly toward him, moved a figure in knickers and belted tweed.

Flecked sunlight slanted on the stranger's cheek and burnished hair, dappling face and figure with moving, golden spots.

Instantly Darragh knew and trembled.

But Theodorica of Esthonia had known him only in his uniform.

As she came toward him, lovely in her lithe and rounded grace, only friendly curiosity gazed at him from her blue eyes.

Suddenly she knew him, went scarlet to her yellow hair, then white: and tried to speak—but had no control of the short, rosy upper lip which only quivered as he took her hands.

The forest was dead still around them save for the whisper of painted leaves sifting down from a sunlit vault above.

Finally she said in a ghost of a voice: "My—friend. . . ."

"If you accept his friendship. . . ."

"Friendship is to be shared. . . . Ours mingled—on that day. . . . Your share is—as much as pleases you."

"All you have to give me, then."

"Take it. . . . all I have . . ." her blue eyes met his with a little effort. All courage is an effort.

Then that young man dropped on both knees at her feet and laid his lips to her soft hands.

In trembling silence she stood for a moment, then slowly sank on both knees to face him across their clasped hands.

So, in the gilded cathedral of the woods, pillared with silver, and azure-domed, the betrothal of these two was sealed with clasp and lip.

Awed, a little fearful, she looked into her lover's eyes with a gaze so chaste, so oblivious to all things earthly, that the still purity of her face seemed a sacrament, and he scarcely dared touch the childish lips she offered.

But when the sacrament of the kiss had been accomplished, she rested one hand on his shoulder and rose, and drew him with her.

Then *his* moment came: he drew the emblazoned case from his breast, opened it, and, in silence, laid it in her hands. The blaze of the jewels in the sunshine almost blinded them.

That was *his* moment.

The next moment was Quintana's.

DARRAGH hadn't a chance. Out of the bushes two pistols were thrust hard against his stomach. Quintana's face was behind them. He wore no mask, but the three men with him watched him over the edges of handkerchiefs—over the sights of leveled rifles, too.

The youthful Grand Duchess had turned deadly white. One of Quintana's men took the morocco case from her hands and shoved her aside without ceremony.

Quintana leered at Darragh over his leveled weapons:

"My frien' Smith!" he exclaimed softly. "So it is you, then, who have twice try to rob me of my property!

"Ah! You recollec'? Yes? How you have rob me of a pacquet which contain only some chocolate?"

Darragh's face was burning with helpless rage.

"My frien', Smith," repeated Quintana, "do you recollec' what it was you say to me? Yes? . . . How often it is the onexpected which so usually happen? You are quite correc', l'ami Smith. It has happen."

He glanced at the open jewel box which one of the masked men held, then, like lightning, his sinister eyes focussed on Darragh.

"So," he said, "it was also you who rob me las' night of my property. . . . What you do to Nick Salzar, eh?"

"Killed him," said Darragh, dry-lipped, nerved for death. "I ought to have killed you, too, when I had the chance. But—*I'm* white, you see."

At the insult flung into his face over the muzzles of his own pistols, Quintana burst into laughter.

"Ah! You *should* have shot me! You are quite right, my frien'. I mus' say you have behave ver' foolish."

He laughed again so hard that Darragh felt his pistols shaking against his body.

"So you have kill Nick Salzar, eh?" continued Quintana with perfect good humor. "My frien', I am oblige to you for what you do. You are surprise? Eh? It is ver' simple, my frien' Smith. What I want of a man who can be kill? Eh? Of what use is he to me? Voilà!"

He laughed, patted Darragh on the shoulder with one of his pistols.

"You, now—*you* could be of use. Why? Because you are a better man than was Nick Salzar. He who kills is better than the dead."

Then, swiftly his dark features altered: "My frien' Smith," he said, "I have come here for my property, not to kill. I have recover my property. Why shall I kill you? To say that I am a better man? Yes, perhaps. But also I should be oblige to say that also I am a fool. Yaas! A poor damfool."

Without shifting his eyes he made a motion with one pistol to his men. As they turned and entered the thicket, Quintana's intent gaze became murderous.

"If I mus' kill you, I shall do so. Otherwise, I have sufficient trouble to keep me from ennui. My frien', I am going home to enjoy my property. If you live or die it signifies nothing to me. No! Why, for the pleasure of killing you, should I bring your dirty gendarmes on my heels?"

He backed away to the edge of the thicket, venturing one swift and evil glance at the girl who stood as though dazed.

"Listen attentively," he said to Darragh. "One of my men remains hidden very near. He is a dead shot. His aim is at your—sweetheart's—body. You understan'?"

"Yes."

"Ver well. You shall not go away for one hour time. After that—" he took off his slouch hat with a sweeping bow—"you may go to hell!"

Behind him the bushes parted, closed.

José Quintana had made his last adieux.

[*"The Forest and Mr. Sard," Episode 9 of "The Flaming Jewel" series, will appear in the April* McCALL'S]

Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins

TO MAKE NEAT ROUND HOLES in a leather strap or belt, heat a steel knitting needle red hot and burn the necessary holes. —Mrs. C. H. E., St. Louis, Missouri.

USE BLOTTING-PAPER UNDER BUREAU SCARFS, either in white or in color to match the room. If not long enough, baste a piece on the end. It absorbs any liquid spilled, and also deadens the sounds of articles which one may set down upon the bureau.—Miss J. A. H., San River, Montana.

THE MEN OF THE FAMILY have discovered that the golf suit or extra trousers for the week-end at the summer home, travel most satisfactorily if placed over the robe rail in the automobile. They keep in press much better than when packed in a suitcase.—M. C. C., Arlington Heights, Massachusetts.

A GOOD SERVING-TRAY for a sick child is made of a common dripping-pan. Cover with newspapers and then with a napkin over the paper. The sides of a serving-tray are shallow, but the high sides of the pan will protect the bed from spilled food or drinks.—Miss M. A., Norwich, New York.

DO NOT DESTROY YOUR SILK VESTS WHEN THEY ARE WORN. I make very lovely and comfortable brassieres from them, by taking the good parts. I cut three pieces, one large piece for the front, and two narrow pieces for the back, according to the size. I lay two pleats in the front piece under the arms where I join it, in order to have the fulness in the front and both joined evenly. Then I put a little lace edging around it and ribbon straps. They are very pretty and cost about $3.50 to $5.00 in the shops.—Mrs. M. W., Ridgewood, New Jersey.

WHAT clever little tricks have you discovered in your everyday housework? We pay one dollar apiece for the newest and most helpful suggestions. Unaccepted manuscripts are returned only if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

Address: Housekeeping Exchange, McCall's Magazine, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

Contact

[*Continued from page 9*]

Edna and Dan are so satisfied and happy. He has his position in Judge Raymond's office; pretty soon he'll be taken into the firm, we hope. Such a comfortable little salary—and Eddie isn't extravagant. She does very nicely. They're perfectly content to sit round the fire, winter evenings, or out on the veranda, in summer . . . once in a while a bridge-party, for Eddie, or Dan brings somebody home to dinner. I don't know what I ever did to deserve such quiet happiness. . . ."

"Well, apparently you've deserved it twice," said Lenore, kissing her mother's nearest cheek, "so you must have done a good bit."

"Yes," mused Mrs. Greenough with the pleasant ghost of a blush. "I was very happy with your poor father, too. Why *you* couldn't have had—My poor baby!" she hugged Lenore close. "Was Archie too—too—"

"He was impossible," said Lenore briefly. "I could have gone on with him perhaps, but it would have been a good deal like living with something dead tied round your neck. He didn't want it any more than I did."

"What will he do now, dear?"

"Same thing he's always done, I suppose—graft—and drift."

"You're a little bitter, aren't you, Lennie?"

"Very likely. It hasn't been a pleasant seven years, Mother."

"I know it, my darling. Never mind, you shall stay here with us as long as you like—and just be quiet and peaceful—"

"I'm afraid I've lost my talent for being peaceful. Anyhow, I'd like to stay for a little, if you'll let me. I've got a month's vacation on full pay—pretty decent of the office, wasn't it?"

"What is it you do, dear? I've never really understood."

"I've never really understood a lot of it, myself," said Lenore, smiling faintly. "I'm secretary to the editor of a scientific journal. I like my job. I got in there with stenography and typing—answered an advertisement, you know."

"Stenography and typing? Why, when—" began her mother vaguely.

"Oh, I took a course in a business school, about a year after I married Archie. Saw I was going to need it. . . ."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" mourned the mother-dove. "And all the time you were letting me think . . ."

"Contrary! All the time I was doing my best to *keep* you from thinking. No need for mothers to be cerebral and wear out their nice little gray heads over foolish daughters' troubles."

Mrs. Greenough shook her head and sighed. "It worries me so, sometimes. I can't help feeling as if I'd been wiser for Edna than for you—and you my own daughter! She's so contented with Dan. He's such a fine young man. I can just see them going on into a nice, cheerful middle-age together, happy and prosperous . . . while you, poor lamb—"

"Stand outside on the doorstep, yelping to come in," finished Lenore with a sudden note of laughter. "Cheerie, Mother! How do you know I want to come in? Maybe I like doorsteps. Kiss me goodnight and run along to bed! I promise not to sob myself to sleep."

"I'm so afraid you'll get hard!" objected Mrs. Greenough from the doorway, with a last, motherly little frown.

"And I'm so afraid I won't!" said Lenore.

SHE lay with her smooth white arms flung up above her head, after the door had closed, and the smile slowly flickered out in her eyes.

After all, twenty-nine wasn't old enough to be completely reconciled to lonely days and lonelier nights. It was bad for you to bring the office home; but if you didn't—what had you? A silent room; books, silent, however companionable; pictures, silenter yet. At best—a raucous parrot, a snuffling little dog, a querulous cat!

Lenore thought of Edna and Dan—as was inevitable—and a hot little twinge of jealousy twisted through her heart. Under that same roof, only the thickness of two walls away, they lay and talked perhaps of a dozen intimate nothings; gossiped low-voiced together, with little breaks of laughter; made confidence; gave advice; discussed and disputed and decided in delicious, drowsy futility things that had happened yesterday, things that would happen tomorrow . . . the marital résumé . . . fell asleep at last, with his arm across her shoulder. . . .

She had been a little afraid of going home, for all the desire that took her there, but after a day or so she settled in, so to speak, with an amazing ease.

It was pleasant to see old friends again (although a trifle awkward, perhaps, till the fact of her newly single state was understood), pleasant to walk down to the

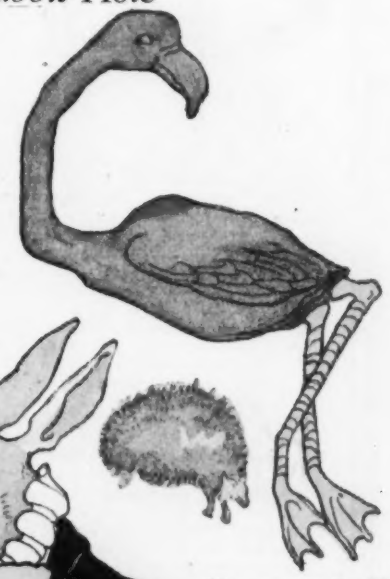
[*Continued on page 43*]

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

The Queer, Delightful World and the Amusing Friends Alice Found When She Followed the White Rabbit Down the Rabbit Hole

In the fascinating new world where Alice had strayed, grew a large mushroom. Sitting on top of it was a blue caterpillar, quietly smoking a long hookah

Down in the rabbit hole Alice found the curious bottle with its label, "Drink me." She drank from it and an extraordinary thing happened—"I must be shutting up like a telescope!" said Alice. She was! She grew smaller and smaller until at last she could go through the door, only fifteen inches high, into a lovely garden



On the bough of a tree sat the Cheshire cat, who vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail and ending with a grin

The croquet balls were hedgehogs and the mallets were flamingoes!

Alice heard a little pattering of feet. It was the White Rabbit with a pair of white kid gloves and a large fan, hurrying along to meet the Duchess

The Mad Hatter complained, "It's always tea time and we've no time to wash the dishes between whiles!"

"Once," said the Mock Turtle with a deep sigh, "I was a real turtle!"

When the stern Queen of Hearts turned on Alice and shouted, "Off with her head!" Alice awoke from her dream in Wonderland

Before cutting out this page with Alice and her strange friends, paste on the back of the page a sheet of light-weight cardboard, letting it dry under a big book. This will make the figures firm and strong

FINDINGS *from* THE FOOD WORKSHOP
Of Teacher's College Columbia University

The Traveling Expenses of Food

By May B. Van Arsdale and Day Monroe

Department Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University

WE HOMEMAKERS grumble at the cost of food. But do we ever stop to think that the foods we eat are assembled from far corners of this country and sometimes even from distant lands? Often it's a "long haul" and we must be willing to pay just charges for the delicacies our palates demand.

On this page Miss Van Arsdale, head of the Department of Foods and Cookery of Teacher's College, Columbia University, and Miss Monroe, her associate, tell you the dramatic story of how foods are brought into that mighty center, New York City. What happens in the great metropolis, happens, too, on a smaller scale, in the towns or cities in which you live, as the authors indicate in this article.

Read here how your breakfast-foods are assembled—and you will feel less indignant at the prices you must pay for the variety of foods modern transportation methods bring to your table.

NOW that our Christmas bills are paid it is almost time to begin to save for our vacations—especially if we wish to travel far. Traveling expenses are heavy. We like comfort and prefer luxury hence railroad and steamship companies vie with one another in equipping trains and ships and railroad stations to meet our every need and wish. Everything possible is done to make traveling enjoyable. As a nation we are fond of journeys and even though we groan over the expenses we expect to pay for moving ourselves from place to place and for the service which we receive en route.

But are we as lenient about paying the travelling expenses of the articles which we use every day, many of which come to us from far greater distances than most of us can hope to go even on the most extravagant vacation? How much would a breakfast cost if the different members of the family scattered to the ends of the earth to collect the foods?

Think of the traveling expense of the food for even this simple breakfast:

ASSORTED FRUIT—BANANAS, GRAPES, APPLES
(from Central America, California, Oregon)
CORN CEREAL AND CREAM
(from Iowa and Canada)
BACON AND EGGS
(from Missouri and California)
BUTTERED TOAST (wheat from Minnesota, butter from Denmark)
PEACH MARMALADE (from Georgia)
CREAM AND SUGAR (sugar from Cuba)
COFFEE (from Brazil)

THESE foods would not necessarily all come from the sources we have mentioned because many countries and many sections of our own country contribute to our food supply.

Of course sources of food supply vary in different sections of this country. The greater part of our butter is produced in American dairies and creameries, nevertheless at present much is being imported from Denmark and New Zealand and you may be buying it through your retail store. Your farm may be helping to furnish eggs and bacon to a large city but in turn you probably are depending on some state or country at a distance for your sugar, spices, tea and coffee. Because of climatic conditions no one district can raise enough to supply itself with what is wanted for the simplest meal.

In a small town you may have a garden and produce some of your fruits and vegetables, or they may be brought from nearby at some seasons of the year. But at other seasons you want bananas, oranges and grapefruit which grow near only a few of our homes.

For a large city there is not enough garden space nearby to supply all the fresh vegetables needed even when they are in season. In fact the problem of furnishing a large city with its perishable foods is such an undertaking that it can be appreciated only after a visit to the wholesale markets.

For such a trip through the New York markets you have to start just as all your friends are deciding it is time to go to bed. There isn't much use in getting to any of the terminals before midnight because that is about the time the first food begins to arrive. The refrigerated milk-cars pull in any time between twelve and two o'clock. They have come from hundreds of miles away—sometimes even from as far as Canada. If you take the trip in the early fall you are not so impressed with the difficulty of keeping the cars cold as you are if you go on a torrid summer-night. Then you realize what an enormous amount of ice and how much care is necessary in order that the milk may be as cold as it should be after its long trip.

The heavy milk-cans have to be removed from the train and packed into trucks which then travel to the plants where the milk is pasteurized and bottled and is again loaded on to trucks which take it to the distributing plants. From here it is sent to the corner groceryman or is delivered at the city dweller's door by seven in the morning. If you go to bed at eleven o'clock it is easy enough to be impatient if your milk isn't at the door promptly at seven, but if you have met the milk on its arrival from the cars and travelled with it all night, particularly if a blizzard happens to be raging, it is easy enough to see how many things can happen to delay its delivery. Nevertheless despite all the loadings and unloadings and the shifting from one set of hands to another it is generally there in time for breakfast.

If we should wait only long enough to see the milk pasteurized we would have just about time to reach the piers to see the fruit trains unloaded. Doubtless it sounds strange to talk of unloading trains at piers, but since New York is an island, most of the railroad terminals are across the river. The cars are brought across to the city piers on barges. Some of the fruit has had a long journey—clear across the continent. If it is summer the cars have been kept cool for several days in transit. If it is winter there has been the responsibility of heating the cars so the fruit does not freeze.

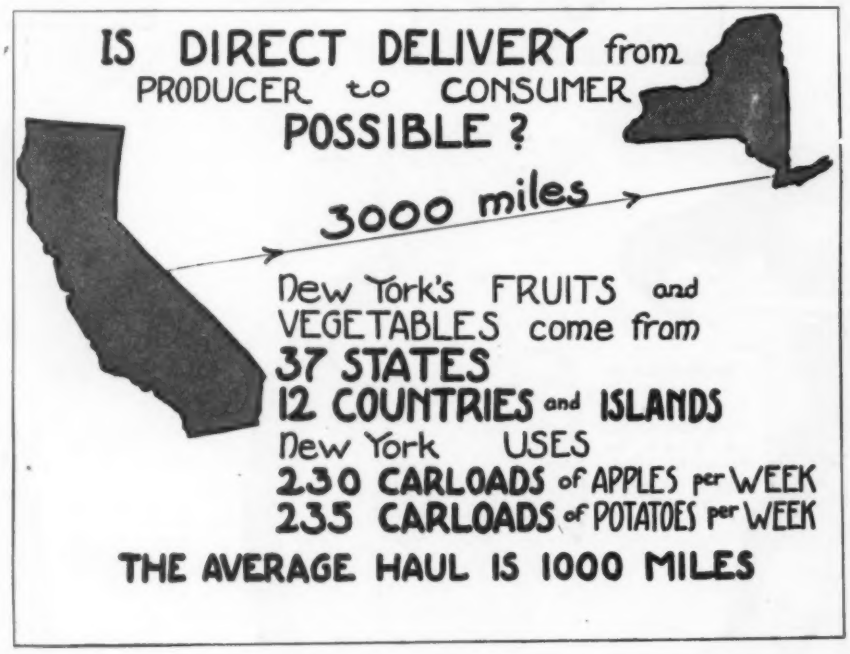
If the fruit has come from California or Oregon it is so carefully selected, standardized and packed that by looking at one box you may know the grade of the whole shipment. If you are a buyer it is therefore safe to bid at auction on hundreds of boxes of this fruit after seeing a sample.

The fruit auction is very exciting. Large buyers come from all over the city and inspect the samples which are on display and buy by catalogue number. The sales are made very rapidly, twenty people on the floor calling out their bids at one time and the auctioneer shrieking above the din.

At some seasons of the year the piers are crowded with Georgia peaches and a month later they may be filled with peaches from New Jersey. A good way to study varying sources of our food supply is to visit the piers several times and see from how many different sections of the country the same food material comes.

WHERE DO NEW YORK'S FRUITS AND VEGETABLES COME FROM?

CELERY	8 States
ONIONS	21 States
LETTUCE	11 States
STRAWBERRIES	11 States
POTATOES	17 States
APPLES	15 States
PEACHES	11 States



Leaving the piers in the gray of the early morning we can visit the several farmers' markets where farmers are driving in with wagon loads of fruits and vegetables for sale to wholesalers and retailers. Many of them have come from Connecticut and have driven eight hours through the night to bring their produce. When you see the enormous amount of food displayed it seems as though it should be enough to feed the whole city—but it is such a small proportion of what is needed that if we had to depend on the farmers driving in we would soon starve. Much of what we eat must be shipped in from nearby and distant states.

Many people wonder why the farmer does not sell at retail in New York as he does in some places. But after spending so much time in reaching the market he is glad to dispose of his goods quickly at wholesale so that he can start back home in order to get ready for his next trip to town.

As we watch the enormous quantities of food being moved from the piers and the vegetable markets we wonder how long it will be before any can reach our uptown grocery store, five miles away. Yet, cumbersome though the market seems with its jams of trucks, the food is moved out quickly to the wholesale district and from there within an hour it is bought by the retailer and loaded on to his wagon. As we arrive home from our all-night trip we pass numerous small retail-stores where our neighbors are selecting fresh fruits and vegetables from the supplies which we saw coming into the city the night before.

So the problem of supplying a large city with food involves many things which add to the cost of production. There is the cost of assembling the food at a shipping center, inspecting and grading it, packing it for shipping, trucking it to the station and loading it into the car before it starts on its long journey. If it is perishable it must be refrigerated. If the weather is cold arrangements must be made for heating the car, lest it freeze. If it must travel far it should be inspected along its route, to make sure the right temperature is maintained. In fact, often times a special messenger accompanies a train load of fruit to care for it.

Many hands must be ready to unload it upon its arrival. If it is milk the temperature must not only be kept cool in transit but through all handling necessary to get it to the consumers' door.

FRUITS and vegetables must be guarded when packed for shipment so that diseases causing spoilage shall not spread among them. A whole carload of watermelons may be ruined by stem-rot, caused by a decay which can be prevented by coating the cut stem so that no plant disease germs can enter. Sometimes a shipment of many cases of tomatoes is ruined because it contained one defective case. The work which the government is now doing in investigation of causes of spoilage of food in transit should result in a great saving to the nation. Such a waste-prevention will be of ultimate benefit to the consumer who now pays for all such losses.

You may think that this is the story of the large city and that the food which comes to you from nearby has no travelling expenses. But it has. Your milkman may drive in with your milk, but he pays for his team and wagon or his auto truck. He pays for the bottles or milk-cans, which he uses for delivery and for the bottles which you break or keep to use for canning chili sauce. He may have to pay the wages of the delivery-man, or if he delivers the milk himself, he should be paid for his time. You may be so fortunate as to have a friend on the farm who brings you fresh country butter every week. But should you not expect to pay her for her time in churning, in bringing the butter to your door, icing it on a hot day in summer so it will be firm when it reaches you and for the use of her little crocks which may be broken and must be replaced? Why should you expect anyone to work for you without a reasonable remuneration?

We have heard much of direct delivery from producer to consumer as a cure-all for high prices. It may be practical for a small town during a few months of the year and it may reduce prices somewhat but there must be some allowance made for the costs of delivery even from a nearby farm.

For the city consumer the direct delivery is impossible. When New York uses two hundred and thirty carloads of apples and the same number of carloads of potatoes every week and when these come from thirty-seven states and twelve countries and islands through an average haul of one thousand miles, it is evident that at least a part of the cost of living must be charged to the traveling expenses of food.

The Perfect Wife

[Continued from page 28]

"Well, then, could you advise us about buying a house?" Hazel said demurely. There was the sound of a door opening and shutting again behind them. Neither Hazel nor Annabel turned her head, exactly; but both of them somehow saw the person who went out. It was a woman, very smartly dressed in black. Hazel clutched Annabel's arm involuntarily, but went on: "Oh, Stan, I'm worn to the bone looking at houses, and you've got to do the rest. Shut your eyes and grab, and let's settle the thing."

"A house? Have you been house-hunting?" Pennington asked. "Listen, dear, can I talk this over with you tonight? I've got a board meeting in just five minutes, and half my afternoon's been—well, anyhow, how about tonight? Want any money, by the way?"

"No," said Hazel. "I'm sorry I bothered you, Stan." He caught her sleeve; he was not altogether dense, though a husband.

"Not mad, honey? You haven't bothered me. Give us a kiss, then, and scandalize Annabel."

"Why, Stan, I'm never mad." But she saw his expression of relief.

Hazel, in the elevator, turned to Annabel Dexter.

"What do you suppose Mrs. Duckworth was crying about?"

"Crying?" Mrs. Dexter sparred for time.

"Oh, you saw her as well as I did," Hazel said impatiently. "She saw us, too; why didn't she stop and speak? And why should she come down here and weep all over Stan?"

"Maybe he's her lawyer," Annabel hazarded.

"Eleanor Duckworth isn't a corporation!"

"No-o," said Annabel. "No, she's just a big sentimental—jelly-bag. She's the kind of woman that's always running after men, and talking about comradeship and that sort of stuff. Give me an out-and-out, honest vamp in preference! Really, Hazel, it isn't like you to be all fussed up about nothing. If you don't know Stan better than that, after three years—"

BUT that was what filled Hazel with panic. Did she know Stan, after three years? And Eleanor Duckworth had known him for three times three years!

"I suppose so," Hazel said doubtfully. "But men do like Mrs. Duckworth, and she's always— Oh, people are always talking about her." About her and Stan, was the unspoken addition.

"It would please her to know it," said Annabel impatiently. "It's what she lives on. And men like *anything* that will flatter them and run after them."

Well, then, what protection had one against that kind of person, Hazel asked herself that evening. She had time to argue the question; Stanley telephoned that he would be kept down-town on business, and she was not to wait up for him. He said nothing about the house. Perhaps Mrs. Duckworth had called to take him to dinner, too. But that was all foolishness, Hazel told herself.

She pretended to be asleep when Stanley came home; she did not know why, but she was afraid of saying something silly.

But it was tiresome being so—so sensible and poised all the time. One wanted to let out! It was part of the system never to bother Stan about trifles, nor to seem suspicious. But that Mrs. Duckworth—Hazel was simply *bored* with Mrs. Duckworth, with the very sound of her name. She wanted to say so to Stan. (The system also forbade being catty about other women!)

"Oh, gosh-darn!" she muttered, slipping back a dozen years as she slipped likewise into sleep.

Stanley's first morning glimpse of her was as usual, a Dresden china lady with every shining hair in place. It was her rule to conduct such preliminary rites in the privacy of her dressing-room; Stanley's morning kiss always had a faint, fresh flavor of powder and rose-water. He had overslept; and he drank his coffee, as it were, with one eye, while the other was glued to the morning paper. Something about the misbehaving corporation might have leaked into print. But he never bothered Hazel with those dry details. Let her have her good time.

During the next month Stanley put in the hardest work of his life saving the corporation. So Hazel had many lonely evenings, to which she was not accustomed. When Stanley did come home, he was either tired or preoccupied. Of course he said it was "business," but he had been in business all the time, and it had never before affected him so.

And he never said one word about the house. Neither did Hazel. She kept putting it off from day to day, and each day it got harder. She had spoken about it twice, anyway. Next week was their wedding anniversary. Perhaps he would forget that too. Annabel was giving them a dinner for it, which might remind him.

[Continued on page 38]

The Perfect Wife

[Continued from page 37]

With this melancholy conclusion Hazel pinned on her hat to go to a hen luncheon at Mrs. Hammond's.

"I just know somebody is going to hand me something," she remarked to her mirror, "and that I won't like it. Slow music—enter the First Messenger."

But the First Messenger had preceded her. She was a vivacious little dark woman whom Hazel did not know.

"Isn't Eleanor coming?" was all she said. But Hazel seemed to know what would follow.

"No." Mrs. Hammond was naturally the one to answer. "She doesn't feel much like going out now, poor dear. She thinks it would be in bad taste."

"Well, but among friends," the dark lady argued. "After all, nobody makes much fuss about a divorce nowadays."

"What's a divorce between friends?" Hazel could not help murmuring to Mrs. Mallowe, who sat next her. And she was aware of a curious stir around the table, rather psychic than audible, as of glances crossing and converging on her. Her back stiffened under the scrutiny. She picked up the gage. "Is Mrs. Duckworth really getting a divorce?"

"Oh, hadn't you heard?" Mrs. Hammond to the rescue again. "It's not surprising. What she's put up with from that man for ten years! Many a time she has told me that she would have done it long ago if it hadn't been for her family."

"But I thought," the dark lady said, "that her family had objected to her marrying him. Wasn't it an elopement?"

"Exactly; she didn't want to give them the satisfaction of seeing they were right," said Mrs. Hammond.

The little dark woman giggled prettily. "I'll bet she's got her eye on another man or she wouldn't be getting a divorce now."

"I never could see that George Duckworth was such a bad sort," said another guest mildly. "Who do you suppose the other man is?"

"I don't believe there is any," Annabel Dexter put in. "Eleanor has been talking about a divorce for years." Hazel went through the interminable lunch, looking her prettiest and talking her wittiest. Once home, she succumbed to tears and indigestion.

Illness is chastening, and convalescence mollifying. Stanley stayed at home that evening, tenderly laying hot-water bottles on Hazel's indignant stomach and proffering peppermints. She was well by next day noon, and convinced that she had been a fanciful idiot. She managed to remain under this conviction for a week, although Stanley's absences continued. It was a subconscious truce, to terminate on her wedding anniversary. How it should terminate was to be decided by Stanley's remembering or forgetting.

And he forgot. There was nothing on Hazel's plate at breakfast except food. Not even a bunch of flowers. Stanley simply gobbled his breakfast, declaring he was in for another grueling day.

"If I'm a little late—" he began as he rose from the table.

"Don't forget you'll have to get home in time to dress," Hazel reminded him.

"Dress? Oh, yes; all right, I'll make it—have to. Will you have my things laid out, like an angel?" And then, surprisingly, he picked her out of her chair and gave her a resounding kiss on either cheek. "For a Good Child," he said, and was gone.

SUPPOSE he did forget to bring a present on their wedding anniversary; if you were happily married, you didn't have to be making a fuss about it all the time. She went to lay out his clothes for the evening, and managed to make the task last an hour. She had got him a set of buttons for his white waistcoat, for her gift; they looked very nice. By noon she had wrought herself into a state perilously verging on sentimentality. It seemed impossible to endure the rest of the day without speaking to Stan and thereby tacitly assuring him that all was right between them. Why shouldn't she take him out to lunch, if Mrs. Duckworth could? She went to the telephone, smiling, since the odious name seemed humorous now. It was as a good joke that she said sweetly into the receiver:

"Please tell Mr. Pennington that Mrs. Duckworth wants to speak to him."

"Who—oh, Mrs. Duckworth, just a minute, please," came the sing-song reply. Then there was the confused, far off buzzing which fills such telephone intervals, with indistinct voices wandering through. "What? All right—hello, hello! Mrs. Duckworth, yes. I think Mr. Pennington is on his way now. He left about ten minutes ago, and I understood—"

"Thank you very much," said Hazel, and cut off. She was afraid to say any more, partly lest Miss Brent should recognize her voice, and partly for fear of exploding in a million pieces right into the receiver.

No, she must continue to act with dignity and decency. She would wait until

[Continued on page 41]

THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

A Cook Is Judged by Her White Sauce

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor, Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University

WHITE sauce is the foundation of cream soups, of all creamed and scalloped dishes, of numberless sauces and of many soufflés, and it is used as a binder in such foods as croquettes. To know how to make it correctly means therefore to know how to make the base of many dishes.

A standard recipe can be used with variations for all these dishes. This standard has for its first measurement the cup of milk; to that we must add fat and thickening, generally in the form of flour as that is the cheapest thickening and the easiest to use.

For the white sauce of ordinary thickness we have these proportions: 1 cup of milk, 1 tablespoon of fat and 1 tablespoon of flour with seasonings to taste. To make the sauce thicker we keep the same standard of 1 cup of milk, but increase the flour, and to make it richer we increase the fat.

By the ordinary thickness we mean that used for cream soups and as a sauce for most vegetables; those which are quite watery and would thin the sauce need the thickener increased to 1½ tablespoons flour. The thickest cream sauce is that used for a binder; it requires 4 tablespoons flour and one can increase the fat as desired. If whole milk is used, 1 tablespoon fat is enough; but if the milk is skimmed, 1½ to 2 tablespoons is required, and if a very rich sauce is wanted 3 tablespoons fat may be used.

The directions for making the sauce should be exactly followed. The best way is to melt the fat and stir in the flour until it is perfectly blended with the fat; then when the fat bubbles, pour in the cold milk and stir constantly until the mixture boils and so thickens. Of course when the cold milk is first added the sauce will have the appearance of being lumpy as the cold milk will harden the fat, but as soon as the milk warms, the fat will melt and carry the flour smoothly through the whole mixture.

IF a larger quantity is made it will save time to heat the milk before adding to the flour and fat. Proceed as for the first way of making, and add the hot milk a little at a time, blending in each quantity as you add it.

Still another way of making the sauce, is to rub the fat and the flour together until it is perfectly smooth and then stir it into the boiling milk, but if this is done the mixture must be cooked long enough to cook, thoroughly, the starch in the flour, or a raw taste will be noticed.

The seasoning for the sauce depends on the use made of it. For ordinary purposes the seasonings should be salt and pepper only. For some creamed dishes and sauces, paprika, a tiny speck of cayenne and celery-salt may be added.

In making the sauce for vegetables, make one-half as much sauce as you have vegetable and for creamed and scalloped dishes the same rule holds. In scalloping put the food in alternate layers with the sauce, letting the last layer be the sauce and covering the dish with a layer of greased crumbs.

For children one of the most desirable dishes made of cream sauce is creamed toast. Toast the bread a light brown on both sides and when you make the sauce use the proportion of 1 and 1 and 1 with the seasonings. Cook it until thick and be sure the sauce is poured under the toast as well as over it.

Left-overs are made very palatable by scalloping or making into a creamed dish, and often a combination of vegetables such as peas and carrots, or cabbage and cauliflower, celery and string beans, may be made into a delicious scallop. Any vegetable and often two or three put together, cooked to a pulp and strained, make a delicious soup when added to a cream sauce.

As a sauce for meat or fish make the 1-and-1-and-1 combination; season it well and add such other ingredients as chopped hard-cooked egg, finely minced parsley, or watercress or stir in the yolk of an egg, slightly beaten, just before the sauce is taken from the fire.

For chafing-dish cookery the cream sauce furnishes a variety of dishes.

WHITE SAUCE FOR BINDING CROQUETTES

1 pint of milk	½ teaspoon celery salt
¼ cup of fat	⅛ teaspoon paprika
½ cup of flour	¼ teaspoon pepper
1½ teaspoons salt	Very little cayenne

Scald the milk. Melt the fat and add the flour and the seasonings; stir in the hot milk a little at a time blending in each portion before adding another. This is a very thick mixture and great care must be taken not to burn it. It may be added to any kind of minced or diced meat or flaked fish to make croquettes. Care should be taken to add only enough sauce to the meat to moisten it as if too much is added the croquettes cannot be formed.

CHEESE SAUCE

1 tablespoon fat	⅛ teaspoon paprika
1½ tablespoons flour	1 cup milk
½ teaspoon salt	1 cup grated cheese

Melt the fat, add the flour and the seasonings, add the milk and bring up to the boiling point. Remove from the fire and add the cheese; stir until the cheese is melted. This is delicious to serve on cauliflower or asparagus.

CREAM-OF-CORN SOUP

1 can corn	2 tablespoons fat
1 pint water	2 tablespoons flour
1 pint milk	1 teaspoon salt
1 slice onion	⅛ teaspoon pepper

Cook the corn with the cold water 5 minutes. Scald the milk with the onion. Strain. Use the milk and the remaining ingredients to make a white sauce. Strain the corn through a coarse seive which will keep back only the skin of the kernel. Add the corn-mixture to the white sauce, reheat and serve.

Delicious cream-of-pea soup and cream-of-tomato soup can be made from the same base.

MACARONI WITH WHITE SAUCE

¾ cup macaroni broken in one-inch pieces	2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons fat	½ teaspoon salt
	1½ cups milk

Boil the macaroni in 2 quarts of salted water for 20 minutes. Drain and pour cold water over it. Make a white sauce of the other ingredients and mix with the macaroni. Put into a well-greased dish, cover with buttered crumbs and bake 15 minutes in a moderately hot oven.

The ingredients for the basic "1-and-1-and-1" combination: one tablespoon of fat, one tablespoon of thickening, one cup of milk, a little salt and pepper

"Good home-made food promotes happiness and contentment"

The Royal Baking Service

from The Royal Educational Department

EDITOR'S NOTE—With what immense satisfaction do we enjoy a piece of good home made cake! How infinitely better it is than any we could possibly buy! Many cakes look tempting but when tasted are very dry and disappointing, lacking that flavor which good flour, baking powder, shortening, eggs and above all, home baking seem to give.

Wouldn't you like to become a better cake maker? You can, so easily. In fact, you may even become an expert and turn your baking knowledge into dollars, for everybody loves home made cake. The Royal Educational Department is ready to help you with suggestions and special instructions whenever you need assistance.

Cake Troubles

"WHY does my cake rise up in the middle?" "How do you make chocolate icing glossy?" "How must I change a cake recipe when baking in high altitude?" Hundreds of women are writing this department daily such questions as these. You also perhaps may be bothered by similar baking troubles. If so, write the Royal Educational Department. It is prepared to help you as it is helping thousands of women all over the world. Following are a few of the commonest difficulties—

***Question:* What makes my cakes split open and the batter pour down the sides?**

Answer: The oven is too hot. A crust forms before the cake has had a chance to rise completely, and the uncooked batter forces its way through the top, making a very unsightly cake with poor texture. Send for the Glazed Paper Oven Test. It is a sheet of correct oven temperatures and will be of great assistance to you.

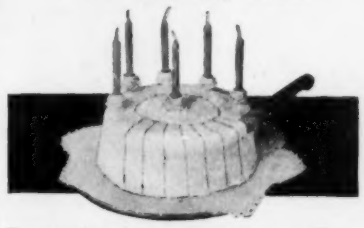
***Question:* Is it necessary to use pastry flour for cakes?**

Answer: While pastry flour is excellent for all recipes in which baking powder is used, it is not necessary and moreover not available for everyone. All recipes on these pages and in the New Royal Cook Book were made up with an ordinary good bread flour and the proportion of liquid is correct. All flour, however, should be sifted before measuring (two or three times is even better for cakes) and never packed down in the cup, but piled in very lightly.

***Question:* How can I get a fine-grained cake?**

Answer: Cream butter or other shortening before adding sugar—use fine granulated sugar if possible. Beat the batter well after adding each ingredient, and when the beaten egg whites are added last, mix them lightly, but very thoroughly, into the batter. On the other hand, hard beating at this stage tends to toughen the cake. Bake the cake in a moderate oven, increasing the heat slightly after it has been in the oven about 10 minutes.

The Birthday Cake



Remember grown-ups as well as little folks will appreciate a birthday cake. It must be of superfine quality. This inexpensive Pound Cake (recipe below) is delicious; for one still less costly you might try the Royal Cream Loaf Cake (page 12 New Royal Cook Book) which is so light and fine you would never dream that it requires but two eggs.

Of course the birthday cake must go as far as possible. Everybody will want a piece, perhaps two, so here is a way of cutting it that will surprise you by its economy.

With a sharp knife, beginning at the outside, cut around in circles until you reach the center, then slice through each circular piece as illustrated.

Small families, however, will not eat a whole cake at one time; therefore instead of the usual way, cut desired number of pieces from center of the cake as illustrated below. To keep the rest fresh push the two remaining pieces close together like a whole cake. This will keep it moist and soft several days.

Send for the New Royal Cook Book today—it's free and complete, containing all departments of cookery. Address—

ROYAL EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT
Royal Baking Powder Company, 131 William Street, New York

This is the fifth of the Royal Baking Service

Cut these out and put in your cook book

Pound Cake

1 cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 teaspoon lemon extract
5 eggs
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder

Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar very slowly, beating well between each addition. Add flavoring and yolks of eggs which have been beaten until pale yellow. Beat egg whites until light and add with flour which has been sifted with the baking powder two or three times. Beat mixture well for several minutes, until very light and fluffy. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven about one hour. Cover with the following frosting:

Ornamental Frosting

1½ cups granulated sugar
⅓ cup water
2 egg whites
1 teaspoon flavoring extract
1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder.

Boil sugar and water without stirring until syrup spins a thread; add very slowly to beaten egg whites; add flavoring and baking powder and beat until smooth and stiff enough to spread. Put over boiling water, stirring continually until icing grates slightly on bottom of bowl. Spread on cake, saving a small portion of icing to ornament the edge. This can be forced through a pastry tube, or, through a cornucopia made from ordinary white letter paper.

Royal Tropic Aroma Cake

(Illustrated above)

½ cup shortening
1¼ cups sugar
1 cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon nutmeg
2 eggs
2½ cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Cream shortening; add sugar and beaten eggs. Mix well and add (sifted together) half the flour, baking powder, salt and spices; add milk and remainder of dry ingredients. Bake two-thirds of this batter in two greased layer tins, and to the remaining third add one tablespoon cocoa which has been mixed with one tablespoon boiling water. Use this for middle layer. Bake layers in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Put following filling and icing between layers and on top of cake.

2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon cocoa
2 cups confectioner's sugar
3 tablespoons strong coffee
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cream butter. Add sugar and cocoa very slowly, beating until light and fluffy. Add vanilla and coffee slowly a few drops at a time, making soft enough to spread.

Nourishing *the* New-Born Babe

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

DR. Charles Gilmore Kerley, one of New York's well-known specialists in diseases of children, begins on this page a series of articles for young mothers.

Dr. Kerley is the author of two books for mothers: "Short Talks with Young Mothers," "What Every Mother Should Know," and a book for physicians known as "The Practice of Pediatrics."

Dr. Kerley's articles will be of great service to young mothers who are anxious to supply their infants with the best that is in their power.

MRS. Helen Johnson Keyes, with the advice of Franklin A. Dorman, M. D., has prepared for McCALL *readers "The Friendly Mother, a Book of Antenatal Mothercraft." Mrs. Keyes writes with sympathy and tenderness and from profound knowledge and experience of motherhood. Dr. Dorman is director of the Maternity Division of the Woman's Hospital, New York City. The expectant mother will find in this book the wisdom of an obstetrician and the help of a woman to guide her.*

WHY is it important that the baby who has just arrived should be nursed by the mother? Because he has a definite *business* to carry on and that *business* is covered entirely by growth and development. He has just been removed from an environment where ideal nourishment, the mother's blood, has been supplied him. The result—a fine seven- or eight-pound boy or girl; but he is a little human animal, destined to carry on an independent existence, and all little animals must be nourished.

It is not generally appreciated that every animal is fitted with digestive organs and assimilative possibilities for the kind of food which nature says he must have. Thus a chicken gizzard can negotiate whole kernels of yellow corn, while the pig, the cow and the horse must grind their food with their own grinding appliances or have it ground for them in a mill because their organs for digestion are fashioned to utilize corn after it has been especially prepared.

Animals' digestive organs are able to digest certain foods, such as the various grains, wheat, oats and barley when given in a raw state, but for human beings, these substances have to go through a cooking process which produces certain changes necessary for their acceptance by the human stomach.

When nature cuts off the food supply from the new baby, she has another at hand for immediate use. During pregnancy, the breasts undergo certain preparatory changes and when the baby is born, they are ready to supply what we know as breast milk. *This is nature's ready-made food for the baby, and the baby has a ready-made stomach and intestines to match the food.*

Mother's milk contains besides water-fat, protein, sugar and mineral salts in fairly definite proportions and in forms peculiarly adapted to the digestive capacity of the gastro-intestinal tract of the infant. Further, those substances are very nicely adjusted as to their proportion to meet the requirement of growth. There is sufficient fat and sugar to supply heat and energy, so that the proper body temperature may be maintained, and at the same time apply the incentive that is required for the usual daily activities. There is sufficient protein and of just the right kind to furnish the necessary nitrogen and other elements to the numberless body cells so that they may multiply and take on proper growth. Lime and other mineral salts there are in order that the skull, the ribs, the vertebra and the long bones may get a supply in proportion, necessary for bone-growth which forms the framework of the body.

The milk of all animals that suckle their young, and the digestive organs of all young animals which, in their earliest days subsist on milk, are fashioned on the above principles.

Further, it is to be remembered that the digestive organs and their juices are fashioned to utilize the milk of their own kind. The cow's milk fits the calf's stomach, the mare's milk fits the stomach of the foal and human milk fits the stomach of the baby.

In elaborating a milk supply, nature has further taken into consideration the rapidity of growth and development of the animal. The calf is a rapidly growing animal and cow's milk contains a high protein and mineral content to maintain the rapid growth.

Both these substances are found in excess of similar substances in human milk, for the reason that the baby is of much slower growth than the calf.

In like manner, the milk that is supplied by the mother guinea-pig is very rich in fat, far in excess of the fat content in human milk because the baby guinea-pig is very active very early in life and requires a larger amount of fat to burn to produce heat and energy.

It is quite apparent why mother's milk and not cow's milk should constitute the newly born baby's nourishment. The difficulties surrounding artificial feeding for infants are due largely to the fact that cow's milk which supplies the usual substitutes for mother's milk, has been expressly made to fit the digestive apparatus of the calf.

Many infants' lives are lost yearly because of the failure to supply to them the nourishment which they are fitted to utilize. Others are brought to a condition of extreme malnutrition and are nourished by other means than human milk with the greatest difficulty. Not a few infants who fail to resist pneumonia, whooping-cough or diarrhea have as an underlying cause, a lack of resistance, due to faulty feeding.

SUCCESSFUL breast-feeding does not mean that a baby be nursed entirely for seven or nine months or any given time. A baby who can have the advantage of breast milk for six weeks gets a better start than one who is put on the bottle at birth. The baby who can be nursed for three months gets a very good start indeed, and is, with comparatively little difficulty, changed to cows'-milk formula.

If a mother can give a baby two full nursings a day, she is adding not a little to his well-being. That a mother cannot supply the entire daily ration is no excuse for weaning. Perhaps the mother's milk is good but scanty, deficient in quantity. She may with advantage give him two or three ounces and if the age and weight tell us that more food is needed, a cows'-milk formula may be used to supplement the breast milk, giving it at the same time.

Breast milk, besides being the natural food for the infant and by far the safest, is also the cheapest and easiest means of feeding an infant. Cow's milk and the other ingredients that go to make up a feeding formula are expensive. The preparation of the formula requires a good part of an hour a day, when one takes into account the pasturizing, and sterilizing, together with the cleansing of the bottles and nipples and the utensils used in the food preparation.

MILK strikes are of but passing interest in the home of the breast-fed infant. In the bottle-fed, there is the uncertainty as to the delivery of the milk on time. In many localities it is difficult to secure a safe cow's milk. During the summer months, unless cow's milk is kept carefully iced, it may undergo changes that render it a very dangerous food for a young infant.

It has been my observation that people of all types and condition are much more apt to follow suggestion if the reason for the advice is fully understood. I have always felt that the lack of interest in some mothers, and disinclination in others to perform the most important duty to their offspring, was, in part, due to a lack of knowledge covering the matter.

Not only is breast-feeding vital to the child, but it is of value to the mother, restoring her to a normal condition. If more babies were nursed, there would be less work for the gynecologist.

Other aspects of the breast-feeding problem will be taken up in a subsequent article.

AMONG those who employ noted specialists, an obstetrician cares for a mother in the months before her child comes and at its birth. After that the specialist on infant and child care handles the case. For the first time a great magazine recognizes this distinction. McCall's has asked Dr. Dorman to help to prepare the service booklet, "The Friendly Mother;" Dr. Kerley to write on the management of the child. It means much, too, to a young mother to have an understanding woman, herself a mother, answer special queries. Mrs. Keyes will do that for McCall readers, if you enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope when you write to her. The booklet, "The Friendly Mother," is only ten cents. Send for it, enclosing the price in postage, to Mrs. Keyes, care McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

The Perfect Wife

[Continued from page 38]

Stanley returned, and then approach the matter calmly; it was not necessary to make a scene.

When in the middle of the afternoon the door-bell rang she ran to answer it herself. It simply must be Stan.

"Mayn't I come in?" Annabel Dexter inquired. Hazel's disappointment had rooted her to the spot, and she was blocking the entry. "I only want to rest a minute. How are you, child? Someone said you were ill. And how's Stan?"

"I'm all right—here, take another cushion. So's Stan; at least, I think so. He's off somewhere with Mrs. Duckworth today." Mrs. Dexter's fine eyebrows twitched. "By the way, has she got her divorce yet?"

"Haven't heard," Annabel yawned.

"I suppose it doesn't really matter," Hazel agreed brightly. Mrs. Dexter's eyes flickered around, taking Hazel in. She knew she was being pumped, and she was feeling her course. The whole thing was absurd, but how make Hazel see it so? Appeal to her as a woman of the world? Youth likes that.

"Eleanor Duckworth? 'I can imagine nothing of less consequence.' Like the poor, we have her always with us. Besides, you can't lead a husband around on a string, in blinders. And nothing makes a man so amiable as the consciousness of guilt. I wish my Edward would philander a little; I want some earrings."

"Maybe he does," Hazel suggested. "I suppose they all do?"

"An idea!" Annabel exclaimed. "I must go through his pockets at once. But I'm afraid there's no hope. It's the age limit." Annabel actually went away thinking she had done the right thing, fixed it up beautifully. Later, she would get hold of Stan, too, and give him a few hints.

However, there was scarcely time to do that before six thirty. Stanley came home hintless. Hazel was not at the door to meet him, and he hurried through to their bedroom. It was all untidy, with clothes thrown about on chairs, and an open suitcase on the floor; but Hazel was hunched up on a little sofa, still and rigid. She sprang up and backed away from his eager advance.

"You needn't bother," she said coldly.

"Bother? What is the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter, with me. Your bath is ready."

"Gee whizz, am I so unsanitary you won't give me a kiss? Hazel, whatcha mad about? Did you think I forgot?"

"Forget what?"

"What day it is. I brought you something, honey. What'll you give me for it?" His hand was in his pocket. Hazel eyed him from her distance. She was human, and therefore curious, but unluckily she remembered Annabel's remark about wanting earrings. *She* didn't want earrings, or anything else, at such a price. She had wanted and tried with all her soul to be a good wife; but if being a good wife meant being complaisant, shutting her eyes to the other women, she was through. "You didn't really think I forgot?" Stanley coaxed. "I tried to get it all put through by yesterday, but I couldn't, so I had to go out today—look here!" He held out a long envelope.

"What is it?" Hazel asked uncertainly. She could not bring herself even to touch the thing, since it might represent a sort of husbandly conscience money. Perhaps Mrs. Duckworth had helped choose it!

"It's your house," Stanley explained, bewildered, and beginning to feel a little hurt and angry himself. "The Harrod house; I bought it; had it put in your name, too. I kept it for a surprise for you. I knew you'd like the place, and I wanted—"

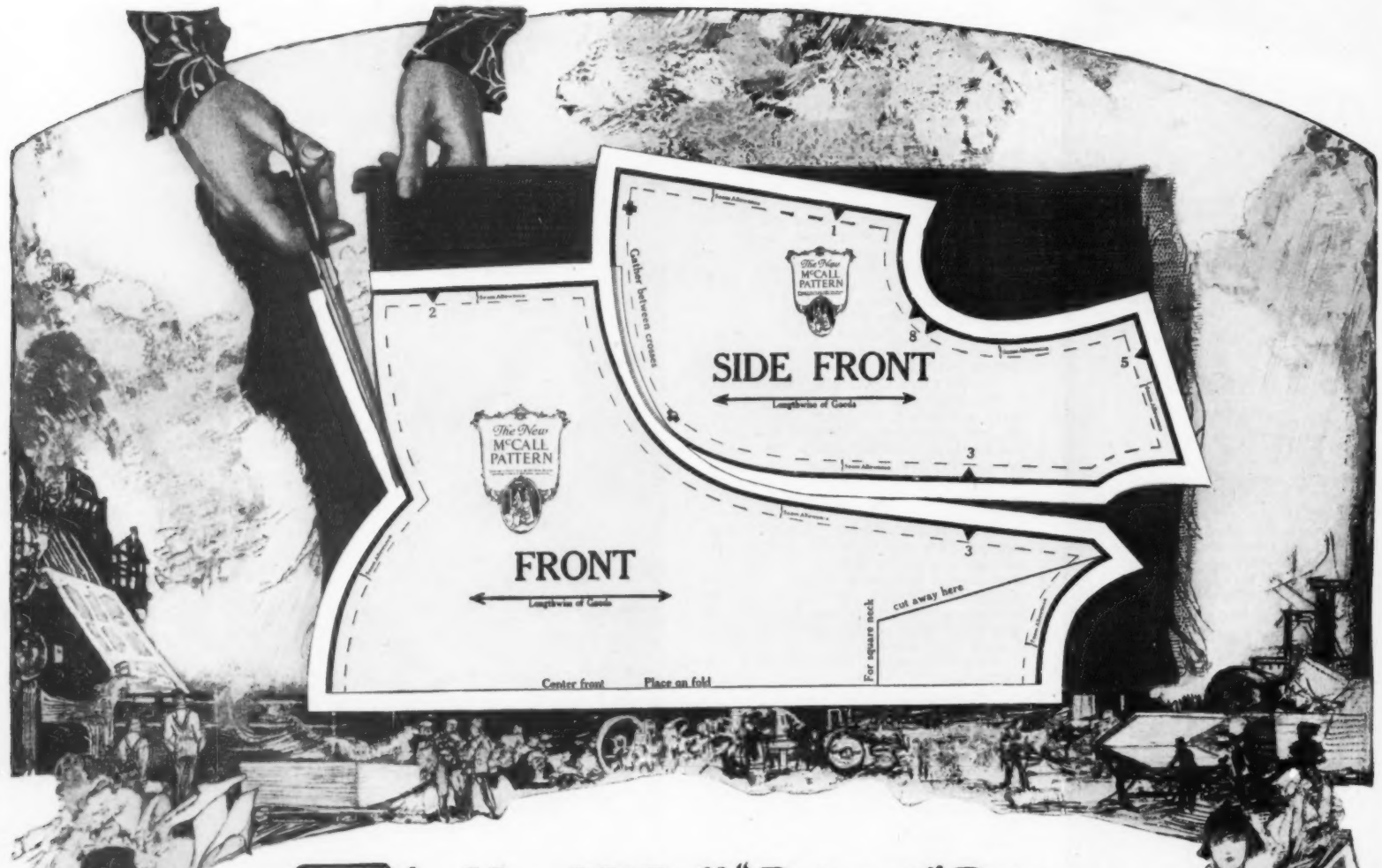
"I know what you wanted," Hazel said, fixing his eyes with her own. They glittered with fury, and her hands closed and unclosed. "You wanted to be convenient to that woman. She told you to buy it. You took her out with you today, even, didn't you? And you had it made out in my name! Why not in hers? Do you suppose I didn't know? Everyone knows. You thought I'd go on being deaf, blind and idiotic, making it all easy for you. Or perhaps you thought I wouldn't, that I'd get a divorce too. Well, I won't, I won't, I won't! I hate you, I hate you both, but I'll never divorce you in a million years; and I'll never, never speak to you again!"

"Good Lord!" said Pennington. He understood it all, in one stupefying moment, but still he did not understand it. He could not believe it. "My dear little girl—"

"Don't you touch me, don't you dare come near me!" his dear little girl advised him. And as he still made a step toward her, a hand mirror hurtled through the air, aimed with remarkable accuracy at his head. He ducked instinctively. It splintered against an electric-light bracket.

"Oh, oh, oh!" sobbed Hazel, "you've broken my heart! Get out, go away, leave me alone!"

[Continued on page 43]



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2502	.25	2538	.45	2574	.45
2503	.45	2539	.25	2575	.25
2504	.25	2540	.45	2576	.25
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2507	.35	2543	.45	2579	.45
2508	.45	2544	.35	2580	.40
2509	.45	2545	.25	2581	.40
2510	.45	2546	.25	2582	.30
2511	.25	2547	.45	2583	.45
2512	.25	2548	.45	2584	.30
2513	.25	2549	.30	2585	.25
2514	.25	2550	.45	2586	.25
2515	.25	2551	.25	2587	.25
2516	.25	2552	.45	2588	.45
2517	.25	2553	.40	2589	.25
2518	.30	2554	.45	2590	.25
2519	.30	2555	.30	2591	.30
2520	.30	2556	.25	2592	.45
2521	.30	2557	.30	2593	.45
2522	.45	2558	.45	2594	.30
2523	.30	2559	.25	2595	.45

The Perfect Wife

[*Continued from page 41*]

THE sound and the phrase taken together nearly finished Stanley, but he knew that if he laughed she would never forgive him. And not knowing what else to do or even what he was doing, he did precisely the right thing. He caught Hazel by the shoulders and shook her till her teeth chattered, saying firmly the while:

"Hazel, listen to me—are you listening? Listen, honey, I love you, and I don't care a straw for any other woman in the whole world. And if it's Mrs. Duckworth you're talking about, I wish you'd take her out and drown her. She's been pestering the life out of me for weeks, wanting me to act as her lawyer—and sympathize with her and see her husband for her and I don't know what all. She's got the whole blasted office laughing at me. I'd have told you about it, only one isn't supposed to tell such things; but there are no Queensberry rules in matrimony, and I don't care if I have known Eleanor all her life, I wouldn't give your little finger for her whole two hundred pounds. I did *not* go out with her today. She offered to drive me out, and I slid away and took the train. I don't know how I am to make my excuses to her, and what's more, I don't care. You can do it for me. Now is it all right?"

Hazel regarded him with a gleam of hope, like the first star after rain.

"Are you sure you don't like her best?" she sniffled. "You see, she's so much older than me—"

"If she was seventy," Stanley assured her extravagantly, "I'd still like you best."

"And I couldn't bear that she should go and cry to you if I—if I couldn't," Hazel explained, indicating further recovery by patting her disheveled hair.

"You can just howl your head off, darling," Stanley promised, "and if any other woman so much as sheds a tear in my presence, I'll call the police. Darn it, you're a human being after all, aren't you, Hazel? I don't know but it's nice for a change to see you step down from your pedestal and start a rough house. Sometimes I've wondered if you'd turn a hair if I got run over by a truck; or would you just send for the dressmaker to talk over the most becoming mourning. By the way, I'll sell the Harrod house again, or you can, I mean. We don't have to live there."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Hazel, with a long sigh of happiness. "I'd just as soon live there, as long as you don't especially want to."

Then their eyes met and they clung to each other, rocking with incoherent mirth.

The telephone on the bedside table rang furiously. Annabel's dinner was getting cold while she waited for her guests of honor. Stanley reached out absently and removed the receiver, placing it on the table.

"Now, honey," he said to Hazel, "since we've been married three years today, and I do love you, come and sit down and let's get acquainted."

Contact

[*Continued from page 34*]

postoffice of a morning after the Limited came in, as she had done in the days of her lazy girlhood, pleasantest of all to wander off toward the Indian Mound about sunset. There was almost as much sunset in the trees as in the sky, thanks to an early Fall.

Once or twice Lenore invited Edna to go along, but Edna was not much of a walker. She preferred a new novel, a deep chair full of cushions and a box of chocolates to any color-scheme that sumac and maple might perpetrate.

"There's a lovely, smoky haze on the woods," Lenore offered coaxingly. "And heaps of burning leaves. I'd forgotten how good it was. Come along, Eddie! Just time before supper to walk out to the Mound and back."

"I've had a hard day," said Edna languidly. She had played bridge in the morning, slept in the afternoon. "Take Dan—it'll do him good."

So Lenore took Dan. They walked out of the gate in silence.

"I'm afraid this'll bore you," said Lenore, with an odd touch of shyness. Dan was so tall, so dark-browed, so unsmiling. She had to remind herself of his youth—Edna had told her he was only twenty-four—to keep her own sense of necessary superiority.

"Not at all," said Dan briefly.

She glanced up at him from under the brim of her brown hat. It occurred to her flashingly that he also was shy, not so self-contained, perhaps, as he seemed. She tried a friendlier approach: "I'm so keen about tramping around—and it's not much fun alone."

"Nothing's much fun alone, I reckon," said Dan.

"You say that," said Lenore quickly, "as if you knew what it meant."

"Reckon I do," said Dan. "Don't you?"

"Oh—I—!" said Lenore. She wouldn't have believed an obvious question like that could startle her so. She didn't attempt to answer it.

They went through town and down the road to the lake. Tall sycamores went with them, and the fuzzy yellow flame of goldenrod. Smudges of bluish ironweed (northern flower-shops call it ageratum) clouded the ditches, showing a purple and dusty bloom where no dust had fallen. The sky was full of a chill and desperate color; streamers of saffron and hectic rose. There was a sharp wind stirring. Clouds moved swiftly. Lenore put her hands in her coat-pockets and walked fast. She was conscious of exhilaration and a faint rippling happiness in companionship. When they came to the Mound at the edge of the still, cold lake, she turned about and drew a long breath, flung a possessive arm up toward those supernal fires.

"Do say you like this!" she cried. "I feel guilty. Was there something else you wanted to do?"

She took off her hat and ruffled her hair with reckless fingers. How could anything be so dark-browed, so intently scowling, and yet so young, as Edna's husband? While she wondered, the scowl broke into a smile irresistibly eager.

"I like you with your hat off," he said frankly. "You've got sort of mysterious eyes. How did you happen to hit on this for a walk? I come here all the time, by myself. Sometimes a string of wild geese trail across the sky over those woods yonder. It makes it lonesome as the devil—funny!"

They sat down, toward the foot of the Mound in which dead Indians mouldered dreamlessly, facing the waveless lake and the farther woods over which the lonesome wild geese flew.

"You ought to bring Edna here sometime," said Lenore suddenly.

"Tried to. No good. She hates walking."

"That's too bad, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's too bad. She's getting fat."

Lenore made a little sound of protest: "Oh, I wouldn't say that. She's just pink and white and soft. Her skin is like rose-leaves."

Dan said evenly: "I don't like people to be soft."

"Not even women?" Lenore could not keep a faint amusement out of her voice.

He looked back at her with an odd directness. "Why women any more than men? You're not soft, yourself."

"I—" she hesitated, broke off short and laughed. "Well, I dont like it, either. But if Edna does—"

"She didn't use to," said Edna's husband simply. "When we were in love—"

"When you were first in love," corrected Lenore gently. She felt an adult, almost an elder kindliness warming her smile. He was so youngly frank, so simple in his attitudes.

He answered indifferently, "If you want to call it that." And somehow he was all at once neither so young nor so simple. He leaned on one elbow, stretched out on the ground beside her, and stared inscrutably off into the sky. Lenore followed his look and lost herself. The place was beautifully quiet. Even the delicate chill in the air made for peace. Already the blaze overhead was dying; shadow veiled the woods and the lake.

"Are you missing the city?" he asked her suddenly.

"Not yet," said Lenore.

"But you would, if you stayed here long."

She admitted reluctantly: "Ye-es, I think I should."

"Tell me about it. What kind of a job have you got? Do you like it? I'll bet you'd be a peach in an office, with that quiet, quick way of yours, and your steady hands."

"Have I got steady hands?" She looked down at them, pleased and laughing.

"First thing I noticed about you. Steady as a rock. Look as if you'd never held a card in your life."

"Do you—disapprove—of cards, Dan?"

"No. I loathe 'em."

[*Continued on page 44*]

Contact

[*Continued from page 43*]

"Oh!" said Lenore. She had a flashing vision of Edna's bridge-parties.

"That's why," said Dan as if she'd spoken aloud. "Go on. Tell me what you do in the city."

Lenore told him, trying to feel amused, and succeeding in appearing so, vaguely.

When she had done, "This man you work for," said Dan musingly, "you like him?"

Lenore linked her hands loosely together and smiled. She visualized Thornton Buckner's thin, pleasant face, his eyes, gray behind rimless glasses, his slightly stooping shoulders, his wide, clean-lipped mouth with its infrequent quizzical smile. "Why yes," she said surprisedly. "I've been so busy working for him, I hadn't thought about it much, one way or the other, but I do like him, uncommonly, now that you ask me."

"Too bad I asked you," said Dan. "If it just woke you up to it." He smiled, himself, in a rather engaging way. "Lot of things I'd like to ask you about," he added after a minute; "but maybe we'd better be stepping, if we're going to get back in time for supper." He helped her to her feet, handed her her hat with friendly gravity. "You know," he said simply, "you're like a breeze on a hot day, in that house." The crude phrase lingered curiously in Lenore's mind while they swung down the Lake road and through the Town, on their way home to supper.

Above the second helping of chocolate soufflé that found its way to his wife's plate, Dan cast a faint, despairing scowl at Lenore. "You see!" his black eyes said. A mushroom growth of camaraderie between them already.

After supper, they sat in cushioned rocking-chairs on the shadowy veranda until the frosty wind that rustled the leaves of the cottonwood by the gate drove them in.

Then Lenore pleaded a slight headache and went to bed. She was oddly disturbed by a feeling of guilty sympathy where Dan was concerned. She might have known that the cotton-wool peace of the house was no peace at all to that high-headed young caballero. Why hadn't she seen what those smoldering eyes under frowning dark brows were saying to her from the first? He was like something free that has been trapped and broods only seemingly quiescent.

How had he got into it? How indeed! How had Lenore herself got into the tawdry trap of Archie's setting? Didn't youth snare itself—daily?

Lenore slept on it, dreamed of it and laughed at herself next morning for an imaginative idiot.

Edna was so fresh and sweet in her lilac lawn; Mrs. Greenough so motherly-dear behind the shining silver coffee-pot; Mr. Greenough so patriarchally kind; Dan himself so brushed and shaven and businesslike. There were fresh flowers on the table, a canary in a painted wooden cage sang madly in a sunny window—altogether an idyllic breakfast-table!

THE days in such a place could not but pass softly. They passed—three, four, very nearly five of them—before Dan said anything other than good morning and good night to Lenore again. She wondered if he deliberately avoided her, and couldn't be sure. He had a kind of dignified aloofness rather touching to clairvoyant eyes, as if he regretted having so much as hinted at dissatisfaction. On the night of the fifth day, however, she could not help seeing that he made opportunity for talk with her. Edna was reading beside the lamp in the living-room. Mrs. Greenough was darning stockings, also beside the lamp. Mr. Greenough had "gone to lodge."

"Peach of a moon—come out and look!" said Dan suddenly from the doorway.

"You go, Lenore; I'm busy," murmured Edna abstractedly.

Lenore looked up at Dan. His Arab eyes said, "Come." She laid her own book down upon the table and followed him out. They walked the length of the porch, checkered with the shifting shadow of a climbing rose vine, and sat down in the swinging seat. Lenore's bronze-colored crêpe, which had been her one good frock for a year, clothed her in darkness, with an occasional metallic gleam. Her hair was soft against her smooth cheeks and above her ears. Her mouth was just red enough. She used a French perfume—although she couldn't afford it—enough to be barely conscious of it, herself. The moon, blazing through a web of rose-branches, showed her slim, cool hands, lying whitely in her lap.

Dan looked at her for a moment, then said an extraordinary thing: "Edna sends you off with me as if you were my aunt. . . ."

Lenore smiled at him pleasantly, above a startled pulse.

"I am your sister—almost."

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The Coast of Cockaigne

[*Continued from page 17*]

staring than she had ever seen them, and she fancied that he had lost a shade or two of color; but he met her glance with a quick nod and said in a husky voice: "I agree with Mr. Zinn, Linda. He's made a very handsome offer indeed. It—it's an easy way out for us. If I were you, I'd accept."

Lucinda delayed another moment, then turned to Zinn with a nod. "Very well, Mr. Zinn. If Mr. Lontaine's agreeable, I don't mind . . ."

"Fine business!" Zinn held out a mottled, hairy paw. "It's agreed, then, all like I said? All right: Shake hands on your bargain. I and you don't need any writing between us, do we, Miss Lee? Your word's good enough for me, all right . . ."

VI

HARRY LONTAINE got home rather late for one who expected to dress for an eight o'clock dinner several miles away. Before the door which gave upon the intimate quarters of the bungalow, nevertheless, he hung for several minutes in apparent reluctance to proceed, strained attentiveness in his attitude. From beyond came never a sound. At length he pushed the door open.

Immediately he saw Fanny. Bathed in an extravagance of light, she sat in her dressing-room, facing a long mirror of three panels; attired *en grande toilette*, wearing every jewel she possessed, a strangely brilliant and stirless figurine of modern femininity, with bobbed hair gleaming like burnished brass, milk-white bosom and arms rising out of a calyx of peachblow taffeta, jewels stung to iridescent life by that fierce down-glare.

In a voice that struggled to sound even and natural, Lontaine said: "Ah, Fanny! dressed already, eh? Must be later than I thought." Nervously he consulted his wrist. "It's half-past. Never dreamed time was getting away from me like that!"

"You have been . . . busy, yes?"

"Rather. Gassing with Zinn, you know."

"Naturally." Fanny's tone remained illegible.

"Have to rush for it now—what? Or Summerlad'll be vexed."

"You think so, really? With 'Cindy there to reconcile him?"

"Something in that, no doubt. Still"—Lontaine made as if to go to his own room, but lingered—"it's hardly the thing to be so much behind time. See here, old girl, you're all dressed . . .

"Since you're quite ready—what's the matter with your cutting along and explaining I'll be delayed a bit? You can send the car back for me. Why not?"

"Why not?" The movement of enameled lips was barely perceptible.

But Lontaine took this for assent, and disappeared into his dressing-room, where a series of clicks was audible as he turned on lights.

The woman before the mirror heard Lontaine moving about, the snap of the bathroom light, a clashing noise of bottles and toilet articles shifted upon their shelf; after that, Lontaine's footsteps returning.

"Hello! Thought you were going on ahead."

In brittle accents Fanny replied: "Plenty of time. Something the matter?"

"Can't find my razors."

"No." The woman's counterfeit in the glass nodded gravely to the man at her back. "No," she iterated, "—and it's no good your hunting for them, either, Harry."

"What!" Lontaine advanced a single, sudden stride. "What's that for?"

"I thought it might save trouble. I haven't forgotten that hideous scene we had in London, last time you decided it was all up with you, there wasn't any way out but to cut your throat. We've had so many of these crises in our married life, Harry, I ought to know the signs—don't you think?"

The man stumbled into a chair, bending a lowering countenance over hands savagely laced. "What else can I do?" he groaned. "Zinn . . . I think that he suspects me . . . insists on getting at the books first thing tomorrow."

"How much have you got into 'Cindy for?"

"Fifty thou.—perhaps a few more."

Fanny laughed thoughtfully, left her chair, and, standing at the dressing-table, began slowly to strip off her jewels, her sunburst brooch, her flexible bracelets, the pearls that had been her mother's, her rings, even that slender hoop of platinum and diamonds which she had never removed since the day of her marriage.

"Stocks?" she inquired quietly. "Somebody's sure-fire tip, of course. Funny how you never learn from experience, Harry. Ah, well! It can't be helped, you are what you are—and in my way, God knows, I'm no better. If I'd been a stronger woman, I might have made it another story for you; if you'd been a stronger man, you might have saved me . . ." Lontaine lifted his head sharply, but cringed under her level, ironic gaze. "All the same, we've so often been through the rough together, I presume I must have grown fond of you in some queer, twisted fashion. I don't want you to go away thinking I blame you . . ."

"Go away?" Lontaine groaned, without looking up. "Where can I go, where they wouldn't find me? I'd rather be dead than a convict!"

"Don't worry: I'll soon talk 'Cindy round, persuade her not to be too hard on you. Here . . ." Fanny bent and poured into the cup of Lontaine's hands that coruscating wealth of jewelry. "These ought to see you a long way . . ."

"What!" Lontaine jumped up, staring in daze at the treasure in the hands that instinctively reached out to Fanny, offering to give back her gift. But she stood with hands behind her, shaking her head till the glistening, short locks stood out like a brazen nimbus. "But you, Fanny—what will you—?"

"Never fear for me, Harry," she said with a smile of profoundly cynical significance. "I'll get along . . ."

"But these . . . every trinket you own . . . !"

"I'll get others."

He felt a creeping tide of blood scorch his face and, avoiding the derisive challenge of her eyes, began wretchedly to stuff the plunder into his pockets, muttering, half to himself: "What a pity! If only I hadn't turned out such a rotten failure! If only we could have hit it off together!"

"If you hurry, you can catch the night train for 'Frisco."

"Well . . ." He glanced uneasily at her. "So it comes to this at last, eh? . . . good-by!"

"Good-by," she repeated, casually amiable.

"I daresay . . ." He gave an uncomfortable laugh. "Daresay it's stupid; but, well, the usual thing, you know . . ."

"Oh!" she said, as one indulges a persistent child, "if you really want to kiss me, Harry, go ahead."

Nevertheless she turned her mouth aside, his lips brushed only her powdered cheek. Then she stepped back to her mirror and with a puff made good the imperceptible damage. The glass showed Lontaine's shadow slinking out. She heard the slam of the front door. Her hand fumbled, the powder puff dropped unheeded, a mist drifted across her vision, she gasped a breathless exclamation. Tears meant a wrecked make-up . . .

Though there was need enough for haste, Lontaine dragged slowly down the walk, the hands in his pockets fingering the price of the last, sorry shreds of self-respect, and at the curb halted with a hand on the door of his car for so long a time that the chauffeur at length grew inquisitive.

"Where to, Mr. Lontaine?"

"No!" Lontaine blurted into the man's confounded face, and whirling on a heel strode hastily back toward the bungalow.

As he drew near, he could hear Fanny's voice at the telephone in the living-room; and he paused with a foot lifted to the lowermost of the veranda steps.

"Hello? Is it you, dear? Fan . . . First chance I've had. . . . Poor darling! I've been wanting to see you all day and tell you how I sympathized . . . Yes; any time you please, as soon as you like. I'm all alone. . . . Yes: we had a little talk tonight, came to an understanding. He won't be in our way ever again, Barry dear . . ."

Something amused her, echoes of her laughter haunted Lontaine down the walk. "Union Pacific Station!" he cried to his chauffeur. "Drive like mad!"

VII

THE sunset was a glory in the sky when Lucinda motored to Beverly Hills; the heavens in the west had opened out like a many-petaled rose of promise, whose reflected glow enhanced the warm carnation of her face and found response in the slow fire of dreaming eyes.

The soft air of evening was sweet to taste with parted lips. Upon a perfect highroad the car swung and swooped and swerved like a swallow, through a countryside lapped in the beauty of eternal Spring. She thought, "This blessed land!" and knew herself thrice-blessed to be at once in it, in love and in the flower of her years.

Yet the car was a snail, the minutes sluggards, the beauty of the world a bore to one jealous of every second lost from the half-hour she had schemed to have alone with Lynn before dinner. She was so happy in being rid of Nolan and allied with Zinn—who had smelled good profits in the wind before risking one lonely dollar on the success of Linda Lee, one might be sure!—that she could hardly wait to tell her great news to her beloved.

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The Coast of Cockaigne

[*Continued from page 45*]

So it seemed a churlish chance indeed that ordained her reception exclusively at the hands and gleaming teeth of a semi-intelligible Jap who, having communicated the information that Mister was having his foot treated by an osteopath but would soon be disengaged, smirked himself into an indeterminate background and left Lucinda alone to make the best of her disappointment.

She made herself at home, and sought but somehow failed to distill a compensating thrill from the reflection that she would erelong be required to make herself at home in this environment for good and all. Erelong meaning, of course, after Reno. . . . The eye of the prospective chatelaine took on a mildly critical cast. The house was admirably planned, amply big for two; but some details would want rearranging before one would care to call the premises one's very own. The present scheme, for example, lacked any place where one could accumulate quantities of books, according to Lucinda's notion, the real nucleus of a civilized home. Lynn, poor dear, worked so hard that he had precious little time to give to reading—a moan he was wont to make whenever their talks took a literary turn. The few volumes his library boasted left yawning spaces on one modest rack of shelves.

Curiosity concerning Lynn's tastes led Lucinda to con the straggling ranks of titles. Novels in the majority, naturally. A broken set of De Maupassant, another of O. Henry, Wells' "The Outline of History" (uncut). Six copies of the same edition of "Who's Who on the Screen," a beautifully bound copy of Laurence Hope's "Indian Love Lyrics . . ."

With a chuckle Lucinda took possession of this last. Lynn *would* have Laurence Hope! Evidently a gift copy. When she opened the book at its fly-leaf a slip of printed paper fluttered out. Without pausing to read the inscription, Lucinda retrieved the clipping: a half-tone from one of the motion-picture monthlies, a view of the bungalow ground, with the house in the distance, and in the foreground Lynn and a young woman arm-in-arm, laughing at the camera . . .

THE evening had grown dark when the rattling of a telephone startled her into renewed contact with her surroundings. She found herself in the recess of one of the windows that overlooked the lawn. Behind her a door opened, releasing upon the gloom a bar of golden light. Without moving, she watched Summerlad, in a dressing-gown hastily thrown on over dress-shirt and trousers, hobble over to the telephone and conduct his end of the short conversation. He hung up and peered blindly round the room.

"Linda?" he called. "What's the grand idea, sitting all alone in the dark?" At the same time he switched on wall-sconces and, blinking, saw her. "Rotten luck!" he grumbled, trying to sound sincere. "Fanny says they can't come—Harry's got a sick headache or something. Wonder if you'd mind dining here with me alone, this once? I can't very well go out with this foot."

Lucinda made no sound. His eyes contracted as he perceived the abnormal absence of color in her face, the dark dilation of her unwavering eyes. Limping, he approached.

"What's the matter, sweetheart? Hadn't any idea you'd be so early; and today I gave my foot another nasty wrench, out on location, and had to call in Cheney to fix it up. He's just left, and I was beginning to dress . . . What?"

"Lynn: why didn't you ever tell me you were married?"

Summerlad said "Damnation!" half beneath his breath and moved nearer. "That officious husband of yours!" he exploded vindictively.

"Did Bel know? I presume he must have. But you're mistaken. It was this . . ."

Summerlad frowned blankly at the book she offered him.

"I found it, Lynn, quite by accident. Hope's 'Indian Love Lyrics.' Don't you remember? See, it's inscribed: *'To my Lynn, on the first anniversary of our marriage, with all my heart—Nelly.'* And this picture of you two, published just after you came to live here. . . . Oh, Lynn! why did you lie to me about that poor girl?"

For a moment Summerlad merely gnawed his underlip. Then with a sign of despair he turned back to a club-lounge, against which he rested to ease his foot. He said in a thick and angry mumble, as Lucinda followed a little way into the room: "I thought I could keep it from you until . . ."

"Till when? Till what?" she asked. "But to let me go on thinking . . . Since you don't live together, why aren't you divorced?"

"She refuses to divorce me. I suppose she is—or was—still crazy about me."

"But what prevents you—?"

"Nelly said if I tried to divorce her she'd fight back, and she knows . . ."

He shut teeth on his blundering tongue and looked more than ever guilty.

"About you? You mean—about you and other women?"

"Hang it all! I've never pretended to be a plaster saint, have I, Linda?"

"No wonder the poor thing hated me!"

"I've been doing my best," Summerlad argued sullenly. "When I saw how it was going to be with you and me, I went to Nelly and gave her some money and promised her more if she'd go back home and get a divorce on the dead quiet. I thought everything was going to be all right till she turned up again with your husband."

"You think Bel had anything to do—?"

"I think he hunted Nelly up and induced her to come back here."

"But I don't quite see why . . ."

"He wanted Nelly on the spot as a sort of club over my head. Not meaning to use it so long as we behaved ourselves."

"Lynn!"

"Oh, forgive me! I didn't mean to say that. Linda," he implored desperately, "don't look at me that way! I lied about Nelly—yes—but only to spare your feelings. If you'd thought people were talking about you, stepping out with a married man, you'd have given me the air, and . . . and I couldn't do without you, dear. But you're so different, you're so wonderful, everything a fellow dreams about. If I lost you I'd—I'd—I think I'd go out of my mind!

"Linda, sweetheart! Don't let this rotten accident spoil everything for us. If you love me—and you know I love you—what if we are both married? Life can still be sweet . . ."

She offered no resistance, only drew back her head to cheat his lips; for the love she had given the man still was dear, dangerously sweet, disarming. Already she was aware of anxiety to grasp at excuses for him, already she felt her strength to resist being sapped, flesh and spirit succumbing anew to the spell he knew so well how to weave.

She wrestled with a weakness stronger than all her strength. They couldn't go on like this; even Reno couldn't save her now, only the instinct of self-preservation latent in her . . .

Of a sudden her mind caught at a straw of memory, she drew away, with a hand upon his bosom, put him firmly from her.

"No, Lynn. Wait. Tell me something . . . You say she—your wife—agreed to divorce you? When was that? The day I found her senseless in her room?"

"I suppose so. Does it matter?"

"I want to know . . . Did you have much of a scene with her?"

"I'll say it was some stormy young session."

"Is that why you found it necessary to strike her? She had a bruise on her cheek, that afternoon; and it wasn't an old bruise. Lynn, you struck her!"

"Perhaps. Maybe I did forget myself, I don't remember. But what if I did? She asked for it, didn't she? Do you think I've got the patience of a saint, to let her get away with her insisting on standing between you and me?"

She started back in repugnance, but he overtook her in the middle of the room and crushed her to him.

"Linda, Linda! I love you, dearest, you love me, nothing else can possibly matter but our need for each other. For God's sake be kind, let's forget—"

Her fury found him unprepared. Again his arms were empty. And this time when he started in pursuit, something he couldn't see struck him brutally in the bosom and bodily threw him back. In the same instant he heard a heavy, crashing noise he couldn't account for. An inhuman sound. It shook the room, beat deafeningly upon his ears. As if someone had overturned a heavy piece of furniture. Only no one had. Certainly he hadn't, certainly Lucinda hadn't. She was flattened against the farther wall, watching him with a face of horror, blanched and gaping.

Enraged, he put forth all his strength to recover. And instantly that inexplicable blow was repeated. And again. Each time with that savage noise. Like thunder cut off short. And each time he reeled under the impact, and sickening pains shot through him, like knives white-hot. He felt himself sinking . . .

In expiring flashes of consciousness he saw Lucinda, still flat against the wall, staring not at him but at a French window nearby. Between its curtains a woman's arm was thrust, the hand grasping an automatic pistol with muzzle faintly fuming. There was a face of shadowed pallor dimly visible beyond the curtains, a face with wild, cruelly exultant eyes—Nelly's . . .

[*Concluded in the April* McCALL'S]

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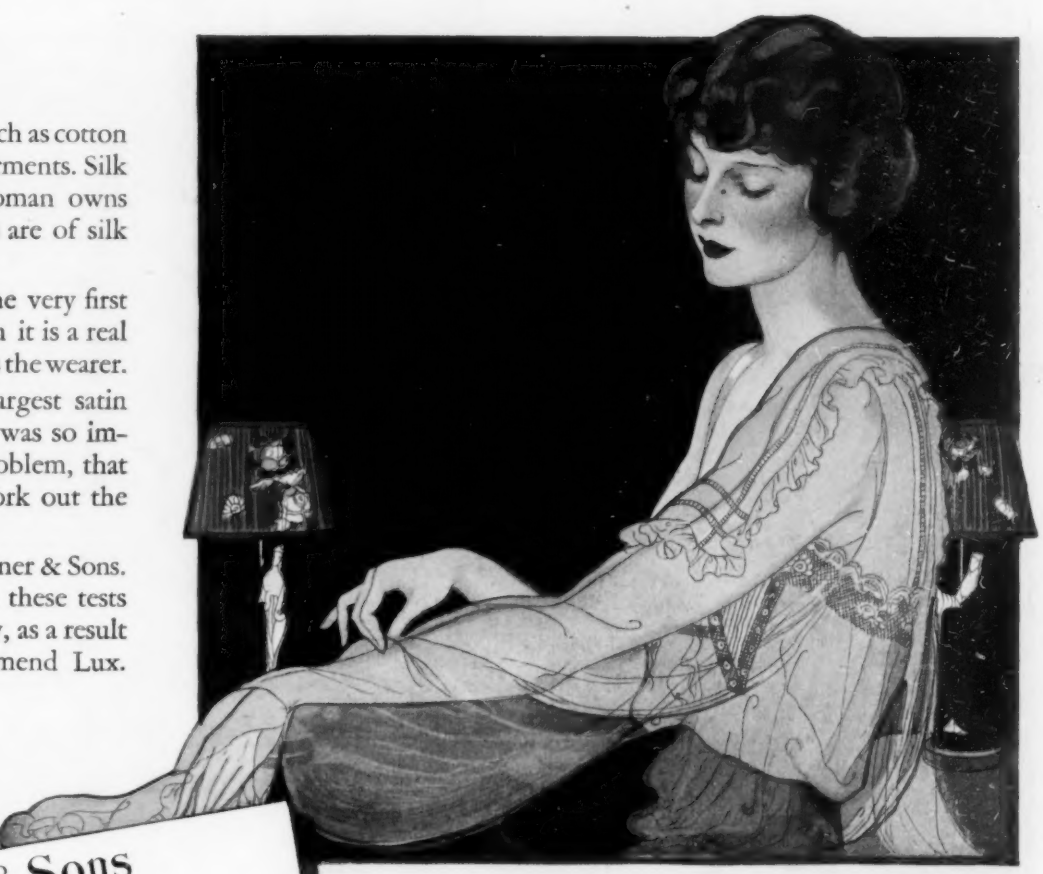

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We had samples of our various wash silks laundered in Lux - Peau de Cygnes, Charmeuse, all silk satins, etc. Each sample was given the number of washings the average silk garment gets in a year.

We found that at the end of the washings none of the silks had stiffened and in no instance did the delicate threads fray or rough up. We noticed particularly that the Peau de Cygnes did not "pull" or become wiry as frequently happens after washing, and that the satins retained their suppleness.

All the silks showed so few signs of wear that it was hard to believe they had been washed so often. This we think is undoubtedly due to the fact that it is not only unnecessary to rub with Lux, but that the Lux lather is absolutely mild and pure.

These experiments have definitely proved to us that if water alone won't hurt a silk, Lux can't, and we are glad to give it an unqualified endorsement.

Very truly yours,
William Skinner & Sons
WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS.

How to launder silks

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in towel or lay flat between Turkish towel, so that the excess moisture will be absorbed. When nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one. Be careful to press satins with the nap.

For colored things, make suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running.

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—*it is free.* Address Dept. H-3 Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

Won't injure anything
pure water alone won't harm

Never wring or twist silk. It gives the fabric a pulled, wavy appearance which is permanent. Water should be squeezed or shaken out. It is well to place a very delicate silk between cloths while squeezing.

Never sprinkle a silk. It will make it look spotty and this appearance can only be overcome by relaundering.

Press silks on the wrong side while they are still damp or place a thin cloth over the right side of the silk and iron. The latter method is often better for very thin silk.

A hot iron should never be used on silk. It will cause the silk to split. It also makes it stiff and papery and will yellow it.

Small silk things, such as stockings or vests, which are washed after almost every wearing, require only light suds. One or two teaspoonfuls of Lux should be enough.

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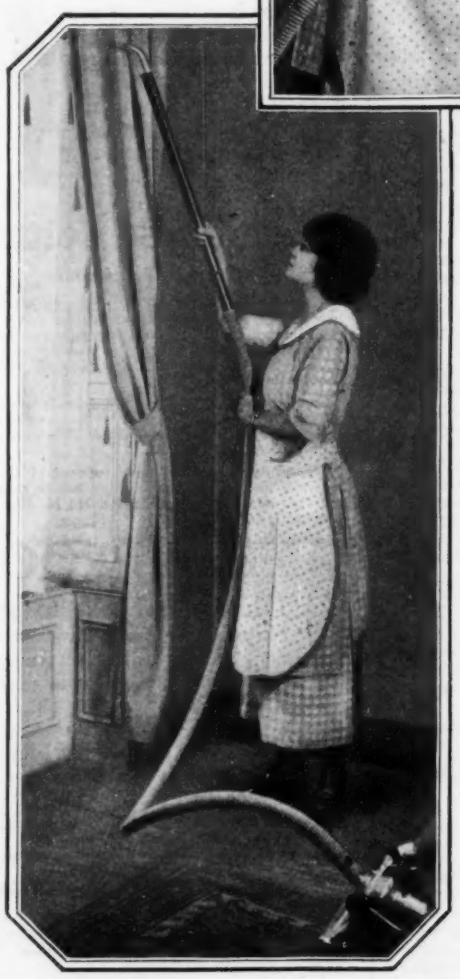

It also cleans your woodwork, picture frames and moldings, furniture, draperies, mattresses and even the winter clothes.

Instead of clouding the air with fine disagreeable dust, which brings harm to health, strain to muscles, increase to labor, the strong suction of this unfailing cleaner magically pulls the obstinate dirt from the tufts and creases of your matress.

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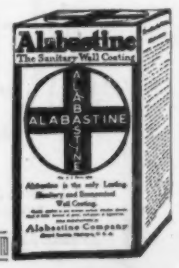


The Alabastine Company, 563 Grandville Avenue Grand Rapids, Mich.

Contact

[*Continued from page 44*]

"I'll say you're not! You're not even *her* sister. You're no blood-kin to either of us. It's just accident, our being here together like this—intimately."

"She knows I'm older, too, Dan."

"Five years older—what's that? To a girl who keeps herself fit, the way you do. It only makes you more—"

Lenore cut in uneasily. "Edna feels most likely that my—the sort of time I had with Archie has made me old. And it has! Old and impersonal and tired."

"I don't believe you."

She stammered, surprised: "Why—Dan!"

"I'm sorry," he said instantly, with a gleam of white teeth in a reluctant smile. "Didn't mean to be rude; but you know darn well—whatever you were when you came here, a couple of weeks ago—you're not tired now. You're restless as the dickens; up on your toes, all the time. I've been watching you. I know."

"How do you know, O Prophet?"

"Don't kid me! I know because we're pretty much alike, you and I. A couple of hawks in a pigeon-loft. I can feel it in you, all the time. Isn't it so?"

"I'm not really tired, any more," said Lenore slowly. She was trying to feel her way between the things she mustn't say and the pretenses she saw he simply wouldn't accept. "I was, when I came here. But it's rested me. This is a very peaceful house, Dan."

"Two weeks of it has rested you," he commented moodily. "I've had almost two years of it. I'm getting so I can hardly breathe."

"Dan, what do you mean?"

"Dry-rot," he told her succinctly. "Suppose it were you. . . ."

Lenore tried. She thought of herself living, year in and year out, in the cushioned and rosy inertia of the Greenough family.

"Poor Danny!" she whispered suddenly. She laid her hand on his arm. He closed his own over it, almost fiercely.

"I knew you wouldn't be afraid to talk about it."

Lenore said nothing. It was so horribly difficult to know what lead to give him. And yet—it was like a comrade calling to her. . . .

Dan was saying, slowly: "I used to be kind of a wild kid, you know. I used to want to go into the navy. I always wanted to knock around the world a bit; but after my people came here to live and I met Edna, all I could think of was getting her to marry me . . . and she wouldn't do that till I had gotten a start . . . so I went into Judge Raymond's office—I'd had a year of law at college—and he helped me along. He's my mother's brother, you know."

"Is that how you got into law?"

"That's how I got in. Oh, I don't think I've soldiered on it! In a way—part of me sort of likes it. I passed a fairly decent examination when I went up. If I stick, I'll be a respected citizen some day, in a cutaway and a two-quart hat, sit on platforms at mass meetings, maybe pull down a corporation job, own a stone house and a closed car, give platinum and diamonds to Edna on birthdays and Christmases. Question is: I've got one life, and *is that what I want in it?*"

He went on, crushing her hand in sunburned, nervous fingers.

"I was crazy over Edna. She was the pink-and-whitest thing you ever saw. We went pretty well off our heads about each other for a while. But, you know what I feel like, now, sometimes?"

"What, Dan?" Lenore drew her hand away, ever so gently. Something warned her that the quickened beating of her heart took its tempo from another heart not very far away.

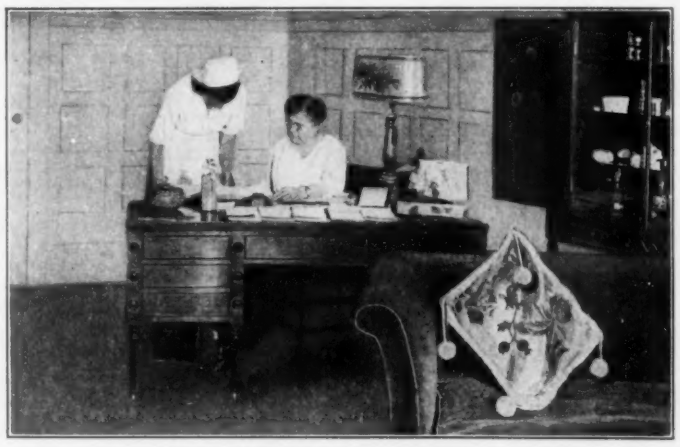
He told her a trifle huskily: "As if I'd gotten into one of those damned jars of dried rose-leaves—potpourri, I think they call 'em. And before I know it, I'll be middle-aged, with a paunch and a pair of jowls. Then I won't want to get out, and I'll be done for! Without a notch on my gun. . . . Know what I mean?"

The moonlight fell upon his passionate young mouth, his cleanly-fleshed, smooth chin. He held his head like a stag. Old trumpet-calls echoed in his unsteady voice. Of all mates for a cushioned chair and a sweetmeat!

"Yes," said Lenore recklessly, "I know what you mean."

"It's you that's got me going like this," he told her. "I'd been trying to choke myself off. Edna's satisfied. Good Lord! she's as satisfied as a cat with its whiskers full of cream! She wraps another layer of pink cotton about me every little while—and feeds me up so I'd lose my muscle and wind in a week if I didn't walk myself thin again. She knows every year that goes over us gives her a tighter hold. She sort of builds a family around me like

[*Continued on page 53*]



Where clients are received at lovely Primrose House

The Value of a Smile

By Elsie Waterbury Morris

A DESIRE to smile—a glad willingness to meet the world with twinkling eyes and the corners of the mouth turned up—signifies as nothing else can, joy in living, and a spirit of enthusiasm that is the true foundation of youth.

Because of the discoveries we have made at Primrose House about smiles and their effect on beauty, I feel entitled to say a few words which may give a new twist to a well-worn subject.

First of all, we have found out that the most expert treatment we could give would not bring out a woman's loveliest self—unless she would do her part, too.

We could soften her skin to the texture of rose leaves, bring to her cheeks the delicate glow that comes from exquisite cleanliness—and yet—if she refused to relax, if she knotted her forehead over the weary problems of the day, tightened her mouth at the constant remembrance of real or fancied worries, she did not look her best self in spite of the loveliness of her skin.

This gave us an idea, and our nurses forthwith were instructed not only to refresh and stimulate tired muscles and tissues but to make an effort to refresh and stimulate weary spirits as well, so that a woman might have an outlook which would be as radiant as her complexion.

This seems like quite a task, doesn't it? But we realized that it was absolutely necessary, *for the most precious cosmetic in existence is not so valuable an aid to beauty as a happy spirit.*

You may rejoice then in the knowledge that you have the means of obtaining right in your own home one of the most important ingredients of beauty—a smile.

To be sure smiles don't always come easily; they have to be coaxed, persuaded and even forced to make their appearance, but haven't you noticed that having once arrived they frequently become quite friendly of their own accord?

There's another interesting fact about this close connection between smiles and beauty. Smiles not only increase good looks but good looks increase smiles!

What I mean is just this: If you have on your most becoming frock, if your hair is carefully dressed and your complexion a delight to the eye, don't you naturally feel more like smiling than when you know you are not looking very presentable?

Of course you do! You smile from happiness because you know you are looking your best, and thereby become lovelier than ever.

And that will give you the cue to one very good way of inducing smiles. I have talked about smiles as an aid to beauty; now I am going to say a word or two about beauty as an aid to smiles.

We are often told that careless dress indicates careless habits of mind. Just as surely, a muddy complexion is apt to indicate muddy thoughts.

Nothing shows neglect so quickly as the face, and on the other hand, nothing responds so quickly to intelligent treatment. No woman need be discouraged about her appearance, for the answer to her problem is within her own reach.

But if this seems to you too sweeping a statement, just try this as a first step toward beauty. First cleanse your face scientifically, until it glows with exquisite freshness, then think the happiest thoughts you can, and finally smile! And now—still smiling!—tiptoe to the mirror and peek at yourself. I'm confident that the reflection that waits for you there will well repay you for your trouble!

ALTHOUGH all skins require careful cleansing, they cannot all be treated in the same way. Roughly speaking, though, skins may be divided into two classes, oily and dry. I shall give you some directions for each condition.

Many women with oily skins have the mistaken idea that they must avoid creams. This is not the case, for while creams must be used sparingly on such skins, they are most important in their place, as follows: The woman with oily skin should, as the first step in the cleansing process, cover her face with a cleansing cream which will remove the surface impurities, without leaving an oily deposit. (A good cleansing cream is made of oils which are not absorbed by the skin). Wipe the cream off and clean the face with warm water or specially prepared cleaning packs, giving particular attention to those parts of the skin where the pores are clogged with blackheads or other impurities. (This is likely to be round the nose and chin). After the pores have been thoroughly cleansed, they must be closed with applications of cold, soft water. Ice is even better, except for a thin face. Then bathe the skin and apply a delicate touch of powder.

The woman with the dry skin may use cream much more liberally than her sister with the oily skin. She also begins her cleansing process by using a cleansing cream. This is carefully wiped off and skin freshener is applied. Next a nourishing cream is carefully molded into the face and left for about fifteen minutes, when it is wiped off and the skin is again bathed with skin freshener. A light dusting of powder furnishes the final touch.

MRS. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS tells the dwellers on McCall Street how the women of New York's most aristocratic and exclusive set retain their youth and beauty. At Primrose House, which Mrs. Morris has established in New York, registered nurses give the treatments which work these marvels.

As no two skins are alike, every client's skin-condition is diagnosed and she receives treatment exactly suited to her needs.

By a marvelous service-plan, never before offered to the readers of any magazine, women and girls who live on McCall Street will receive from Mrs. Morris, by correspondence, just such thoughtful, individual instructions as are given to clients at Primrose House. Write to Mrs. Morris, care McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City, for her confidential Diagnosis Sheet. Enclose stamped addressed envelope.

Charles Rex

[Continued from page 25]

unlashing the rope, as one who looked on from afar.

Then Larpent was with them again. He dragged Toby to his feet, and in a flash Saltash turned, the life-buoy on his arm.

"What the devil are you doing?"

Larpent pointed. "They've got the boat free. Go—while you can!"

But Saltash barely glanced across. He put the life-buoy over Toby's head and shoulders and began to wind the rope around him. It did not need a glance to know that the boat would never get away.

At his action Toby gasped, and sudden understanding awoke in his eyes. He dragged one arm free, and made as if he would cling to Saltash.

"Keep me with you, sir!" he cried out wildly. "Don't make me go alone!"

Saltash gripped the clutching hand, dropping the end of rope. It trailed down, and Larpent caught it, flung it round Saltash's body, and knotted it while he was lifting Toby over the rail.

Then for a second Saltash hung, one hand still gripping Toby's, the other holding to the rail of his sinking yacht, the two of them poised side by side above the abyss.

"You'll save yourself, Larpent!" he cried. "I shall want you."

And with that he turned suddenly to his shivering companion, and actually smiled into the terrified eyes. "Come on, Toby!" he said. "We go—together!"

He flung his leg over with the words and leapt straight downward. Toby's shriek sounded through the tumult as they went into the gray depths.

CHAPTER VI

LARPENT'S DAUGHTER

THE sinking of *The Night Moth* after being in collision with the liner, *Corfe Castle*, bound for Brazil, was an event of sufficient importance to be given a leading place in the newspapers of the following day. Lord Saltash was well known as a private yachtsman, and the first account which reported him amongst the drowned was received with wide-spread regret throughout that circle in which he was a familiar figure. Then at a later hour came its contradiction, and his friends smiled and remarked that he had the facility of an eel for getting out of tight corners, and that they would never believe him dead till they had been to his funeral.

Long before the publication of the second report, Saltash was seated in the captain's cabin on board the *Corfe Castle*, with a strong brandy and soda before him, giving a brief and vigorous account of himself and his company. Yes, he was Charles Burchester, Viscount Saltash, owner of the private yacht, *The Night Moth*. He was returning from Valrosa alone with his captain and his crew. They had been cruising in the Atlantic with the idea of going south, but he had recently changed his mind and decided to go home. He had not expected such damnable luck as to be run down in home waters, but he supposed that Fate was against him. He only asked now to be put ashore as soon as possible, being for the moment heartily sick of sea-travel.

"Well, I hope you don't blame us for your bad luck," he said. "We might have been sunk ourselves."

"I never blame anyone but the devil for that," said Saltash generously. "And as you managed to pick us all up I am glad on the whole that you weren't."

And then he turned sharply at a knock on the door behind him to see a lean, lank man enter who peered at him curiously through screwed-up eyes as though he had never seen anything like him before.

Captain Beaumont introduced him. "This is Dr. Hurst. He has come to report. Well, doctor? I hope you bring good news."

Dr. Hurst came forward to the table still looking very attentively at Saltash.

The latter's odd eyes challenged him with royal self-assurance. "Well? What is the news?" he questioned. "Fished for a sprat and caught a whale—or is it t'other way round?"

The doctor cleared his throat and turned to the captain. "Yes, my report is good on the whole," he said. "None of the men are seriously injured, thanks to your prompt rescue measures. Captain Larpent is still unconscious; he is suffering from concussion. But I believe he will recover. And—and—" he hesitated, looking again at Saltash "—the—the person whose life you saved—"

Saltash leaned back in his chair, grinning mischievously. "To be sure! The person whose life I saved! What of that person, Dr. Hurst?"

"Had you a passenger?" interrupted the captain. "I understood you saved a cabin-boy."

Saltash was openly laughing in the doctor's face. "Pray continue!" he said lightly. "What of the cabin-boy? None the worse, I hope?"

The doctor's lank figure drew together with a stiff movement of distaste. "I see," he said, "that you are aware of a certain fact which I must admit has given me a somewhat unpleasant surprise."

Saltash turned abruptly to the captain. "You ask me if I had a passenger," he said, speaking briefly, with a hint of hauteur. "Before you also begin to be unpleasantly surprised, let me explain that I had a child on board who did not belong to the ship's company."

"A child?" Captain Beaumont looked at him in astonishment. "I thought—I understood—Do you mean the boy?"

"Not a boy, no. A girl!" Saltash's voice was suddenly very suave. He was smiling still, but there was something rather formidable about his smile. "A young girl, Captain Beaumont, but amply protected, I assure you. It was our last night on board. She was masquerading in the state-cabin in a page's livery when you struck us. But for Larpent we should have been trapped there like rats when the yacht went down. He came and hauled us out, and we saved the child between us." He turned again to the doctor, his teeth gleaming foxlike between his smiling lips. "Really, I am sorry to disappoint you," he said. "But the truth is seldom as highly colored as our unpleasant imaginings. The child is Larpent's daughter." He rose with the words, still suavely smiling. "And now, if she is well enough, I am going to ask you to take me to her. It will be better for her to hear about her father from me than from a stranger."

Though courteously uttered, his words contained a distinct command The doctor looked at him with the hostility born of discomfiture, but he raised no protest. Somehow Saltash was invincible at that moment.

"Certainly you can see her if you wish," he said stiffly. "In fact, she has been asking for you."

"Ah!" said Saltash, and turned with ceremony to the captain. "Have I your permission to go, sir?"

"Of course—of course!" the captain said. "I shall hope to see you again later, Lord Saltash."

"Thank you," said Saltash, and relaxed into his sudden grin. "I should have thought you would be glad to get rid of me before my bad luck spreads any farther."

THE *Corfe Castle*, herself slightly damaged, was putting back to Southampton to land the victims of the disaster and to obtain some necessary repairs. The weather was thickening and progress was slow, but they expected to arrived before midday. Saltash, carelessly sauntering in the doctor's wake, found himself the object of considerable interest on the part of those passengers who were already up in the murk of the early morning. He was stopped by several to receive congratulations upon his escape, but he refused to be detained for long. He had business below, he said, and the doctor was waiting.

And so at last he came to a cabin at the end of a long passage, at the door of which a kind-faced stewardess met them and exchanged a few words with his guide.

He entered the cabin as a king might enter the apartment of a slave, and he shut the door with decision upon those without.

Then for a second—just for a second—he hesitated. "Toby!" he said.

A meager form sprang upright in the bunk at the sound of his voice. Two bare, skinny arms reached out to him. Then with a single stride Saltash was beside the bunk and was holding tightly to him a small, whimpering creature that hid its face very deeply against his breast and clutched at him piteously whenever he sought to raise it.

Saltash bent his dark head over the fair one and spoke very gently, yet with authority. "It's all right, child. I know. I've known all along! Don't fret yourself! There's no need. I've got you under my protection. You're safe."

"You knew!" whispered the muffled voice—Toby's voice, but strangely devoid of Toby's confidence. "What must you think?"

"I!" Saltash laughed a little. "I never think. I give everyone—always—the benefit of the doubt; which is considerably more than anyone ever gives me."

"And you saved my life!" gasped Toby. "Why did you? Why did you?"

"I wanted it," said Saltash promptly. "Now listen a moment! We've done with this show. It's played out. We'll ring up on another. You've got to change your name again. I'm telling everyone you're Larpent's daughter."

That brought the fair head upward very swiftly. The blue eyes with their short black lashes looked straight up to his. "But Captain Larpent—"

"Oh, never mind Larpent! I'll square him." Saltash's look flashed over the pale,

[Continued on page 53]

Charles Rex

[Continued from page 52]

tear-stained face. His hold, though close, no longer compelled. "Leave it all to me! Don't you fret! I'll square Larpent. I'll square everybody. You lie low till they put us ashore! After that—do you think you can—trust me?"

He spoke with comically twisted eyebrows and a smile half-kindly and half-quizzical. And the forlorn little creature in his arms turned with a swooping, passionate movement, caught one of his hands and pressed it to quivering lips.

"I'll live—or die—for your sake!" the trembling voice told him. "I'm just—yours."

SALTASH stooped abruptly and laid his face for a moment against the shorn, golden head. Just for that moment a hint of emotion showed in his strange eyes, but it was gone instantly.

He raised himself again with a grimace of self-ridicule. "Well, look here! Don't forget to play the game! Larpent, your daddy, is knocked out, remember. He is unconscious for the present, but the doctor chap seems to think he'll be all right. A nasty suspicious person, that doctor, so watch out! And let me see! What is Toby short for? I'd better know."

"Antoinette," whispered the lips that still caressed his hand.

"Antoinette!" Saltash's hand closed softly upon the pointed chin, softly lifted it. "I think *Mignonette* would suit you better," he said, in his quick, caressing way. "It's time I chose a name for you, *ma chère*. I shall call you that."

"Or just Nonette of Nowhere," breathed the red lips, piteously smiling. "That would suit me best of all."

"No, no!" said Saltash, and gently relinquished his hold. "Don't forget that you are a favorite of the gods! That counts for something, my Toby. They don't take up with everybody."

"They haven't done much for me so far," said Toby, suddenly rebellious.

"Hush!" said Saltash, with semi-comic warning. "You are too young to say that."

"I am—older than you think, sir," said Toby, coloring painfully and turning from his look.

"No, you're not!" Swiftly, with a certain arrogance, Saltash made answer. "I know how old you are, child. It is written in your eyes. They have always told me all I need to know." Then, very tenderly, as Toby's hands covered them from his look: "*Mais, Mignonette,* they have never told me anything that you could wish me not to know."

He slipped his arm again about the slender shoulders and pressed them closely for a moment. Then he stood up and turned to go. He was smiling as he passed out—the smile of the gambler who knows that he holds a winning card.

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building a house around a tree. So I can't stretch without breaking something—and that wouldn't be decent. She had what she wants. I haven't—not all of it. And I'm not peaceful."

"I see you're not!" said Lenore, with the ghost of a laugh.

"Neither are you. You brought—I know I'm talking like a darned book—rebellion, if you want to call it that, into this house."

"Don't say that, Dan!"

"Why not? You're like a clean sword—that's been used—that's been in a fight! You make me feel like the kitchen cleaver. All I'm cutting is bones—for soup!"

"Dan! I'm old enough to be your mother!"

He said, with a deep simplicity that brought the blood streaming to her face: "But not too old to have been the mother of my son, if we had happened to come together—first."

"Please—you mustn't say that!"

"Why? Is motherhood not decent to talk about? Are *you* wrapping things up in pink cotton, too? If you believed in strangling yourself with other people's cobwebs, why did you cut loose from that rotter you were married to? Why didn't you just stay with him—and suffocate?"

"Because," said Lenore, "for one thing—he didn't want me!"

"God!" said Dan—and not another word.

Lenore stood up abruptly and locked both hands together across her breast, a gesture of unconscious repression. She was afraid of her voice, but it came clear and steady. To the tips of her fingers she was conscious of the blaze smoldering beside her. Did the tips of those fingers curl

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HOW I EARN MONEY AT HOME

AND IN THIS WAY MAKE UP FOR HENRY'S SHRINKING SALARY

Every Wife or Self-Supporting Girl Can Use Extra Money for Clothes. Thousands Are Now Making It Themselves—Right at Home in This New Way.

By MARY WALDEN

"It helped us over the hard spots by turning spare hours into dollars."

"MY dear, you should have seen her at church this morning. She looked positively 'dowdy.' It's a shame! Mary used to be such a well-dressed girl—until she married that bank-clerk. I should think he'd feel like—"

"Sh-h-h! She's on this car. Over behind you. She might hear."

The street car was crowded and they hadn't noticed me before, but I *had* heard—and my face flushed red with resentment and shame. It was true—I *did* look "dowdy"—and I knew it.

I got off the street car at the next corner and walked the remaining blocks to my home—and Henry.

My husband is one of the "white-collar men" whose salaries haven't kept pace with the mounting cost of living. I had been earning a comfortable living for myself when we had married, and since the cost of everything had kept rising higher and higher I had sometimes hinted to Henry that I would be glad to take a position again, but he had always vetoed the idea strenuously—so I had gone on skimping and scraping—and wearing "made overs."

But I resolved as I walked homeward, that Henry or no Henry, I was going to find a way to make extra money for clothes, and do it, at least until things took a turn for the better.

When I got home Henry was comfortably smoking and absorbed in his Sunday paper, and his contentment somehow irritated me terribly. To make matters worse he held up the magazine-picture section of the paper as I came into the room, and remarked that he had never seen the girls wear "such good-looking duds as they do this year."

Henry is really a perfect dear and adores me, but he should have had more sense. I lost my temper, snatched the paper from him, and cried:—

"If you like to see nice clothes so much, why don't you buy your wife some of them?"

Then I rushed to my room, still carrying the Magazine Section of the paper, and threw myself across the bed for a good cry. Henry came and knocked and spoke to me, but I wouldn't let him in.

After a while I sat up and began to idly turn the pages of the paper I had taken away from Henry. All of a sudden I sat up straighter and gasped. A woman was looking out of the page at me, holding a bank check in her hand, and across the top of the page were the words, "How I Make Money—Right at Home!"

I devoured every word of the advertisement. When I had finished I felt that I had found the work I was looking for. I resolved to write for the particulars to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, but to keep it a secret from my husband.

To make my story short, I found their prospectus so convincing and reasonable that I sent for and received an Auto Knitter outfit, including the wonderful little machine, the Auto Knitter. I kept it in the bottom drawer of my bureau while Henry was in the house. At the end of a month I sent my first shipment of soft, warm, well-knit wool socks to the company. By return mail came my first check—and oh joy! the thrill of that first check.

Well, I kept on making socks, sending regular shipments to the Company, and before very long I presented myself before Henry in a pretty new accordion-pleated frock. His mouth opened, and he just stared at me in admiration, without a word. Finally he managed to say, "Where did you get it, Mary?"

"I earned it!" I replied brightly, not sure just how he would take the news. Henry looked for a minute as if I had said I had stolen it. Then I made him sit down and hear what I had to say.

"You know as well as I do," I said, "that it is the middle-class people who are having the struggle nowadays. Everybody knows it. Look at the married women who have taken business positions to help out their husbands! Nobody thinks the worse of them for it. Isn't my plan for making money in spare time at home, without neglecting you or little Helen, better than taking a position? Why, nobody needs to know a thing about it!"

That fetched Henry, as I was sure it would.

"And you say the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company buys the socks from you? he asked.

"Yes," I said, " they guarantee to always take every pair I make—at a guaranteed price. And they pay the transportation charges on ten dozen pair or over, besides sending me the yarn to replace the amount used for the socks I have sent them. So you see the yarn hasn't cost me anything since the first lot."

Henry was certainly astonished, and when he saw how fascinating the work was he said he had no objection to my continuing it.

The result was that I didn't have to go without any of the things I needed for myself or little Helen last Winter, or the following Spring and Summer.

Whenever I hear a woman complaining about the high cost of living and clothes, I always tell her, just as I am telling you, that the Auto Knitter Company will make a contract with each of their workers to pay her a liberal guaranteed wage on a piece-work basis. In this contract you are perfectly free—you can work for them as much or as little—or not at all—yet for every shipment of socks you send them you get your pay-check—promptly.

No matter where you live I feel that you want to know all about the machine that has meant so much to me. By all means write to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Dept. 53, 630-632 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y., at once and find out about this pleasant home occupation. Find out what your spare time will earn for you.

Send your name and address now and find out all the good things that are in store for you.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Inc.
Dept. 53, 630-632 Genesee St.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

McCall's 3-22

WHY WE SHOULD BATHE INTERNALLY

ADDS MANY YEARS TO AVERAGE LIFE

MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sight they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit, and impress them so profoundly, that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also they have almost no conception of how a little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only 50 per cent efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a 100 per cent overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness, but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is. WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and the WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose life-long study and research along this line made him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only did internal bathing save and prolong Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute at 152 West 65th street, New York City, and mention having read this article in **McCall's Magazine**, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you this information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?

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to warm themselves there? She, who had been out in the cold for so long, held herself quiet—smiled, very nearly.

"Come on back to the others, Dan; they will be wondering. . . ."

"Not in this house!" said Dan bitterly. But he followed her in.

Beneath the lamp, Edna, bending above her book, lifted a curious glance. "What on earth have you two been doing out there all this time?"

Lenore covered a pretended yawn, despising herself while she did it.

"Just talking. You never saw such a moon!"

"Haven't you outgrown moon-gazing, yet?" the book closed on a superciliously inserted post-card.

"Some people never do, you know," said Dan.

"How *can't* she see?—or *does* she see?" thought Lenore, touched with panic. What a world!

Lenore picked up *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* from the table where she had left it, straightened a dog-eared page. "I think I'll go to bed . . . frightfully sleepy. . . ."

IN half an hour the house was still, lights out, the cat out, doors locked.

Lenore fancied a candenced hum of low-voiced conversation coming from the room where Edna and Dan slept. (It had been Lenore's own room of old, by the way.) But she wasn't sure of it. She wasn't sure of anything. She lay without sleep for hours, trying to untangle the web into which she seemed, somehow to have stepped. Her woman's sixth sense told her that a touch, the brush of a finger-tip, would bring Dan her way, or turn him back into Edna's. Unwittingly she had come into his life at a crossroads. And she brought the breath of the World-Outside in her garments. Slight and casual as their contact had been, it had fired him.

Lenore couldn't be sure, lying there in that dim and semi-lucent stillness with a chilly little wind blowing her white, ruffled curtains in and out, that it hadn't fired her, as well. That flutter in her breast, like a far-off drum in an enchanted wood—it had been a long time since she had known just that vague, delicious stir in all her veins. . . .

"If we had happened to come together first!" She heard him saying it again. It had an extraordinarily vibrant voice, with the queer, dark appeal of a viola.

Funny! You went back to the home of your childhood, to sit down and rest for a bit after an ugly fight; and there, with his hands tied and his feet dragging, you found, hopelessly denied to you by honor and age and what-not—yet knowing you at the first look, as you (not to lie to yourself) knew him—the man who might have made your life intelligible!

Funny? Not so very, after all. But there it was!

Lenore didn't sleep much that night. She saw Dan getting older and stouter and calmer—with the sullen glow dying out in his eyes—with his mouth settling into dignified, comfortable lines—with his black hair thinning and graying respectably beneath a two-quart hat—sitting across the table from a stouter, pinker, placider Edna (funny, how inevitably one thought of Edna at the table!)—sitting on the platform at public meetings, with a complacent Edna, platinumed and diamonded, in the first row of the audience—spinning out all the old, profitable platitudes for a world that is still willing to pay for them. . . . Lenore knew how securely Dan might be held by pink cotton—in the long run. He had torn through it to get to her. Was she going to widen the tear for him, or coax him to repair it?

Dan had gone when she got down to breakfast. She was glad of that. Trying enough, to fancy a shrewder regard in Edna's eyes, to look for a hidden meaning in speech about waffles and honey!

Lenore pleaded lack of exercise and as soon as might be took herself off, after the morning mail, in which she found slight compensation: a friendly and unexpected letter from Thornton Buckner.

"When are you coming back?" he wrote, in his small, meticulous hand. "The new stenographer has no ideas about spelling, my card-index file is a littered waste, and the whole office needs you pathetically. I think I never before realized what a valuable person you were.

"Don't let us interfere with your peaceful vacation—you certainly earned it—but I repeat, when are you coming back?"

It flushed Lenore with workmanly satisfaction—and satisfaction not so workmanly. Somebody needed her—wanted her, enough to say so. Somebody she could respond to without shame. Without that hideous inner sense of betrayal.

She put the letter in her sweater-pocket, walked home with it, oddly comforted.

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Luncheon was a conversationless function without the men. Lenore slept a heavy hour and a half afterward, and dressed late in the afternoon, meaning to go out for a walk. She was very nearly certain by now of the veiled jealousy in Edna's perfunctory smile, the undercurrent resentment in that soft, throaty voice.

"Going out?" Edna asked when they met in the hallway.

Lenore explained punctiliously: "I thought I'd walk out to the Mound and back. It's been rather a stuffy day."

"You like to walk, don't you?" said Edna rather coldly.

"I always have," said Lenore.

Edna suggested with a significant and unfriendly little laugh: "You should have married Dan. He's never happy unless he's tramping the soles off his shoes."

"Really?" said Lenore. Their glances crossed.

At which, something in Lenore leapt up crying voicelessly: "You little fool! It's like shoving his beautiful black head under water to send him back to you—and yet that's what's got to happen. . . ." She was at once horribly ashamed of that silent outburst. She settled the open collar of her blouse and put one hand in her pocket. "Be back in time for supper," she said. "'By!"

She swung down the street with the color stinging her cheeks . . . through town . . . and into the lake road.

Her thoughts made a cloud about her, like swarming bees. Dan—what had he been thinking all day? She had played fair, so far. Nothing to reproach herself with—yet. Edna had no right to take that suspicious tone. What did Edna think Lenore was? What sort of creature?

ALMOST her sister, too. No, that wasn't so! Edna's father had married Lenore's mother. No kin whatever . . . no earthly kin! For the matter of that, it wasn't really Edna's house. It was Lenore's mother's house. Edna only lived in it . . . paid board, as the saying goes, she and Dan . . . to be there.

Ethics—moralities—everything—hopelessly mixed! Nothing to go by. Except instinct. Something in the back of one's head which kept saying over and over again—like a heart-beat—or a clock-tick: "Don't-do-it! Don't-do-it! Don't-do-it!"

Was that conscience—or cowardice? Race-memory of the sort of thing that befell a woman who took another woman's man, or the will-to-be-good? Lenore didn't know. Her mind ran in a circle, torturing itself.

Dan's splendid black head . . . his eyes that demanded, wooingly . . . the wonderful, restive youth of him—bars against which he shouldered uneasily, not really flinging himself—yet.

He could be one thing or the other. Should one let him out—or help to lock him in?

Let him out . . . and feed everything to the flame! Lock him in . . . and go on freezing—cold as a dead world—alone.

When she came to the Mound, a man got up from the farther side of it and came toward her slowly. It was Dan. She realized, with the blood creeping up over her face, that she would have been disappointed if she hadn't found him there.

He said, simply, with that incredible directness of his: "I came out here because I thought *you* would."

"I didn't say so," said Lenore.

"No; you didn't say so. You haven't said anything you shouldn't."

They sat down together, facing the lake. The sunset was overcast with clouds. Not stormy—rather a kind of grayish quietude, lit by one streak of clear, pale yellow, near the horizon. A fitful wind ruffled the steely surface of the water across which the woods showed dark.

"It isn't a bit like the other time we were here," said Lenore suddenly.

HER heart had begun to beat in a way that frightened her. She made a desperate effort to steady her voice, to seem settled and commonplace.

"I couldn't sleep last night," said Dan; "could you?"

He wasn't going to let her be steady. He wasn't going to let her pretend.

"Why, no!" said Lenore. "Not very well."

"I was thinking of you. Were you thinking of me?"

"Dan, don't you know I couldn't tell you—if I were?"

"Why not? You're no coward."

"It isn't a question of cowardice; it's a question of getting the best out of life—the finest. . . ." (How like a cheap preacher she sounded—beating the dust out of faded pulpit cushions with a perfunctory fist! How she despised herself!) "You want to stick to the right path, don't you, Dan?"

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"Once I'm sure it's a path—and not a treadmill."

"Can't you be sure?"

"Not since *you* came here."

"Oh, Dan—it breaks my heart for you to say that!"

(But her hands wrung themselves together so as not to go out to him. She wanted more than anything else in the world to shut her eyes against his shoulder—so near, so cruelly near!—to let youth and passion and exquisite madness sweep over her like a seventh wave. Drowning in the foam . . . there might be harder deaths!)

She said: "Dan, what is it you want out of life?"

"I don't know. I want to find out."

"Can't you be—happy—here?"

"I don't know. It's sort of in the balance. I know there's something else—outside. Am I going to throw away my chance at that—for good? Before long, I shan't have a choice." He broke a twig between nervous fingers and threw it away from him.

"Judge called me into his private office today—told me that he was going to take me into the firm, beginning of next year. If I go in, I'll make good. Be ashamed not to. He's been pretty decent to me. Only—"

The wind from over the lake blew cold on Lenore's lips.

"Only what?" she said gallantly. "You've only got to sit tight, Dan. It'll work itself out—the right way." She put a hand into her sweater pocket, pulled out the letter she had gotten that morning. She hadn't thought of showing it to him—but why not? It might scatter the enchanted mists they moved in. "Read this. I've had a reminder of my job, today, too!"

Dan read it through. He looked at her hard. With a little, lawless thrill of happiness she knew the thing in his eyes for jealous question.

"This man, Buckner—he wants you back. What right—?"

Lenore smiled a very little. She stood up.

"As much right as any one. I work for him. Let's go back. I'm getting cold."

Dan stood up, too. "Come on," he said briefly. "I've been waiting all day; but now that you're here—I suppose you'd hate me if I kissed you—and I'm getting to it, fast. You seem so sort of—mine—somehow! Funny, isn't it?"

"I'd be—sorry," lied Lenore.

"No, you wouldn't. Neither should I. It's something else . . . you're like sparks to dry grass, with me. You know it, don't you?"

"Yes," said Lenore. She looked at him straight. And moved away from him.

They walked home together, almost without a word.

At supper they sat across the table from each other in sardonic domestic intimacy. A little while after supper, Lenore went upstairs to her room. She felt oddly tired; she thought she might find a scarf and slip out to sit on the white bench in the garden by herself.

At the head of the stairs she came upon Edna and Dan. Dan's arm was about Edna's shoulders. There were traces of tears on Edna's cheeks; but she wore, even to a passing glance, a look of triumph, oddly soft. Possessiveness, poignantly sharpened.

"Chilly, outside—going to get a scarf," said Lenore, because one must say something.

The look Dan turned on her startled and numbed her. Remorse, like a fresh wound—renunciation, rebellion, dead in him. His black eyes shut a door in her face and begged forgiveness while they did it.

Lenore went by them. She heard Edna say, obviously bridging the interruption: "No question. It's true."

Dan spoke—only a murmur.

Lenore closed the door to her room behind her and stood at the window, staring down unhappily into the twilight of the garden.

She thought: "They've been quarreling about me. It's too horrible. It's too humiliating. I should never have come here—but how did I know?"

One didn't know, of course. One never knew. That was at once the gift and the black curse of life. Any little commonplace journey might have heaven or hell at the end of it. One walked round any corner into—fulfilment, or eternal barrenness.

"I'll get away from here tomorrow!" thought Lenore. "I'll tell Mother—"

AS if her thinking had evoked it, a gentle knock fell on the door.

Mrs. Greenough came in with a soft swishing of skirts, a little cry of, "Lennie! All alone in the dark?"

"I came up for a scarf, dearest," said Lenore. "I'm going down again. Edna and Dan were talking in the hallway. I didn't like to interrupt them twice."

Her mother came and stood beside her, took her hand and squeezed it affectionately. "You always were the most considerate child. . . . Well, my dear, I dare say, they *were* talking—she had something to talk about!"

The white curtains of the quiet little room lifted and fell with the breathing of the wind.

"Something important?" asked Lenore nervously. It couldn't be possible that her mother had noticed. A faint shiver went over her. . . . Not her mother! That would be humiliation, indeed.

Mrs. Greenough was saying, placidly enough but with a little mysterious gleam: "Eddie saw the doctor today . . . she's been hoping, but she wasn't sure. He told her no question—it's true." She patted the hand she held gently, as if it had been another, infinitely smaller one. "So, next spring, if all goes well . . . Dan junior."

"Mother!" cried Lenore, wincing in spite of herself. Dan's eyes—when she passed him in the hallway!

"I know, my dear—I know! You were denied it, weren't you! The biggest thing in a woman's life. Well—you must just try and be happy in your little sister's happiness. She is almost your little sister, isn't she?"

"Almost," said Lenore, with the wryest of unsteady smiles.

"She's very happy," Mrs. Greenough rambled on. "She's a home-girl, Eddie is, and what with Dan going into the firm—and the baby coming—she'll have nothing left to wish for. . . ."

"Mother—did Dan know?"

"Before this evening? Why, my dear, he knew there was—a chance, I suppose. Eddie's been nervous as a witch about it. You may have noticed?"

"Yes . . . perhaps." She pulled herself together, grimly. "It's delightful news. Mother, I've had a letter from Mr. Buckner. I've got to go back sooner than I thought—in a day or so, at the outside."

She took the letter once more from her sweater-pocket, stood waiting, having switched on the light, while her mother read it.

"Oh, Lennie! I'm *so* disappointed!"

"So am I, dearest; but—can't be helped."

"Lennie, he sounds, this Mr. Buckner—do you like him?"

Lenore had expected it; had a smiling reserve to show, which might mean anything—or nothing. "I like my job, Mother—immensely."

"One never knows," said Mrs. Greenough, vaguely hopeful.

Lenore admitted—she felt with more reason than most—"One never does."

She stood at the window a little longer when her mother had gone downstairs, with the light off once more, the cool wind streaming across her burning eyelids.

WHAT was it Dan had said? " . . . she sort of builds a family around me, like building a house around a tree. . . ." Well, the tree was built-in—the bars were up, now, for good. That was the soft triumph Lenore had caught in Edna's look. Edna had now nothing left to wish for. The dark, bright spirit on her hearthstone was hers to tame . . . and to fatten. . . .

Down in the garden something moved. Something pale and short—something tall and dark—past the clump of syringa, past the red rose-bush, into the golden wash of light from the open doorway. Edna and Dan . . . her head against his shoulder . . . his arm about her waist.

Next spring, if all went well, Edna and Dan and . . .

All at once, Lenore was crying silently. "I couldn't have given you—anything—that would last—like what you've got now, Dan! That's bigger than you and me. A blaze—and then ashes. That's all we could have had! A beautiful blaze—but the ashes would have buried us alive. You've got most of the things that matter, after all. You may not know it, yet—but . . .

"As for me, I've got my job—and my freedom—That's a good deal. . . .

"We haven't—really—been—*anything*, in each other's lives. We just—touched—for a moment. . ." Something of the glamour of that moment came back upon her, tensing the tips of her fingers, catching in her throat like a sob. She whispered: "We must have been mad!"

Low voices came up to her from the garden. And the pleasant, pungent scent of the little white chrysanthemums by the steps.

Lenore thought wistfully, shaking her Greek-boy head to clear the tears from her eyes: "I wonder which of us will forget—soonest?"

THE CALL OF THE OPEN

By

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

ENGLAND puts her strong finger on the fashions and proclaims supremacy in one sector of dress where woman meets man in equal combat. It is the field of sport. Throughout the decades we have looked upon England as the source from which spring those multiple things that keep women comfortable and properly clothed when the call of the open is answered. France has taken many ideas from London and feminized them, giving to them the suppleness of the panther rather than the shagginess of the lion, putting coquetry into every line, and thereby, persuading a world of women to adopt for the house, or for the afternoon party, the clothes that were intended by England to be worn for golf, on horseback, for tennis, for mountain climbing, for the tumble and tussle of life rather than its seductive gayeties.

View A

View B

2569 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1126

2569 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44

No. 2569, Ladies' Slip-On Blouse. Size 36, View A, requires 2⅜ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. View B requires 1⅜ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Transfer Design No. 1126 may be used if trimming is desired.

2594 Blouse
5 sizes, 34-42
Transfer Design No. 1163

No. 2594, Ladies' Blouse; with raglan sleeves. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yards of 40-inch material. Transfer Design No. 1163 may be used for trimming.

AMERICA has followed France. We have been a nation of sport-apparelled women in season and out of reason. We have tired of one thing to have another offered by the inventive manufacturers. The half corsetted figure of recent years gave an admirable foundation and an ever-present excuse to wear the kind of things which Eve must have taken up when she relinguished the comfort of the figleaf. When formal clothes possessed the suppleness and lack of restraint of sport clothes, it was perceptible that the latter lost somewhat of their popularity. The chemise frock was as comfortable as the sweater and separate skirt; it was more comfortable because there was no waistband to consider, no blouse to prepare. Those who lived with and for sport clothes decided to do something new, and they have done it. They have made possible the knitted garments. This has been their work and this is where England stops in the midst of her political muddle and puts forth a clothes properganda that counts.

Last August when I was in the thick of the clothes battle in Paris, we were urged to regard with sincere admiration the new kind of knitted garments, especially the heavy silk ones, such as overblouses which smart France wore to the exclusion of other kinds, except those of crêpe de Chine which were in the nature of costume blouses; we were shown with enthusiasm the new street suits of ribbed knitted which were guaranteed to keep their lines. But few Americans bought such clothes. They were in France for a different kind of apparel than sport clothes.

When one went to the smart resorts in September, to Scotland, to the Lido in Italy, to Biarritz, crowded with Americans like a baseball game, there were the knitted costumes. Women who were envied wore the English suits, cardigan jackets, middy blouses as we call the straight slim tunics of the sailor, they also wore loose coats of white brushed wool and striped cricket blazers in red, or yellow, with black.

2593 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Ribbon
Transfer Design
No. 1157

No. 2593, Ladies' Dress; two-piece skirt attached to yoke; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅝ yards. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used if trimming is desired.

2593 2569 2569 2594 2573

2573 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Ribbon
Transfer Design
No. 1157

No. 2573, Misses' Dress; suitable for small women; two-piece tucked skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards of 40- or 45-inch material. Width at lower edge 1⅞ yards. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used for spray at waistline.

WHILE the Londoners' suits were in deep warm colors with wide bands of openwork as a finish, the French suits were of grey and black ribs bound with black braid or cire ribbon.

Seeing all these things, the American women admired, and hoped for the best. Experience with knitted garments had been a failure from the American viewpoint. Europe was trying out these garments; let them bear the burden of experiment, we said. The experiment is now a success there and here. American women are offered the products of three countries. They can choose as they will. There are chemise frocks in this fabric, there are tunic suits, there are light colors and dark ones, there are few, too few, of the heavily woven over-blouses which Paris adopts, but in their place is a straight short tunic with an open neck. Sometimes it snaps into place below the waistline, again it goes on over the head and is worn with a green leather plaited belt with a snake's head of metal. The suits are fashioned like those of cloth and the jackets ripple from the shoulders.

The fabric is not always plain on its surface. The weavers have learned to put a sharply defined pattern on it, usually in the same color. Raspberry red knitted silk covered with a large floral pattern is built into an open jacket that fastens below the waistline, invisibly, which permits it to be a blouse or a sweater. There are suits in sufficiently pale and formal colors to serve in the afternoon, and although they are ranked as sport clothes they are worn by those who do not know a tennis racquet from a biscuit beater. The American does not intend to keep such clothes for sports. She accepts the basic English idea, and grafts it on French practice.

The sudden and drastic emphasis put on sport clothes has brought into the foreground a jacket of white brushed wool banded tightly about the hips and fastened to the chin. It is worn with any skirt, preferably black, if one continues to follow the French way of dressing. The movement has also brought out a loose over-blouse of white silk knitted fabric fastening at the side, and tightened at hips with a broad band of the material; the conventional collar is replaced by an Apache handkerchief of the fabric which is carelessly knotted at one side of the neck.

[Continued on page 58]

A Variety of Fascinating Designs for All Occasions is Here Illustrated

2494 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

2558 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

No. 2558, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch, and 2¼ yards of 40-inch contrasting for vest, cuffs and panels. Width at lower edge, 1⅝ yards.

No. 2561, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 54-inch, and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting material. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 927 may be used.

No. 2564, LADIES' SUSPENDER SKIRT; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 2 yards.

No. 2465, LADIES' SHIRTWAIST. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch or 1¾ yards of 40-inch material. A necessary adjunct to every wardrobe for wear with the separate skirt.

2561 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50
Transfer Design No. 927

2564 Suspender Skirt
9 sizes, 34-50
2465 Shirtwaist
7 sizes, 34-46

2571 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

No. 2571, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 36-or 40-inch material. Sash, 3½ yards of 8-inch ribbon. Width at lower edge, 2 yards.

2593 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1170

2581 Suit Coat
6 sizes, 34-44
2172 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

No. 2494, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt attached to lining; 34-inch length from waistline. Size 36 requires 6⅛ yards of 40-inch. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 2581, LADIES' NORFOLK SUIT-COAT. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material, or 2½ yards of 48-inch and 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material for lining.

No. 2172, LADIES' THREE-PIECE STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT. Size 26 requires 3½ yards of 40- or 48-inch material. The width at lower edge is 3¼ yards.

No. 2477, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards of 36- or 40-inch, and ½ yard of 40-inch for collar and cuffs. Width, 1¾ yards.

No. 2593, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt attached to yoke; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1⅝ yards. Transfer Design No. 1170 may be used if trimming is desired.

The Call of the Open

[*Continued from page 57*]

THIS handkerchief collar has descended from its stately usage by Marie Antoinette and Martha Washington to be the mark and symbol of the outlaw; now it reappears in woman's apparel as a "rough-neck" collar. Although Paris is responsible for its reincarnation, she could have gotten the idea from our own girls of the Golden West.

The longest step taken by women toward comfort in dress is their acceptance of knickers. In the Adirondacks, in the Southern villages where the rich congregate, in California, on the porches of country clubs, it is now the uncriticised fashion for women to appear in knee trousers. They are worn under great coats of fur on the Broadwalk of Atlantic City, and they have even had the audacity to appear at a smart tea in Washington. The wearer's apology was "that one must be English."

Women who are foregathered for sports do not hesitate to remain in knickers for tea in the house. Where there is a semblance of camp life, the garments are kept on for dinner. They are permitted at the tables of the smart hotels

[*Continued on page 50*]

2561 2571 2477 2564 2465 2593 2494 2581 2172 2558

2477 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

No. 2577, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch material, and ½ yard of 18-inch for vest. Width at lower edge, 1⅝ yards. Transfer Design No. 1142 may be used for trimming.

No. 2593, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt attached to yoke; 35-inch length from waistline. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material. The width at lower edge is 1⅝ yards. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used.

No. 2568, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch, or 4 yards of 40-inch material. The width at lower edge is 2 yards. Transfer Design No. 1170 may be used if trimming is desired.

No. 2558, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt; 34-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch, and ⅞ yard of 10-inch material for vest. Width, 1⅝ yards.

No. 2579, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material, and ½ yard of 36-inch for collar, cuffs, belt and pocket laps. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards.

View A — 2588 Costume, 6 sizes, 34-44 — View B

No. 2588, LADIES' THREE-PIECE COSTUME; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires, View A, 6¼ yards of 54-inch, and 4¼ yards of 36-inch for cape lining. View B, 3⅛ yards of 48-inch. Either view, collar, ⅜ yard of 36-inch. Width, dress, 1¾ yards; cape, 3⅞ yards.

2593 Dress, 6 sizes, 34-44, Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157

2577 Dress, 6 sizes, 34-44, Transfer Design No. 1142

Fashions For Early Spring

The Call of the Open

[*Continued from page 58*]

where people stay for the pleasures of the open. There are prophets who insist that next winter they will be common on the streets, worn as a substitute for skirts. These prophets foresee a long Russian tunic of cloth or velvet covering them. Few, they say, will gasp at the innovation, for a woman's appearance will not justify criticism. The conservative house of Cheruit, in Paris, introduced square silk trousers under thin evening gowns last September and Geraldine Farrar has worn them this winter off the opera stage.

There is so definite an insistence upon white, grey, and mauve for the spring that those who build sport clothes emphasize these colors. One knitted costume at Palm Beach is an example. It is knitted of silk and wool, the color is pinkish mauve, the skirt is plain, the short tunic nips in the hips through its own shaping, the open collar runs down to an inserted medallion of mauve taffeta in openwork and embroidery. A circular cape of the fabric ripples from the shoulders, its lining of pink taffeta making an admirable background.

The softly shaped shade hat is of mauve taffeta, the short, squat sunshade is of pink taffeta, its handle topped with an insolent head of a painted lady of the Eighteenth Century.

2568 Dress, 7 sizes, 34-46, Transfer Design No. 1170

2571 Dress, 6 sizes, 34-44

2558 Dress, 6 sizes, 34-44

2579 Dress, 7 sizes, 34-46

2568

2593 2577 2558 2579 2571 2588 2588

No. 2571, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Sash, 3 yards of 8-inch ribbon. The width at lower edge is 2 yards.

Distinctive Attire Which is Sure to Meet with Approval

2485 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design No. 1170

2272 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

2454 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

2497 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50
Transfer Design No. 1151

2449 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1148

2582 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

2563 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

No. 2485, Ladies' Dress; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards of 40-inch material. The width at lower edge is 1½ yards. If trimming is desired, Transfer Design No. 1170 may be used.

No. 2272, Ladies' Slip-On Dress; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch, and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, 1⅞ yards.

No. 2454, Ladies' Dress; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch, and 2¼ yards of 40-inch for skirt, vest, girdle and pocket. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 2497, Ladies' Slip-On Dress; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36, 3⅛ yards of 40- or 54-inch and ½ yard of 12-inch for vest. Width, 1⅝ yards. Transfer Design No. 1154 may be used.

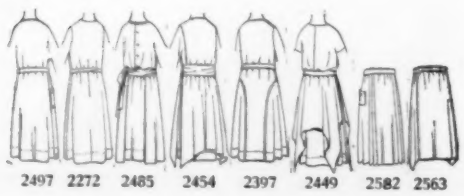
No. 2449, Ladies' Dress; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards of 36- or 40-inch, or 5⅛ yards of 45-inch. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 1148 may be used.

No. 2397, Ladies' Slip-On Dress; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards of 40-inch material, and ⅜ yard of 18-inch for vest. Width, 2¾ yards. Transfer Design No. 1142 may be used.

2397 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design No. 1142

No. 2582, Ladies' Four-Piece Skirt; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 26 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material, or 2⅜ yards of 48- or 54-inch material. The width at lower edge is 1⅞ yards.

No. 2563, Ladies' Skirt; 35-inch length from waistline; no hem allowed. Size 26 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material, or 1⅛ yards of 54-inch material, and 1¼ yards of 21-inch for insets. The width at lower edge is 1⅝ yards.



2497 2272 2485 2454 2397 2449 2582 2563

The Versatility of Sports Apparel is Here Shown Most Attractively

2507 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2197 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

2465 Shirtwaist
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 2197, Ladies' Back-Closing Blouse. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch, 2 yards of 40-inch, or 1¾ yards of 45-inch material, and ⅜ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs.

No. 2468, Ladies' Suspender Skirt. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 36- or 40-inch material, or 2¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards.

No. 2411, Ladies' Shirtwaist; with Peter Pan collar. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36- or 40-inch material, or 1⅝ yards of 45-inch material.

2549 Shirtwaist
7 sizes, 34-46
2473 Sports Knickers
14-16 years
26-34

2474 Sports Coat
6 sizes, 34-44
2582 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36
2465 Shirtwaist
7 sizes, 34-46

2359 Cape
Small, medium, large
2223 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2468
Suspender Skirt
9 sizes, 34-50
2411 Shirtwaist
7 sizes, 34-46

2588 Costume
6 sizes, 34-44

No. 2507, Misses' Dress; suitable for small women; separate straight pleated skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards of 40-inch material, and ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting material. The width at lower edge is 2¼ yards.

No. 2549, Ladies' Mannish Shirtwaist. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch, or 2⅛ yards of 40-inch material. This attractive waist may be developed in sports satin or silk, dimity, linen or crêpe de Chine.

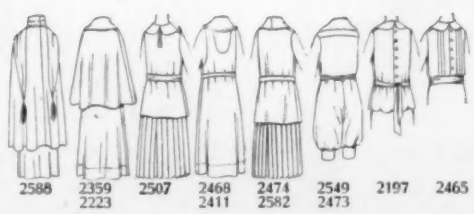
No. 2473, Ladies' and Misses' Sports Knickers. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards of 40-inch material, or 1⅝ yards of 54-inch material. These sports knickers may be developed in tweed, wool jersey, English homespun or heavy linen.

No. 2474, Ladies' Sports Coat. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch, 2⅝ yards of 44-inch, or 2⅛ yards of 54-inch material. This attractive sports coat can be worn with a skirt or sports knickers, and may be developed in tweed, wool jersey or homespun.

No. 2582, Ladies' Four-Piece Skirt; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 26 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material, or 2⅜ yards of 48- or 54-inch material. The width at lower edge is 1⅞ yards.

No. 2465, Ladies' Shirtwaist. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material, 1¾ yards of 40-inch material, or 1⅝ yards of 45-inch material. Silk, satin, crêpe de Chine, dimity or organdie may be used for this waist.

No. 2588, Ladies' Three-Piece Costume; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards of 54-inch material, and 4¼ yards of 36-inch lining. Width, cape, 3⅞ yards; dress, 1¾ yards.



2588 2359 2223 2507 2468 2411 2474 2582 2549 2473 2197 2465

No. 2359, Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Small, 34, 36; medium, 38, 40; large, 42, 44 bust. Small size requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch, 2½ yards of 48-inch, or 2 yards of 54-inch material. Width, 3¼ yards.

No. 2223, Misses' Dress; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch, 3⅜ yards of 40-inch, or 2⅜ yards of 54-inch material, and ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1⅝ yards.

Clothes for Sports, Afternoon, or Semi-Dress Wear

2469 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157

2560 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1170

2503 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2493 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

No. 2469, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 36- or 40-inch material, or 2⅝ yards of 45-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used.

No. 2560, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 44-inch, or 2¼ yards of 50-inch, and ½ yard of 40-inch for vest. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 1170 may be used.

No. 2503, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; three-piece pleated skirt. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards of 44-inch, or 3 yards of 54-inch material, and ½ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs. Width at lower edge, 2¾ yards.

No. 2578, MISSES' THREE-PIECE COSTUME; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires, View A, 3 yards of 48-inch material, and ⅜ yard of 36-inch for collar. View B, 7¼ yards of 40-inch, or 5¾ yards of 54-inch material. Width, dress, 1⅝ yards; cape, 3¾ yards.

No. 2493, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch, or 4⅝ yards of 40-inch material. Sash, 3 yards of 6-inch ribbon. Width at lower edge, 1⅞ yards.

No. 2580, MISSES' NORFOLK SUIT-COAT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch, or 2⅛ yards of 54-inch material. Lining requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2133, MISSES' STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT; suitable for small women; 32-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 2¾ yards.

View A

View B

2578 Costume
4 sizes, 14-20

2469 2560

2580 Suit Coat
4 sizes, 14-20
2133 Skirt
4 sizes, 14-20

2580 2133 2493 2503 2578 2578

The Prevailing Mode in Youthful Afternoon Frocks

No. 2574, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece draped skirt; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards of 40- or 45-inch material. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 2592, MISSES' THREE-PIECE COSTUME; suitable for small women; slip-on dress; two-piece circular skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires, View A, 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material for skirt and cape, and 1¼ yards of 40-inch material for waist and sleeves; cape lining, 1¼ yards of 36-inch material. View B requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material for waist and sleeves, and 1⅞ yards of 40-inch material for skirt. Width, 2¼ yards. Transfer Design No. 1170 may be used.

2592 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1170
View A

2592 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1170
View B

2574 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

No. 2583, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch, or 2¾ yards of 54-inch. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards. If trimming is desired, Transfer Design No. 1142 may be used.

No. 2572, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch, and 2⅜ yards of 40-inch for skirt and sash and camisole. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 1148 may be used for trimming.

2566 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1147

No. 2566, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch material for front and back of dress, and cuffs, and 1⅜ yards of 36- or 40-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 1147 may be used.

No. 2573, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards of 40- or 45-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅞ yards. If desired, Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used for trimming.

2572 2592 2592

2583 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1142

2572 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1148

2566 2574 2573 2583

2573 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Ribbon
Transfer Design No. 1157

Smart Styles for Small Persons

No. 2450, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10, 2⅛ yards of 36- or 40-inch, and 10¾ yards of ribbon banding. Transfer Design No. 1050 may be used.

No. 2448, GIRL'S OVERBLOUSE DRESS. Size 6 requires 1⅛ yards of 36-inch material, and 1⅜ yards of 36-inch for skirt and bands. Transfer Design No. 949 may be used.

2448 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer Design No. 949

2499 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10

2502 Dress
6 sizes, 1-10
Transfer Design No. 1121

No. 2502, CHILD'S DRESS Size 6, 1⅝ yards of 36-inch, and ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer Design No. 1121 may be used.

No. 2499, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 6 requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch, and ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting material for collar. This frock may be developed in figured georgette or voile.

No. 2416, GIRL'S PANTALETTE DRESS. Size 6 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material, and 1⅜ yards of 40-inch contrasting material for collar, cuffs, sash, band and kneeband.

2416 Pantalette Dress
5 sizes, 2-10

No. 2511, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards of 40-inch material, and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting material for collar, cuffs and belt.

No. 2575, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch, and ⅜ yards of 36-inch for collar and cuffs.

2575 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2511 Dress
4 sizes, 6-12

2557 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer Design No. 819

2476 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

No. 2557, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8, 1⅞ yards of 36-inch, and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer Design No. 819 may be used.

No. 2476, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material, and ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting for vest and piping.

No. 2445, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material, and 1½ yards of 36-inch contrasting material for collar, cuffs, and ruffles.

No. 2457, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards of 48-inch material, and ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting material for collar.

2457 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2450 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer Design No. 1050

2445 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2445 2476 2416 2499 2575 2450 2457 2557 2502 2511 2448

Dainty Frocks Which Are Most Becoming

No. 2570, CHILD'S COAT. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards of 36- or 40-inch, or 1⅝ yards of 54-inch, and ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting material. Transfer Design No. 690 is suggested in place of gathers.

No. 2559, CHILD'S DRESS; with bloomers. Size 8 requires 3¼ yards of 32-inch material, 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material, or 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material. Transfer Design No. 1039 may be used.

2576 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Transfer Design No. 690
View A

2576 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Transfer Design No. 1159
View B

2556 Romper
4 sizes, 6 months to 3 years

2570 Coat
5 sizes, 6 months to 6 years
Transfer Design No. 690

2559 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Transfer Design No. 1039

No. 2576, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 6 requires, View A, 1¾ yards of 36-inch, and 1⅛ yards of 40-inch for pantalettes and ruffles. Transfer Design No. 690 may be used. View B, size 4 requires 2⅜ yards of 40-inch material. Transfer Design No. 1159 may be used.

No. 2556, CHILD'S ROMPER. Size 3, 1½ yards of 27-, 32-, or 36-inch, and ⅝ yard of 32-inch contrasting for neckband, sleevebands and vest.

No. 2455, CHILD'S COAT. Size 8 requires 2⅜ yards of 40-inch and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting material for collar and cuff facings.

2455 Coat
5 sizes, 2-10

2557 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2591 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer Design No. 1078

2565 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10

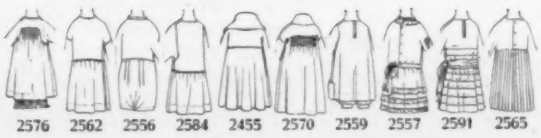
2562 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Transfer Design No. 983

2584 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

No. 2591, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires 2⅞ yards of 32-inch, 2¾ yards of 36-inch, or 2⅝ yards of 40-inch. Transfer Design No. 1078 may be used.

No. 2557, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 10 requires 2 yards of 32- or 36-inch, or 1½ yards of 45-inch material, and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting material.

No. 2565, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 8 requires 2⅜ yards of 32-inch, 2⅛ yards of 36-inch, or 2 yards of 40-inch material.



2576 2562 2556 2584 2455 2570 2559 2557 2591 2565

No. 2562, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material, and ⅝ yard of 21-inch for vest. Transfer Design No. 983 may be used.

No. 2584, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece straight gathered skirt. Size 10 requires 2 yards of 32-inch material, and ⅞ yard of 36-inch for sleeves.

Delightful Styles for Little Girls

No. 2174, CHILD'S ROMPER. Size 3, 1⅜ yards of 36-inch, and ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting material. This romper may be made of cotton crêpe or gingham.

2174 Romper
4 sizes, 6 months to 3 years

2311 Romper
5 sizes, 6 months to 4 years

No. 2311, CHILD'S ROMPER, kimono sleeves; dropped back. Size 3, ⅝ yard of 36-inch material for blouse, and 1½ yards of 36-inch material for bloomers. This design may be developed in gingham or chambray.

2513
Play Dress
3 sizes, 2-6

2524 Sack Apron
8 sizes, 6 months to 12 years
Transfer Design No. 1050

No. 2524, CHILD'S ONE-PIECE SACK APRON. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yards of 32-, 36- or 40-inch material, and ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting material. Transfer Design No. 1050 may be used for trimming.

No. 2513, CHILD'S PLAY DRESS. Size 4 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material, and ⅜ yard of 27-inch contrasting material for cuffs, pockets and knee-bands.

2586
Pajamas
6 sizes, 4-14

2585
Pajamas
6 sizes, 4-14
Transfer Design No. 891

No. 2585, GIRL'S PAJAMAS. Size 8 requires 3⅛ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Transfer Design No. 891 would make an attractive decoration, if trimming is desired.

No. 2586, GIRL'S PAJAMAS. Size 8 requires 3¼ yards of 36- or 40-inch, or 2⅝ yards of 45-inch material, and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting material. These dainty pajamas may be developed in batiste, or cotton crêpe.

2300 Bathrobe
7 sizes, 2-14

2426 Apron
5 sizes, 4-12
Transfer Design No. 947

No. 2300, BATHROBE; suitable for boy or girl. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material, and ⅜ yard of 36-inch material for collar. This bathrobe may be developed in wool or quilted satin.

No. 2426, GIRL'S APRON. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 32-inch material, or 1⅞ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. If trimming is desired, Transfer Design No. 947 may be used to great advantage.

Manly Clothes for the Growing Boy

No. 2193, Boy's Suit; knee trousers. Size 4 requires 1¼ yards of 36-inch for blouse, and ¾ yard of 36-inch material for trousers.

No. 2271, Boy's Suit; blouse to be slipped on over the head. Size 4, 2 yards of 32-inch, or 1¾ yards of 36-inch, and ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2515, Boy's Middy Suit; knee trousers attached to underwaist. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch, or 1½ yards of 44-inch, and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2354, Boy's Double-Breasted Overcoat. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards of 44-inch material, 2 yards of 48-inch material, or 1¾ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 2138, Boy's Suit; knee trousers attached to underbody. Size 5 requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch for collar and vest.

No. 2517, Boy's Tapeless Shirt Blouse. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 32-inch material, 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material, or 1⅜ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2504, Boy's Flappers or Sports Trousers. Size 8, ⅞ yard of 36-inch or ½ yard of 54-inch. These trousers may be developed in wool, cotton or linen.

No. 2421, Boy's Norfolk Suit. Size 8 requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch, 2⅝ yards of 40-inch, or 1⅞ yards of 54-inch material, and ½ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 2545, Boy's Sailor Suit; long trousers. Size 8 requires 2⅜ yards of 40-inch material, 2¼ yards of 44-inch material, or 1⅞ yards of 54-inch material.

2517 2504 2515 2193 2421 2138 2354 2545 2271

ONCE upon a time, very, very long ago, in the mid-Victorian days, Madame Grundy raised her pious hands in horror at the mere mention of the word, leg. Then, one always said limb, and blushed becomingly.

But, thank heaven, those false modesties have gone the way of the old strait-jacket corset and the hoop skirt. Today, women call a leg, a leg and display them frankly, even proudly.

Why mince matters? Man likes the change and observes shapely ankles with approval. And correct stockings have ever so much to do with setting ankles off to advantage.

Come with me for a walk down any city boulevard when the wind is playful and you will observe there are two kinds of stockings most in evidence: stockings with old-fashioned seams up the back and,—Burson.

If your eye is critical it will tell you that most stocking seams are crooked. Just notice next time you are on the street. Wind-whipped skirts catch seams and pull them all awry until they run every-which way in most unseemly disorder.

Once seams were necessary in order to make poorly shaped stockings fit a little better. But the Burson Company has done away with the old methods by perfecting wonderful machinery that fashions stockings perfectly in the knitting process. So, you see, really there is no longer any need for unsightly seams. Burson Hose follow the graceful contour of the leg perfectly. They have no ungraceful seams to pull awry. Consequently, they set off feminine ankles in a dainty, graceful fashion.

Be sure you ask for Burson Hose.

Silk · Mercerized · Cotton · Lisle

Burson Knitting Company
Rockford, Illinois

BURSON
Fashioned Hose

Attractive and Practical Designs

No. 2587, LADIES' BRASSIERES. Size 36 requires, View A, ½ yard of 36-inch material; View B, ⅜ yard of 36- or 40-inch material. These brassieres may be developed in washable satin or heavy cotton material.

View A

View B

2587 Brassiere
7 sizes, 34-46

2590 Drawers
9 sizes, 24-40
2263 Corset Cover
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design No. 573

View A

View B

2589 Nightgown
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design No. 1002

2555 Maternity Dress
8 sizes, 34-48

2567 House Dress
8 sizes, 34-48

No. 2589, LADIES' NIGHTGOWN. Size 36, View A, 3¼ yards of 40-inch material. Transfer Design No. 1002 may be used. View B, 3⅜ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Transfer Design No. 1120 may be used. Width, either view, 2 yards.

No. 2590, LADIES' OPEN DRAWERS; straight lower edge. Size 26 requires 1¾ yards of 36- or 42-inch material. 1⅝ yards of lace edging may be used for trimming. Crêpe de Chine, batiste and nansook are appropriate materials for this design.

No. 2263, LADIES' CORSET COVER. Size 36 requires 1¼ yards of 32-, 36- or 40-inch material. If trimming is desired, Transfer Design No. 573 may be used.

No. 2555, LADIES' MATERNITY DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material, and ⅝ yard of 36-inch material for collar and belt. Width at lower edge, 2⅛ yards.

No. 2567, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS; kimono sleeves; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material, and 1¼ yards of 36-inch material for collar, cuffs, belt and pocket laps. Width at lower edge, 2 yards.

Happily Ever Afterward

[Continued from page 11]

"It was a wonderful spring, wasn't it?"

"Yes, dear girl. There will never be another like it."

"And there must never be another summer like this."

We were facing our first separation. Worst of all, it was coming at a time when everything was doubtful and unsettled—except that we loved each other. There were many things that threatened to end our engagement—as though that were possible!—but marriage was not one of them. Apparently, it was still as far off as ever.

That night in Van Cortlandt Park we could not look far ahead. Had we been wiser, we would have paid little attention to the petty obstacles in our way. In the contest between youth and maturity, youth, if it deserves victory, will inevitably obtain it. To a certain extent we sensed this; we knew that the real decision rested with us, and that in the end we would make it unhampered by other influences. But in the meantime we had to live! That was more difficult than it sounds. The next two or three months would have to be spent apart and we were accustomed to seeing each other every day. During that time there would be subtle, petty influences at work to separate us spiritually, just as the hundreds of miles between New York and the White Mountains were separating us physically. There would be hints, suggestions, innuendos, disputes, discord. Marjorie would be the center of an active whirlpool of propaganda. Middle-age, in the guise of wisdom and prudence, would counsel against our marriage. It would argue, sturdily and honestly, against the foolhardiness of such a step. All the facts would be upon its side.

And yet I did not and could not doubt Marjorie. I felt as certain of her as of myself. Our love was not the same as the night when we had sat in Washington Square and watched the moon rise over the building of the book company. It was something larger, finer, broader. It had been compelled to take cognizance of realities. It had been forced to plan budgets, to give some thought to rent bills, gas bills, electric light bills, the high cost of living. But it was as firmly fixed as ever, and it gained strength from our determination to face and overcome the practical difficulties with which we were confronted.

No, I was not afraid. But we were both appalled at the long, dreary separation we faced.

III

A HOSPITAL room. Through the half-opened door came the odors of disinfectants and freshly laundered linens. A single electric light glows near the high ceiling. The last flickers of sunlight are disappearing behind the drab buildings on the opposite side of Stuyvesant Square.

Marjorie lies upon the bed, a weakened, bedraggled Marjorie. She is, as she says, "pepless." The energy and buoyancy that were hers and that she expended so freely on links and tennis court are gone. Only with an effort can she turn her head. Her words are slow and listless.

Beside her on the bed is the newest and bravest thing that has come into our lives. It is a tiny thing, red, wrinkled, discolored. Its face is drawn and wizened, and I have seen beneath its garment a poor, thin body and pitiful, scrawny legs no bigger around than my forefinger, mere bits of bone with skin stretched tightly over them. Its expression is knowing, sophisticated, with a wisdom that has not been garnered during its two days of life.

"Do you think our baby will get well?" my wife is asking.

Then I remember an expression of happier times. I used to laugh at the way Morjorie used the word "promise," she would "promise" me that I should like the dessert for dinner; she would "promise" me that we should have good weather on Sunday.

"Dearest," and I bent low over the precious pair, "I 'promise' you that Peter will get well. I just know it, pardner."

But did I? Earlier that day Dr. Barnes, the specialist, had said to me, "You have a very sick baby." Just that, and no word more. Dr. House, Marjorie's physician, had said, "I am very hopeful of everything turning out all right." I knew how serious the situation was when doctors talked in those terms.

We had been waiting many months in that hospital room, just Marjorie and I alone with each other and our thoughts. Sometimes Miss O'Brien would come in—to take the baby back to the nursery, to straighten a pillow, to bring a glass of water. We hardly heard her. We were alone, groping out to each other for sympathy and help—more alone than in the first flush of our love when the world had appeared as only a hazy unreality about us.

[Continued on page 71]

Designs You Can Stamp With a Hot Iron On Any Desired Material And The New Silk And Ribbon Trimming

By Elisabeth May Blondel

1157—Covered-Button Spray

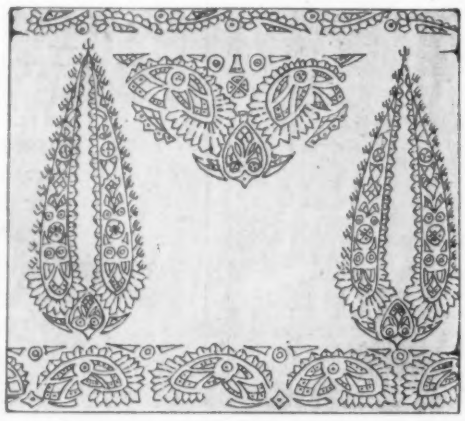
All the Silk and Ribbon Trimmings shown on this page are illustrated in actual size in pattern No. 1157. Diagrams, cutting patterns and clear directions are given for making silk-covered cord trimming, and 9 flower trimmings given in the pattern, including those illustrated below, so that the inexperienced person can copy the designs successfully. For afternoon and evening frocks any one of these will give a smart finishing touch. Various treatments are suggested.

1157—Design for Ribbon or Silk Trimming. Pattern includes 6 yards of 4 different transfer designs for ribbon banding including the rosette banding illustrated; 11 illustrations in actual size of silk flowers and cord trimming including the Covered-Button Spray, 4½ inches long; Grape Corsage, 11 inches deep; Folded Rose, 3 inches across; Double-Petal Rose, 4 inches across; Rose Drape, 8½ inches deep; and the Four-Petal Flower, 6¾ inches across. Diagrams, amount of material required and full directions given. Price, 35 cents. Yellow.

1157—Double-Petal Rose

1157—Grape Corsage

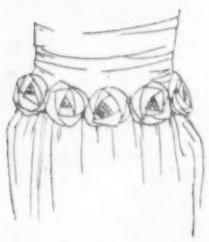
1170—Transfer Pattern for Trimming. This artistic design in conventional style makes a handsome trimming developed in outline embroidery and wooden beads in 2 shades of one color or in contrasting colors. Includes 4 large motifs 7½ x 18¼ inches; 2 small motifs 5½ x 13 inches; 4¼ yards border 3 inches wide; 8½ yards border ⅞ inch wide. Price, 40 cents. Yellow.



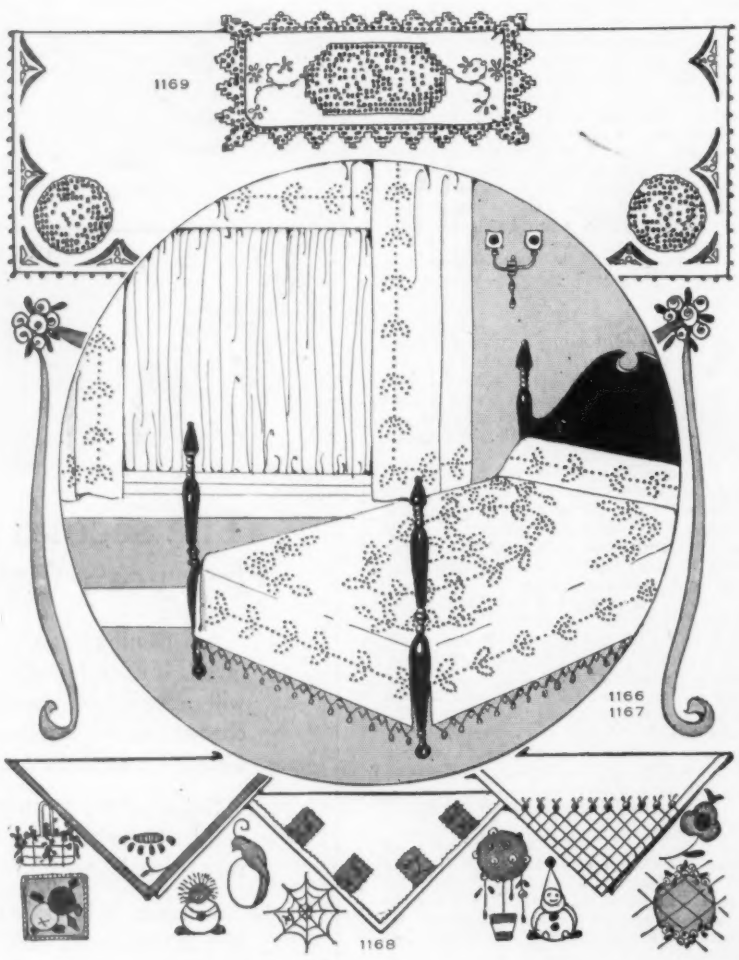
1170

1169—Transfer Pattern for Filet and Cut-Work. A combination of filet crochet rose medallions with embroidered eyelet sprays or cut-work gives a unique effect on scarfs, pincushions, luncheon sets or lingerie. Includes block pattern, 4 yards cut-work border 1¼ inches wide; 4 yards eyelet sprays 2 inches wide; 30 cut-work corners and full directions. Price, 35 cents. Blue.

1157—Rose Drape



1157—Folded Rose



1157—Rosette Banding

1157—Folded Rose

1157—Four-Petal Flower

1165

1166—Transfer Pattern for Center and Corners. This design for a bedspread looks charming when developed in tufting or French knots. Complete directions are given for tufting on materials such as unbleached muslin, poplin or sateen. If developed in French knots, white embroidery cotton or a combination of colors may be used. Pattern includes large oval center 25 x 30 inches, and 4 corners 12½ x 12½ inches. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

1167—Transfer Pattern for Border and Bolster. Matches and completes bedspread design No. 1166. This design may be used for border of bedspread, curtains or scarfs embroidered in French knots as illustrated. Pattern includes 8 1/3 yards of border 4½ inches wide, and directions for tufting. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

1165—Transfer Pattern for Appliqué. The roly-poly babe makes a bright appliqué center for a pillow made of soft material. Pattern includes 5 different babies 8 inches high and designs for patch-pieces. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.

1168—Transfer Pattern for Handkerchiefs. A dozen designs in the smartest stitches for appliqué and embroidery on fine white or colored handkerchief linen. Pattern includes 3 each of 12 different designs. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

1164—Transfer Pattern for Appliqué Pillow. A picturesque design full of delightful details for the childish fancy. It may be developed in either embroidery or appliqué and embroidery. Patches may be cut from bright colored material such as sateen, chambray, gingham, ratiné or poplin. Pattern includes design 18 inches square; patch-pieces and full directions. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.

1164

How to Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office: 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

Happily Ever Afterward

[*Continued from page 69*]

Now we were alone not with gladness but with sorrow.

In our love we had been alone because other things did not seem to exist for us; we could not comprehend their importance. Now we were cut off from outside aid. We were the only ones who could understand.

We were waiting to learn. By the orders of the two physicians serum was being injected into Peter's body. When they returned it would be not as doctors but as judges to render their verdict. They would weigh the case impartially. And then they would tell us whether Peter would live or die. Where were they now? Must we wait forever to know?

What did it matter how long they delayed if their answer were to be "no"? Then in all reality we should be alone! We should have to fight our way back to life, back into this world, much as a man, thrown suddenly into the sea but able to grasp a plank with his finger-tips, slowly and with infinite pains pulls himself back to where he has some degree of safety.

Was it for this that Marjorie had endured her endless night of agony? Was it for this that she had borne the little one so long? Was it for this that we had built so many bright plans for the future? . . .

We were still waiting, but the two doctors had come. They were with Miss O'Brien and Peter. Soon we should know. It had been dark for many hours, but only that one dim light burned near the ceiling. How long the minutes lasted. What would the verdict be? It seemed as though we had never done anything but wait for that verdict, sometimes in a courtroom, sometimes before a throne, but always waiting . . . waiting for that word.

There was no need of it when the physicians entered the room. Their smiles were genuine. We hardly heard what they said. Extreme care . . . continued injections of the serum . . . gain strength slowly . . . normal within a month—what did it all matter if only Peter were to *live?*

Marjorie was squeezing my hand. I bent down and kissed her dear lips. There was nothing for us to say. Everything was so simple now.

I looked from my wife to Miss O'Brien. Above black, ugly circles her eyes were radiant. She had not slept the night before. Every hour she had let an ounce of milk trickle into Peter's mouth from a medicine dropper. I was certain then that if there is anything on earth more sacred than motherhood it is the love which women like Miss O'Brien give to little ones whose only appeal is their utter helplessness.

I looked back from her to the woman who had filled my life with joy. Marjorie understood so well. There was nothing hidden from her. Our path stretched ahead of us, broad and straight. But we would not have to traverse it alone. Tiny hands would seek our help, and little steps strive to keep up with ours.

A nurse tiptoed into the room. It was time for me to leave. I kissed Marjorie good-night.

"You 'promised' me everything would be all right, dearest."

"And so it is, pardner."

"We're happy, aren't we?"

"Happier than we have ever been before."

It was too early to return to the silent apartment. Too much had happened. Yet there was no one I wanted to see except her, my partner. That is what I had always called her—always, because other days belonged to a dim, vague past. She was my partner and we had shared so many joys, so much happiness, so few cares. Tonight we had been face to face with a great sorrow, but now that too belonged to the past.

How much I loved her! How much she had meant to me as sweetheart and as sweetheart-wife! How closely our lives had been interwoven; how well we understood and helped each other, not merely now and then nor here and there, but always and in all things.

I remembered how at first I had regarded Marjorie with love mingled with something that approached awe. The awe had gone, but the love had grown. And now it was blended with a new tenderness, a fresh devotion, for I loved her not alone for herself, but also for the other being lying in the nursery, that little fellow who already had bound us to him so closely.

The coming of Peter changed many things. For the first time it seemed that I really was married and that definite responsibilities devolved upon me. Before then Marjorie and I had felt as though we were embarked upon a happy adventure. With Peter here it ceased to be an adventure; it was an undertaking, albeit a very happy one.

[*Continued on page 72*]

Happily Ever Afterward

[Continued from page 71]

As if symbolic of the change that came into our lives, the focal points which stand out in my memory are now no longer those of the love-making world of the moonlit night, but of the busy, bustling daytime existence. The little fellow brought with him cares and worries to which we were not accustomed . . . but he was also to unite us in our greatest happiness.

IV

THREE weeks ago Marjorie had become a mother. Now I was to become a father.

At last I was to have some direct share in the matter; I was to be more than a helpless spectator. Marjorie and the baby were coming home; they were coming to our apartment on West 113th Street and for the first time the three of us would be together.

During these three weeks Marjorie had steadily become stronger, though she was still far from the girl I remembered on the links and tennis court. And there had been an even more remarkable change in Peter. He was rapidly gaining weight. Each day he came to look more and more like a baby and less and less like a little, wrinkled, disillusioned old man.

Until today he had belonged to the hospital, practically speaking, for its rules had decided the conduct of his life. Now he was to be ours in fact as well as in name. He was to become a member of our household—more than that, a distinguished guest, arbiter of our destinies. He was to decide the nights on which we should sleep and those when we should be compelled to remain awake. He was to fix the hours when we should eat and the length of time we could remain at the table. The difference of a few degrees in his temperature was to mean joy or sorrow to us.

Tremendous preparations were made for our ride up-town; we might well have been going on a journey of five days instead of five miles. But when the time came it was a simple thing for the four of us—Miss O'Brien carried Peter—to get into the automobile of Marjorie's mother and sit there quietly watching the houses flash past.

I took Marjorie's hand. Once before we had ridden away together after formidable preparations and to-do, and we had discovered then that life is very simple despite the conventions and ceremony with which it is overlaid. Once before we had ridden away like this to take up a new existence and had found our happiness together. That other time we had been all alone; there had been no Peter and no Miss O'Brien along. Now we were to begin a life that would be almost as strange to us, but we were the richer for the little bundle in Miss O'Brien's arms. And we had no more fears on this occasion than we had had on the first.

"That's Peter now!"

Marjorie started up from the armchair in which she was resting, as Miss O'Brien entered the room with Peter in her arms. She turned her back to us, and his little, knowing head showed over her shoulder. Marjorie took the baby. It seemed to me that he snuggled close to her.

For an instant I folded them both in my arms. I was a father. Marjorie was a mother. The baby was here, in our home, dependent on us, on Marjorie. It was a new rôle for her. At the hospital deft hands were waiting to relieve her of every responsibility and to spare her every exertion. Now Miss O'Brien would depart in a short time. Marjorie must learn to care for our child. Even this instant she must leave me for Peter.

I tried to look ahead and picture the months and years to come. For a moment I saw Peter as a rival for Marjorie's attention and for her love. Was he not separating her from me right now?

But that mood passed. Then I saw Peter not as one who divided Marjorie from me but as one who united us. For I realized that it is not merely marriage which binds two people together. Man and woman are not alike, and their interests, desires, ambitions may and very often do clash. It is the child who must harmonize and weld these conflicting elements.

Then I understood it was not merely Peter that had been born that night of Marjorie's agony three weeks before. A living thing that had never died had been reborn. A life that had never ended had been renewed. It was my love for her.

I had recaptured Marjorie!

More than eight months she had been separated from me, engaged in the service of my tiny rival, devoted to preparing formulas and sterilizing nursing bottles, her mind concentrated upon the weekly test of her efficiency which came when Peter was put upon the scale.

[Continued on page 73]

Happily Ever Afterward

[*Continued from page 72*]

But I had stolen her from Peter and had her all to myself again. In her place on West 113th Street Miss O'Brien had been installed, while I had fled with Marjorie to Greenfield where we would not be awakened at six o'clock every morning by Peter's demands for sustenance.

Greenfield! That was where we had spent our honeymoon. Now, as if symbolic of the fall of the year, we had returned to it as an old married couple, or at least we tried to tell each other that, but it was not true. We knew that we had not by any means reached the "old married" stage; we had never come to the point where I simply accepted her.

It was a genuine pleasure to see Marjorie relieved of her household cares, to watch how she delighted in the luxury of sleeping until ten o'clock. It had been so long since we had been alone together that I had almost forgotten how my wife behaved when she did not have to worry about what we should have for dinner the next day and whether Peter was dressed warmly enough. We had to become acquainted all over again.

On our first honeymoon we had not made the acquaintance of any of the other guests at the hotel, and on the second occasion we were still self-sufficient enough not to feel the need of any outside aid in overcoming tedium. As on our first visit we spent our time walking in the neighborhood, playing golf and taking trolley rides to nearby towns. One day we went to Northampton, where a possibly successful effort had been made to educate Marjorie.

Now our vacation was almost over. In the morning we would leave for home, and the contest between my son and me for Marjorie's affection would be resumed. But I was not afraid of the outcome, for I knew that she could never love me less for any love that she gave to Peter.

We still had that day together before Marjorie would have to go back to the humdrum details of housekeeping. We had gone for a walk among the hills to the north and now we were returning to the hotel. Below us stretched the pretty little New England town, so quiet, so placid, so satisfied in the autumn sun. Between our home on West 113th Street and the subway station there lived nearly as many people as found shelter beneath all these roofs before us. Greenfield itself could be lost in Van Cortlandt Park, just as charm and beauty are always lost except to those who have the will to find them.

Marjorie and I were walking hand in hand as we had over that very path nearly three years before. We stopped for a moment and I glanced about, then kissed her.

"Do you remember, pardner?"

"Of course I do. It's just the same except—"

"Except what?"

"That Peter is waiting for us at home and that everything now seems so much more reliable and certain."

"Then we weren't even certain where the rent was coming from, were we?"

"No, but it didn't seem to matter. Somehow or other, we always managed to pay it."

"I thought I loved you then."

"Didn't you?"

"Not nearly as much as I do today."

And it was the truth. Love can never stand still; it can never remain the same. It must dwindle or grow. Unless it buds and blossoms anew and forever anew it will run to seed and die, even as the year was dying before our eyes.

It was one of the last days of autumn. The sun was setting, but it was still bright upon the hill where we stood. There was a suggestion in the air of the harsh cold that was to come soon, of the bitter winter tempests, of the long, frozen nights. There was a tinge of sadness everywhere, of melancholy regret for the day and the year that were fading, trying to the end to maintain a semblance of life and warmth. It was almost as though a living thing were breathing its last before us, and as though the dry leaves crunching under our feet were so many abandoned hopes which could not be revived until spring. The very sunshine was wistful, as if it lingered upon the hilltop, not knowing when it could visit that crest again.

We were so happy, so much in love, so joyous in our freedom, so content and proud to return to Peter, yet even we were touched by the suggestion of sadness and parting in all around us. We drew somewhat closer together; my arm went about Marjorie's waist.

She raised her face to me.

"Do you remember that night in Washington Square when your arms 'ached' to go about me?" I asked.

She did not speak but nodded. There was something like a tear in her eye.

"Do they still?" I insisted.

Her hands met about my neck. Then I knew that in our hearts it was spring.

Money Morals and Matrimony

[Continued from page 10]

somewhere. A little sober common sense is all that is needed in a matter of this kind."

"What do you regard as the most desirable qualities a young woman should possess in order to make a good wife?"

"Common sense, a grammar school education at least, willingness to work and a thrifty disposition. She should know how to do any kind of housework, and keep herself looking neat and attractive. Mere beauty is not enough. Girls who get themselves up like baby dolls to please young men are making a mistake. Far better to show by their clothing, conversation and conduct that they are sensible girls of the homeloving kind. Girls of that sort usually attract fellows worth having."

"Suppose a young man is working in an office or a shop on small pay, and wishes to gain an increase so he can marry. What would you advise him to do?"

"The fact that a young man has been on the pay roll for a long time, or wishes to marry is not enough to justify an increase. He must get results of some kind. Many young fellows, especially those employed in offices, fall into a routine way of doing their work that eventually makes it become like a treadmill. They do not get a broad view of the entire business. Sometimes that is the fault of the employer, but that does not excuse the young man. Those who command attention are the ones who are actually pushing the boss. To be specific, get books and read up on the industry in which you are employed. If you are working in a bank, study banking. If you are selling clothing or dry goods, study the business from every angle. Get ready for a promotion before there is any actual vacancy. Be prepared for your opportunity when it comes. It pays to be ahead of your immediate job, and to do more than that for which you are paid. A mere clock watcher never gets anywhere. Forget the clock and become absorbed in your job. Learn to love it. If you follow out these suggestions you will not have to ask for an increase in most instances.

"Books on almost any trade or occupation can be obtained at the city library, and there are all sorts of schools and night classes that can help you to obtain special training. There is absolutely no excuse for a man to remain ignorant or untrained in these days. All it takes is a few evenings a week and a set determination to win. Suppose, for a start, that you do your dead level best for just one day. Get on the job ahead of time, put your work through rapidly and thoroughly, cut your lunch hour a bit, and don't quit until a few minutes after quitting time. Try it for one day, just to see how it feels to deliver one hundred per cent. to your employer. If you do that for a week, maybe you won't have to go to night school."

"Should a man talk over his business affairs with his wife?"

"Certainly. Isn't she his partner? And besides, she may have more sense about some matters than her husband. Two heads are always better than one."

"Are you in favor of taxing bachelors?"

"No; why should they be taxed any more than other folks? Poor fellows. Why add to their sorrows? It is bad enough to live out in the cold as they do, without making them pay for the privilege. If we tax bachelors we ought to be fair about it and tax the old maids also."

"What effect will equal suffrage eventually have on morals and matrimony?"

"It will raise the standards all along the line. Women will be broadened by their studies of problems of government, including taxation. Hitherto women have been somewhat narrow about such matters through no fault of their own, because they were not forced to deal with the big economic questions underlying government. This development of a larger understanding will affect the home and the education of children. It will give the wife a better insight into her husband's business or job."

"Give us your opinion about the future development of cities in this country. Are they going to get larger, or will there be a turning of the tide toward the country?"

"A good deal depends on how rapidly agriculture can be developed as an industry. As you know there are three industrial arts—agriculture, manufacturing and transportation. The modern city is a result of the factory system. Both Europe and the farms of America have contributed to swell the population of manufacturing centers. Now, there are several movements under way that are slowly affecting this general situation. One is the development of machines and all sorts of appliances for reducing the man-killing drudgery of farm work. One farm tractor will do the work of a dozen horses, without tiring out the man who runs it. Almost everything that was formerly done by man or horse power can now be performed by steam, electricity, or gasoline."

A Cycle of Flowers

By Dorothy Giles

IF the guild of gardeners can lay claim to a battle cry, and truly there are no more doughty warriors than the fraternity of spade and plough, it is CONTINUOUS BLOOM—blossoms from April till frost.

The secret of continuous bloom in a small garden depends on three factors—careful planning in advance, close planting, and a reserve stock of some of the hardier annuals in a nursery bed which can be moved into the garden to take the place of shorter-lived plants. Many old-fashioned gardeners are loath to crowd their plants, but the richer mass effect so gained, and the fact that the shaded soil holds moisture longer and harbors fewer weeds, far outweighs the disadvantages.

It is impossible to overestimate the value of planning your garden on paper before you sow a single seed. In this way only can one be sure that a month of plenty will not be followed by weeks of dearth. The blossoming period of most plants lasts about three weeks, but there are a few annuals which, given a good start, will flower for nearly four months. These are of course the backbone of a garden, and their names have first place on the gardener's list: marigolds, both kinds; calendulas, alyssum, nasturtium, nicotiana, petunia, portulaca, snapdragon, verbena, zinnia.

Of these all but the alyssum, nasturtium, and portulaca, should be started in a cold frame, or in flats in the house, in order to have sizeable plants to set out in the garden when all danger of frost is past. This is particularly imperative with snapdragons, whose seeds germinate slowly, and require a long season for development, but they are such lordly creatures that no one begrudges them the extra care. The old folk-name for portulaca is "sun plant," and the flower-starred little creeper craves the heat of midsummer and does its best when sown late, in the full sun, and preferably in shallow soil near rocks which give back the sun's warmth. Alyssum and nasturtium are obliging folk which respond gratefully to even haphazard care.

But all these are blossoms of midsummer, and there still remains the problem of late April, May and the first weeks of June. What flowers are we to depend on to usher in the pageant of summer?

April is preëminently the month of bulbs—crocus, hyacinth, jonquil, narcissus and the yellow "daffodils which come before the swallow dares." With May day arrive the hardy primroses, buttercup yellow, and tawny red, the perennial yellow alyssum, saxatile compactum; perennial candytuft, and the mauve phlox subulata, which is charming when grown in the crevices of an old stone wall or carpeting a steep embankment where its insistent color has the subduing accompaniment of evergreens or laurels.

The tulips are May flowers, nor need one plant them always in formal beds, since the stately Darwins are lovely lifting their deep chalices from among the fresh green of peonies and phlox in a hardy border. Forget-me-nots are May blossoms too, and so is the pink-tipped English daisy which loves shady, moist spots.

June is prodigal of her gifts, for then the great perennials bring their bounty—peonies, larkspur, poppies, sweet William, iris and lupins blue and white and pink, roses of course, and the biennial foxgloves and Canterbury-bells. As these pass with the entry of July we fall back upon our faithful annuals started long before in the flats or nursery bed and set out in the garden about the end of May, to refresh us through the long hot days of July and August.

There are of course many others not mentioned in that list. The balsams are showy folk, profuse in their rosette-like blooms. Stocks carry the memory of old-time gardens in their faint perfume, and phlox Drummondi offers a wider range of color than any other annual. Its season is short, and it demands light, rich soil, sun, and circulation of air; but given these, how rich a harvest it yields!

Cosmos, dahlias and the velvety helenium come with September, while the marigolds, zinnias, snapdragons and nicotiana are still in full glory. October's frosty days unfold the tight buds of the hardy chrysanthemums.

"DOWN THE GARDEN PATH" is a booklet of practical directions for flower and vegetable gardening, written by Dorothy Giles, a member of the Garden Club of America. The booklet will be sent to you free. Write for it to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. Enclose a two-cent stamp for postage.

The Much-Discussed Modern Girl, Bringing Her Problems to Mrs. Wilcox, Sheds the First Light On What She Herself Thinks of Flappers

IN this issue I have assembled divers problems straight from the hearts of the girls of 1922. There is none today which worries them more than do "petting parties" pay?

"Paying attention without intention" was the definition of "fussing" given by a university man a decade ago. "Fussing," which so shocked the mothers and chaperons of 1910, was never curbed by them. It was a tame affair compared to the "petting party" which developed from it.

The petting party is "the great American phenomenon" according to F. Scott Fitzgerald who says in "This Side of Paradise" that certain mothers had no idea "how casually their daughters were accustomed to be kissed." The hero of his story discovered it "rather fascinating to feel that any popular girl he met before eight he might possibly kiss before twelve."

This quotation always comes to mind when a young girl writes me that she isn't very popular at dances and asks if it pays to follow her mother's old-fashioned advice about being kissed by the boys.

Better than anybody's opinion on this subject are the conclusions of certain devotees of the art of petting. From one of them comes this wail:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I've lost the man I love because I've been permitting him to kiss me every time he called. We were not engaged and now we never will be, but he liked me tremendously from the first and I was sure he would propose to me.

Now it's over. My heart is broken and it's all my fault! I am considered a nice girl but he thinks I let all the men kiss me and so he has left me. How can I convince him that I am worthy to be his wife?—G. F. R., Kansas City, Mo.

THE girl can hardly convince the man that she is unsophisticated when she has already made him certain of her liking for petting parties.

Another angle is given in a letter from a bride:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

Wouldn't it be wonderful if every girl could be persuaded to wait for "the only man" with her lips untouched? As one of the "popular" girls of my set, I know to my sorrow what I am talking about.

Even at sixteen, I let the boys kiss me. I knew better. I had been carefully brought up and of course my mother did not know about my conduct. Finally a man made violent love to me and nearly swept me off my feet. I catch my breath when I think of what might have happened to me. My father distrusted us—I think my brother found out and reported—and father interfered and separated us.

I wasted a year, caring for nobody and nothing. Now I know it was a tragedy for a young girl to mourn a year for a man like that. Finally I fell in love with a splendid man and became engaged to him. But my conscience hurt me terribly, for I knew he considered me innocence personified.

One day my former sweetheart, who was by nature jealous, met me in the park accidentally and demanded that I kiss him. I refused. He smiled insolently, and said he would tell the man I was to marry how free I had been formerly with my caresses, and would prove his statement with letters I had written in my silly lovesick moments.

I defied him but I knew he would keep his word and would imply more than ever happened.

I hurried home and sent for my future husband. Although I was afraid he would not forgive me, I confessed. He was splendid, in spite of the shock of my revelation.

We have been married two years and never has he referred to my story. I do not deserve the miracle of our deep love and I know I would have missed it altogether had not my good father broken up the petting parties which seemed to me, at sixteen, to hold all the romance of the world.—S. E. E., Baltimore, Md.

CANCER is an unpleasant disease and the curse of the time. One need be no prude nor Puritan to condemn the petting party as an evil growth which feeds upon love.

I will be grateful for letters of opinion about it from girls who have made their own experiments in this too popular pastime.

Living in Illusion

IF IT were possible to give girls a liberal education in up-to-date psychology, many of the emotional disturbances which ruin happiness might be quieted. Here is a letter which, if read superficially, might be considered rather absurd. It is, however, fascinating to a student of human behavior. The experience is not at all uncommon.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

Before I married my husband I was in love with a young man who loved me. I was then seventeen. I am now twenty.

I am extremely fond of my husband, although two years of marriage have brought some disappointments. I am always perfectly happy when with him but as soon as I am alone, I am utterly wretched for then the picture of my first love invariably comes to the top of my mind.

I have not met the man since I was married, probably I never will meet him again, but try as I may, I cannot shut him out of my mind. He was the most extraordinary and delightful man I ever have seen.

I would like to forget him but I cannot. He is spoiling my happiness.—S. V. H., Chicago.

TO get one's trouble off one's mind by telling it to someone else is an old practice which modern psychology recognizes and commends. If you have a personal problem which baffles you, if you feel the need of an understanding and sympathetic listener, submit your perplexity to a woman who has read over 100,000 letters from confused and harassed persons. Sign initials only if you prefer. For a personal reply, send a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Address your letters to Mrs. Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

THIS girl is evidently a day-dreamer with idealization overdeveloped.

There is a process of the mind known as projection by which parts of the mental content are attributed to outside entities. Idealization is a common form of projection. Of it A. G. Tansley, the English authority, writes:

"In idealization, the mind projects its own ideal of personality upon a real person. This is a common frailty. . . . The cause of the lover who falls in love, not with a real woman, but with his ideal woman whose image he has put in the place of the living personality, is well known Sometimes he goes through life contentedly in love with his ideal, which he mistakes for a real person, but the shock of intimate contact with the real person whom he has thus idealized often shatters his illusion."

The girl whose letter called out this quotation is the victim of a bad mental habit. She can re-educate herself if she first takes pains to understand herself.

When Urges Conflict

THAT physical disease may arise from mental conflict is ancient knowledge. Thousands of such cases have been cured by "miracles."

The modern girl has a great advantage over her forbears who suffered from "nerves." The modern girl suffers from a "neurosis" and frequently she can identify the conflicting urges which upset her health, or she can give a psychologist information concerning her mixed emotions and this information can be used for her cure.

But thousands of women have read nothing at all about the reasons why their nerves put them to bed. For example, the writer of the following extraordinary story seems quite unconscious of the conflict which has sent her from doctor to doctor, from hospital to hospital, and left her hopeless.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

Six years ago I loved and married. I was not quite eighteen. My husband did not care for children, nevertheless, I wanted my little ones early in life.

At last I had a darling baby daughter. My husband's love for me waned a few months before she was born. I was no longer first with him but invariably last. He was an attractive man, easily flattered by girls.

Before my baby was six months old, my husband informed me that he no longer loved me. Imagine the hurt of it! The memory of that hour still makes me shudder. I adored my husband and I did not understand how love could change so suddenly. Never since have I been able to put any confidence in the word of a man.

After some restless months, my husband went away to take an advanced course in his profession. He still supported my baby and me. In six weeks he came back, sick—he lived less than a week.

He died without telling me why he had ceased to love me.

Time passed and a fine man became my suitor. I put him off. I detailed my former experience to him, told him that in spite of my sorrow, I still loved my child's father, and I could not risk a second marriage.

But in the end, he prevailed and we were married.

Shortly, I became sick with a bad back. I have suffered constantly, have seen a score of doctors, have spent weeks in various hospitals, and nobody can cure me. I am told to rest—rest—rest in bed.

What is the matter with me? What will help me?

My little girl loves her new father and worships me.

My husband is most considerate of me and the soul of kindness to my child. He has placed me in a luxurious home. I have everything, and all of the time I feel that I am living a lie and will burn in torment for it.—M. B. W., New York City.

TO students of psychology, these scant details furnish the basis of a plausible theory: the unhappy girl is a victim of a conflict between the old love and her recent marriage. Complicating the trouble is the unforgettable shock which came from her discovery of her first husband's attitude toward her, and which resulted in her distrust of all men—now of the good second husband.

It is a strangely involved case. The woman actually believes that she still loves a man who scorned her.

So wrapped up is she in the past that she fails to grasp the significance of the present. She is wrecking her life on the past even while the future opens for her new and untried joys which only wealth and love and sympathy can provide.

Since each day shortens life, it seems unreasonable for her to live as if she were half-buried in the grave with her first husband.

Her sickness is real enough, in a way, but the point is that it is due to her subconscious mind which is pretty heavily burdened with repressions. The sub-conscious is a tricky mind in every one. When this woman will acknowledge her repressions to herself, she can perhaps perform for herself a miraculous cure.

Rest in bed is doubtless the worst of conditions for her because it permits her mind to feed on the original poisons.

Her case is one for a psychologist who could influence her to escape from the spell of lost love and sorrow and seize the fair life which her new husband has spread before her.

It is impossible to deal here with more than the surface of such a problem. But no religious "ism" of medical therapy is required by cases like this, but rather an effort of a normal human will, a determination to captain one's soul.

Winona Wilcox

What best authorities say about homemade bread

Home baking does pay! When you are cooking it is but little extra trouble to bake your own bread.

Home-made bread has a flavor that is hard to equal and is never surpassed. It is markedly cheaper than baker's bread.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

By baking bread at home housewives should be able to reduce expenditures for food.—*U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.*

Home-made bread has a flavor and nourishment all its own.—*Good Housekeeping.*

If your children do not possess a very keen appetite for baker's bread try home-made bread and note the sudden increase in the youngsters' bread consumption.—*Dr. Philip B. Hawk.*

Every ten-year-old girl should learn how to make good bread. It should be the starting point in her home cookery training.

Did you ever notice the expression of eager delight when home-made bread is served?

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People also eat Yeast Foam. You need vitamines, they create vitality—help you resist disease. Thousands are benefiting from the energy-making qualities of Yeast Foam, one of the richest sources of the remarkable elements in food called vitamone.

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